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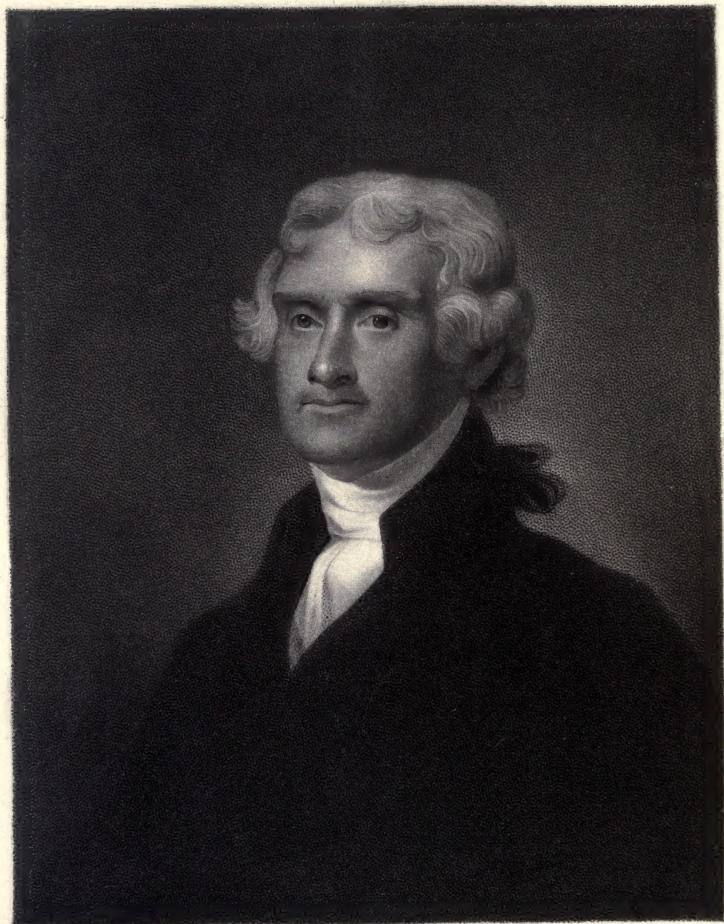
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HALF-HOURS

WITH THE

BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS.

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

CHARLES MORRIS.

VOL. II.

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.
1891.

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HALF-HOURS

WITH THE

BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS.

POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM.

W. D. HOWELLS.

[William Dean Howells, who has recently risen into distinguished prominence as an American novelist of the first order of ability, is a native of Ohio, where he was born in 1837. His works are somewhat wide in scope, embracing novels, travels, and poems. There are no more delicate bits of word-painting than some of the scenes in "Venetian Life" and "Italian Journeys," from the latter of which we offer a selection. These are among his earlier works. More recently his attention has been given to fiction, in which he has attained a position of great popularity. His method is to depict life as it actually exists, devoid of all romance, and wearing its every-day garb. Yet he has a shrewd insight into character, and analyzes it with effective clearness. He has written several plays and short character-dramas.]

POMPEII is, in truth, so full of marvel and surprise that it would be unreasonable to express disappointment with Pompeii in fiction. And yet I cannot help it. An exuberant carelessness of phrase in most writers and talkers who describe it had led me to expect much more than it was possible to find there. In my Pompeii I confess that the houses had no roofs: in fact, the rafters which sus-

tained the tiles being burnt, how could the roofs help falling in? But otherwise my Pompeii was a very complete affair: the walls all rose to their full height; door-ways and arches were perfect; the columns were all unbroken and upright; putting roofs on my Pompeii, you might have lived in it very comfortably. The real Pompeii is different. It is seldom that any wall is unbroken; most columns are fragmentary; and, though the ground-plans are always distinct, very few rooms in the city are perfect in form, and the whole is much more ruinous than I thought.

But this ruin once granted, and the idle disappointment at its greatness overcome, there is endless material for study, instruction, and delight. It is the revelation of another life, and the utterance of the past is here more perfect than anywhere else in the world. Indeed, I think that the true friend of Pompeii should make it a matter of conscience, on entering the enchanted city, to cast out of his knowledge all the rubbish that has fallen into it from novels and travels, and to keep merely the facts of the town's luxurious life and agonizing death, with such incidents of the eruption as he can remember from the description of Pliny. These are the spells to which the sorcery yields, and with these in your thought you can rehabilitate the city until Ventisei seems to be a *valet de place* of the first century, and yourselves a set of blond barbarians to whom he is showing off the splendors of one of the most brilliant towns of the empire of Titus. Those sad furrows in the pavement become vocal with the joyous rattle of chariot-wheels on a sudden, and you prudently step up on the narrow sidewalks and rub along by the little shops of wine, and grain, and oil, with which the thrifty voluptuaries of Pompeii flanked their street-doors. The counters of these shops run across their fronts,

and are pierced with round holes on the top, through which you see dark depths of oil in the jars below, and not sullen lumps of ashes; those stately *amphoræ* behind are full of wine, and in the corners are bags of wheat.

"This house, with a shop on either side, whose is it, XXVI.?"

"It is the house of the great Sallust, my masters. Would you like his autograph? I know one of his slaves who would sell it."

You are a good deal stared at, naturally, as you pass by. for people in Pompeii have not much to do, and, besides, a Briton is not an every-day sight there, as he will be one of these centuries. The skins of wild beasts are little worn in Pompeii; and those bold-eyed Roman women think it rather odd that we should like to powder our shaggy heads with brick-dust. However, these are matters of taste. We, for our part, cannot repress a feeling of disgust at the loungers in the street, who, XXVI. tells us, are all going to soak themselves half the day in the baths yonder; for, if there is in Pompeii one thing more offensive than another to our savage sense of propriety, it is the personal cleanliness of the inhabitants. We little know what a change for the better will be wrought in these people with the lapse of time, and that they will yet come to wash themselves but once a year, as we do.

(The reader may go on doing this sort of thing at some length for himself, and may imagine, if he pleases, a boastful conversation among the Pompeians at the baths, in which the barbarians hear how Agricola has broken the backbone of a rebellion in Britain, and in which all the speakers begin their observations with "Ho! my Lepidus!" and "Ha! my Diomed!" In the mean time we return to the present day, and step down the Street of Plenty along with Ventisei.) . . .

The cotton whitens over two-thirds of Pompeii yet interred: happy the generation that lives to learn the wondrous secrets of that sepulchre! For, when you have once been at Pompeii, this phantasm of the past takes deeper hold on your imagination than any living city, and becomes and is the metropolis of your dream-land forever. O marvellous city! who shall reveal the cunning of your spell? Something not death, something not life,—something that is the one when you turn to determine its essence as the other! What is it comes to me at this distance of that which I saw in Pompeii? The narrow and curving, but not crooked, streets, with the blazing sun of that Neapolitan November falling into them, or clouding their wheel-worn lava with the black, black shadows of the many-tinted walls; the houses, and the gay columns of white, yellow, and red; the delicate pavements of mosaic; the skeletons of dusty cisterns and dead fountains; inanimate garden-spaces with pygmy statues suited to their littleness; suites of fairy bedchambers, painted with exquisite frescos; dining-halls with joyous scenes of hunt and banquet on their walls; the ruinous sites of temples; the melancholy emptiness of booths and shops and jolly drinking-houses; the lonesome tragic theatre, with a modern Pompeian drawing water from a well there; the baths with their roofs perfect yet, and the stucco bass-reliefs all but unharmed; around the whole, the city wall crowned with slender poplars; outside the gates, the long avenue of tombs, and the Appian Way stretching on to Stabiae; and, in the distance, Vesuvius, brown and bare, with his fiery breath scarce visible against the cloudless heaven;—these are the things that float before my fancy as I turn back to look at myself walking those enchanted streets, and to wonder if I could ever have been so blest.

For there is nothing on the earth, or under it, like Pompeii. . . .

The plans of nearly all the houses in the city are alike: the entrance-room next the door; the parlor or drawing-room next that; then the *impluvium*, or unroofed space in the middle of the house, where the rains were caught and drained into the cistern, and where the household used to come to wash itself, primitively, as at a pump; the little garden, with its painted columns, behind the *impluvium*, and, at last, the dining-room. There are minute bed-chambers on either side, and, as I said, a shop at one side in front, for the sale of the master's grain, wine, and oil. The pavements of all the houses are of mosaic, which, in the better sort, is very delicate and beautiful, and is found sometimes perfectly uninjured. An exquisite pattern, often repeated, is a ground of tiny cubes of white marble with dots of black dropped regularly into it. Of course there were many picturesque and fanciful designs, of which the best have been removed to the Museum in Naples; but several good ones are still left, and (like that of the Wild Boar) give names to the houses in which they are found.

But, after all, the great wonder, the glory, of these Pompeian houses is in their frescos. If I tried to give an idea of the luxury of color in Pompeii, the most gorgeous adjectives would be as poorly able to reproduce a vivid and glowing sense of those hues as the photography which now copies the drawing of the decorations: so I do not try.

I know it is a cheap and feeble thought, and yet, let the reader please to consider: A workman nearly two thousand years ago laying upon the walls those soft lines that went to make up fauns and satyrs, nymphs and naiads, heroes and gods and goddesses; and getting weary and lying down to sleep, and dreaming of an eruption of the

mountain; of the city buried under a fiery hail, and slumbering in its bed of ashes seventeen centuries; then of its being slowly exhumed, and, after another lapse of years, of some one coming to gather the shadow of that dreamer's work upon a plate of glass, that he might infinitely reproduce it and sell it to tourists at from five francs to fifty centimes a copy,—I say, consider such a dream, dreamed in the hot heart of the day, after certain cups of Vesuvian wine! What a piece of *Katzenjämmer* (I can use no milder term) would that workman think it when he woke again! Alas! what is history and the progress of the arts and sciences but one long *Katzenjämmer*?

Photography cannot give, any more than I, the colors of the frescos, but it can do the drawing better, and, I suspect, the spirit also. I used the word workman, and not artist, in speaking of the decoration of the walls, for in most cases the painter was only an artisan, and did his work probably by the yard, as the artisan who paints walls and ceilings in Italy does at this day. But the old workman did his work much more skilfully and tastefully than the modern,—threw on expanses of mellow color, delicately panelled off the places for the scenes, and pencilled in the figures and draperies (there are usually more of the one than the other) with a deft hand. Of course the houses of the rich were adorned by men of talent; but it is surprising to see the community of thought and feeling in all this work, whether it be from cunninger or clumsier hands. The subjects are nearly always chosen from the fables of the gods, and they are in illustration of the poets, Homer and the rest. To suit that soft, luxurious life which people led in Pompeii, the themes are commonly amorous, and sometimes not too chaste: there is much of Bacchus and Ariadne, much of Venus and Adonis, and Diana bathes a good deal with her nymphs,—

not to mention frequent representations of the toilet of that beautiful monster which the lascivious art of the time loved to depict. One of the most pleasing of all the scenes is that in one of the houses, of the Judgment of Paris, in which the shepherd sits upon a bank in an attitude of ineffable and flattered importance, with one leg carelessly crossing the other, and both hands resting lightly on his shepherd's crook, while the goddesses before him await his sentence. Naturally, the painter has done his best for the victress in this rivalry, and you see

"Idalian Aphrodite beautiful,"

as she should be, but with a warm and piquant spice of girlish resentment in her attitude, that Paris should pause for an instant, which is altogether delicious.

"And I beheld great Here's angry eyes."

Awful eyes! How did the painter make them? The wonder of all these pagan frescos is the mystery of the eyes,—still, beautiful, unhuman. You cannot believe that it is wrong for those tranquil-eyed men and women to do evil, they look so calm and so unconscious in it all; and in the presence of the celestials, as they bend upon you those eternal orbs, in whose regard you are but a part of space, you feel that here art has achieved the unearthly. I know of no words in literature which give a *sense* (nothing gives the idea) of the *stare* of these gods, except that magnificent line of Kingsley's, describing the advance over the sea toward Andromeda of the oblivious and unsympathizing Nereids. They floated slowly up, and their eyes

"Stared on her, silent and still, like the eyes in the house of the idols."

The colors of this fresco of the Judgment of Paris are still so fresh and bright that it photographs very well; but there are other frescos wherein there is more visible perfection of line, but in which the colors are so dim that they can only be reproduced by drawings. One of these is the wounded Adonis cared for by Venus and the Loves; in which the story is treated with a playful pathos wonderfully charming. The fair boy leans in the languor of his hurt toward Venus, who sits utterly disconsolate beside him, while the Cupids busy themselves with such slight surgical offices as Cupids may render: one prepares a linen bandage for the wound, another wraps it round the leg of Adonis, another supports one of his heavy arms, another finds his own emotions too much for him and pauses to weep. It is a pity that the colors of this beautiful fresco are grown so dim, and a greater pity that most of the other frescos in Pompeii must share its fate, and fade away. The hues are vivid when the walls are first uncovered and the ashes washed from the pictures, but then the malice of the elements begins anew, and rain and sun draw the life out of tints which the volcano failed to obliterate. In nearly all cases they could be preserved by throwing a roof above the walls; and it is a wonder that the government does not take this slight trouble to save them.

Among the frescos which told no story but their own, we were most pleased with one in a delicately-painted little bedchamber. This represented an alarmed and furtive man, whom we at once pronounced The Belated Husband, opening a door with a night-latch. Nothing could have been better than this miserable wretch's cowardly haste and cautious noiselessness in applying his key: apprehension sat upon his brow, confusion dwelt in his guilty eye. He had been out till two o'clock in the morning,

electioneering for Pansa, the friend of the people ("Pansa, and Roman gladiators," "Pansa, and Christians to the Beasts," was the platform), and he had left his *placens uxor* at home alone with the children, and now within this door that *placens uxor* awaited him! . . .

The afternoon on which we visited Herculaneum was in melancholy contrast to the day we spent in Pompeii. The lingering summer had at last saddened into something like autumnal gloom, and that blue, blue sky of Naples was overcast. So, this second draught of the spirit of the past had not only something of the insipidity of custom, but brought rather a depression than a lightness to our hearts. There was so little of Herculaneum: only a few hundred yards square are exhumed, and we counted the houses easily on the fingers of one hand, leaving the thumb to stand for the few rods of street that, with its flagging of lava and narrow border of foot-walks, lay between; and though the custodian, apparently moved at our dejection, said that the excavation was to be resumed the very next week, the assurance did little to restore our cheerfulness. Indeed, I fancy that these old cities must needs be seen in the sunshine by those who would feel what gay lives they once led: by dimmer light they are very sullen spectres, and their doom still seems to brood upon them. I know that even Pompeii could not have been joyous that sunless afternoon, for what there was to see of mournful Herculaneum was as brilliant with colors as anything in the former city. Nay, I believe that the tints of the frescos and painted columns were even brighter, and that the walls of the houses were far less ruinous, than those of Pompeii. But no house was wholly freed from lava, and the little street ran at the rear of the buildings, which were supposed to front on some grander avenue not yet exhumed. It led down, as the custodian pretended,

to a wharf, and he showed an iron ring in the wall of the House of Argo, standing at the end of the street, to which, he said, his former fellow-citizens used to fasten their boats, though it was all dry enough there now.

There is evidence in Herculaneum of much more ambitious architecture than seems to have been known in Pompeii. The ground-plan of the houses in the two cities is alike; but in the former there was often a second story, as was proven by the charred ends of beams still protruding from the walls, while in the latter there is only one house which is thought to have aspired to a second floor. The House of Argo is also much larger than any in Pompeii, and its appointments were more magnificent. Indeed, we imagined that in this more purely Greek town we felt an atmosphere of better taste in everything than prevailed in the fashionable Roman watering-place, though this, too, was a summer resort of the "best society" of the empire. The mosaic pavements were exquisite, and the little bed-chambers dainty and delicious in their decorations. The lavish delight in color found expression in the vividest hues upon the walls, and not only were the columns of the garden painted, but the foliage of the capitals was variously tinted. The garden of the House of Argo was vaster than any of the classic world which we had yet seen, and was superb with a long colonnade of unbroken columns. Between these and the walls of the houses was a pretty pathway of mosaic, and in the midst once stood marble tables, under which the workmen exhuming the city found certain crouching skeletons. At one end was the dining-room, of course, and painted on the wall was a lady with a parasol.

I thought all Herculaneum sad enough, but the protusion of flowers growing wild in this garden gave it a yet more tender and pathetic charm. Here—where so long

ago the flowers had bloomed, and perished in the terrible blossoming of the mountain that sent up its fires in the awful similitude of Nature's harmless and lovely forms, and showered its destroying petals all abroad—was it not tragic to find again the soft tints, the graceful shapes, the sweet perfumes, of the earth's immortal life? Of them that planted and tended and plucked and bore in their bosoms and twined in their hair these fragile children of the summer, what witness in the world? Only the crouching skeletons under the tables. Alas and alas!

The skeletons went with us throughout *Herculaneum*, and descended into the cell, all green with damp, under the basilica, and lay down, fettered and manacled, in the place of those found there beside the big bronze kettle in which the prisoners used to cook their dinners. How ghastly the thought of it was! If we had really seen this kettle and the skeletons there—as we did not—we could not have suffered more than we did. They took all the life out of the House of Perseus, and the beauty from his pretty little domestic temple to the Penates, and this was all there was left in *Herculaneum* to see.

"Is there nothing else?" we demand of the custodian.

"Signori, this is all."

"It is mighty little."

"Perdoni, signori! ma——"

"Well," we say sourly to each other, glancing round at the walls of the pit on the bottom of which the bit of city stands, "it is a good thing to know that *Herculaneum* amounts to nothing."

NANCY BLYNN'S LOVERS.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

[The lists of American humor are well and ably filled. It is questionable if any European literature can vie with that of the United States in the variety of its humorous productions. And of our pure humorists, both in prose and in verse, none holds a higher position than John Townsend Trowbridge. In the amusing short tale he is an artist of great ability, and some of his situations are uproariously funny. From his volume entitled "Coupon Bonds" we select, not the most amusing of its stories, but the one we can give in the most complete form. Mr. Trowbridge was born in Monroe County, New York, in 1827. He has contributed much to periodicals, and several volumes of his contributions, in prose and in verse, have been published.]

WILLIAM TANSLEY, familiarly called Tip, having finished his afternoon's work in Judge Boxton's garden, milked the cows, and given the calves and pigs their supper,—not forgetting to make sure of his own,—stole out of the house with his Sunday jacket and the secret intention of going "a-sparking."

Tip's manner of setting about this delicate business was characteristic of his native shrewdness. He usually went well provided with gifts; and on the present occasion, before quitting the Judge's premises, he "drew upon" a certain barrel in the barn, which was his bank, where he had made, during the day, frequent deposits of green corn, of the diminutive species called *tucket*, smuggled in from the garden, and designed for roasting and eating with the Widow Blynn's pretty daughter. Stealthily, in the dusk, stopping now and then to listen, Tip brought out the little milky ears from beneath the straw, crammed his pockets with them, and packed full the crown of his old straw hat; then, with the sides of his jacket distended, his trousers bulged, and a toppling weight on his head, he peeped

cautiously from the door to see that the way was clear for an escape to the orchard, and thence, "cross lots," to the Widow Blynn's house.

Tip was creeping furtively behind a wall, stooping, with one hand steadying his hat and the other his pockets, when a voice called his name.

It was the voice of Cephas Boxtan. Now, if there was a person in the world whom Tip feared and hated, it was "that Cephe," and this for many reasons, the chief of which was that the Judge's son did, upon occasions, flirt with Miss Nancy Blynn, who, sharing the popular prejudice in favor of fine clothes and riches, preferred, apparently, a single passing glance from Cephas to all Tip's gifts and attentions.

Tip dropped down behind the wall.

"Tip Tansley!" again called the hated voice.

But the proprietor of that euphonious name, not choosing to answer to it, remained quiet, one hand still supporting his hat, the other his pockets, while young Boxtan, to whom glimpses of the aforesaid hat, appearing over the edge of the wall, had previously been visible, stepped quickly and noiselessly to the spot. Tip crouched, with his unconscious eyes in the grass; Cephas watched him good-humoredly, leaning over the wall.

"If it isn't Tip, what is it?" And Cephas struck one side of the distended jacket with his cane. An ear of corn dropped out. He struck the other side, and out dropped another ear. A couple of smart blows across the back succeeded, followed by more corn; and at the same time Tip, getting up, and endeavoring to protect his pockets, let go his hat, which fell off, spilling its contents in the grass.

"Did you call?" gasped the panic-stricken Tip.

The rivals stood with the wall between them,—as ludi-

crous a contrast, I dare assert, as ever two lovers of one woman presented.

Tip, abashed and afraid, brushed the hair out of his eyes and made an unsuccessful attempt to look the handsome and smiling Cephas in the face.

"Do you pretend you did not hear—with all these ears?" said the Judge's son.

"I—I was a-huntin' for a shoe-string," murmured Tip, casting dismayed glances along the ground. "I lost one here some'eres."

"Tip," said Cephas, putting his cane under Master Tansley's chin to assist him in holding up his head, "look me in the eye, and tell me,—what is the difference 'twixt you and that corn?"

"I d'n' know—what?" And, liberating his chin, Tip dropped his head again, and began kicking again in the grass in search of the imaginary shoe-string.

"That is lying on the ground, and you are lying—on your feet," said Cephas.

Tip replied that he was going to the woods for bean-poles, and that he took the corn to feed the cattle in the "back pastur", 'cause they hooked."

"I wish you were as innocent of hooking as the cattle are!" said the incredulous Cephas. "Go and put the saddle on Pericles."

Tip proceeded in a straight line to the stable, his pockets dropping corn by the way; while Cephas, laughing quietly, walked up and down under the trees.

"Hoss's ready," muttered Tip from the barn door.

Instead of leading Pericles out, he left him in the stall, and climbed up into the hay-loft to hide, and brood over his misfortune until his rival's departure. It was not alone the affair of the stolen corn that troubled Tip; but from the fact that Pericles was ordered, he suspected that

Cephas likewise purposed paying a visit to Nancy Blynn. Resolved to wait and watch, he lay under the dusty roof, chewing the bitter cud of envy, and now and then a stem of new-mown timothy, till Cephas entered the stalls beneath, and said, "Be still!" in his clear, resonant tones, to Pericles.

Pericles uttered a quick, low whinny of recognition, and ceased pawing the floor.

"Are you there, Cephas?" presently said another voice.

It was that of the Judge, who had followed his son into the barn. Tip lay with his elbows on the hay, and listened.

"Going to ride, are you? Who saddled this horse?"

"Tip," replied Cephas.

"He didn't half curry him. Wait a minute. I'm ashamed to let a horse go out looking so."

And the Judge began to polish off Pericles with wisps of straw.

"Darned ef I care!" muttered Tip.

"Cephas," said the Judge, "I don't want to make you vain, but I must say you ride the handsomest colt in the county. I'm proud of Pericles. Does his shoe pinch him lately?"

"Not since 'twas set. He looks well enough, father. Your eyes are better than mine," said Cephas, "if you can see any dust on his coat."

"I luf to rub a colt,—it does 'em so much good," rejoined the Judge. "Cephas, if you are going by 'Squire Stedman's, I'd like to have you call and get that mortgage."

"I don't think I shall ride that way, father. I'll go for it in the morning, however."

"Never mind, unless you happen that way. Just hand me a wisp of that straw, Cephas."

Cephas handed his father the straw. The Judge rubbed away some seconds longer, then said, carelessly, "If you are going up the mountain, I wish you would stop and tell Colby I'll take those lambs, and send for 'em next week."

"I'm not sure that I shall go as far as Colby's," replied Cephas.

"People say"—the Judge's voice changed slightly—"you don't often get farther than the Widow Blynn's when you travel that road. How is it?"

"Ask the widow," said Cephas.

"Ask her daughter, more like," rejoined the Judge.

* * * * *

Tip Tansley, more excited than he had ever been in his life, waited until the two had left the barn; then, creeping over the hay, hitting his head in the dark against the low rafters, he slid from his hiding-place, carefully descended the stairs, gathered up what he could find of the scattered ears of tucket, and set out to run through the orchard and across the fields to the Widow Blynn's cottage. The evening was starry, and the edges of the few dark clouds that lay low in the east predicted the rising moon. Halting only to climb fences, or to pick up now and then the corn that persisted in dropping from his pockets, or to scrutinize some object that he thought looked "pokerish" in the dark, prudently shunning the dismal woods on one side, and the pasture where the "hooking" cattle were on the other, Tip kept on, and arrived, all palpitating and perspiring, at the widow's house, just as the big red moon was coming up amidst the clouds over the hill. He had left a good deal of his corn and all his courage behind him in his flight; for Tip, ardently as he loved the beautiful Nancy, could lay no claim to her on the poetical ground that "the brave deserve the fair."

With uncertain knuckles Tip rapped on the humble door, having first looked through the kitchen window and seen the widow sitting within, sewing by the light of a tallow candle.

"Good-evening, William," said Mrs. Blynn, opening the door, with her spectacles on her forehead, and her work gathered up in her lap under her bent figure. "Come in; take a chair."

"Guess I can't stop," replied Tip, sidling into the room with his hat on. "How's all the folks? Nancy to hum?"

"Nancy's up-stairs; I'll speak to her.—Nancy," called the widow at the chamber door, "Tip is here!—Better take a chair while you stop," she added, smiling upon the visitor, who always, on arriving, "guessed he couldn't stop," and usually ended by remaining until he was sent away.

"Wal, may as well; jest as cheap settin' as standin'," said Tip, depositing the burden of his personality—weight, one hundred and forty-six pounds—upon one of the creaky, splint-bottomed chairs. "Pooty warm night, kind o',"—raising his arm to wipe his face with his sleeve; upon which an ear of that discontented tucket took occasion to tumble upon the floor. "Hello! what's that? By gracious, if 'ta'n't green corn! Got any fire? Guess we'll have a roast."

And Tip, taking off his hat, began to empty his stuffed pockets into it.

"Law me!" said the widow, squinting over her work. "I thought your pockets stuck out amazin'! I ha'n't had the first taste of green corn this year. It's real kind o' thoughtful in you, Tip; but the fire's all out, and we can't think of roastin' on't to-night, as I see."

"Mebby Nancy will," chuckled Tim. "Ain't she comin' down?—Any time to-night, Nancy!" cried Tip, raising his

voice, to be heard by his beloved in her retreat. "You do'n't what I brought ye!"

Now, sad as the truth may sound to the reader sympathizing with Tip, Nancy cared little what he had brought, and experienced no very ardent desire to come down and meet him. She sat at her window, looking at the stars, and thinking of somebody who she had hoped would visit her that night. But that somebody was not Tip; and although the first sound of his footsteps had set her heart fluttering with expectation, his near approach, breathing fast and loud, had given her a chill of disappointment, almost of disgust, and she now much preferred her own thoughts, and the moonrise through the trees in the direction of Judge Boxton's house, to all the green corn and all the green lovers in New England. Her mother, however, who commiserated Tip, and believed as much in being civil to neighbors as she did in keeping the Sabbath, called again, and gave her no peace until she had left the window, the moonrise, and her romantic dreams, and descended into the prosaic atmosphere of the kitchen and of Tip and his corn.

How lovely she looked, to Tip's eyes! Her plain, neat calico gown, enfolding a wonderful little rounded embodiment of grace and beauty, seemed to him an attire fit for any queen or fairy that ever lived. But it was the same old tragic story over again: although Tip loved Nancy, Nancy loved not Tip. However he might flatter himself, her regard for him was on the cool side of sisterly,—simply the toleration of a kindly heart for one who was not to blame for being less bright than other people.

She took her sewing and sat by the table, oh, so beautiful! Tip thought, and enveloped in a charmed atmosphere which seemed to touch and transfigure every object except himself. The humble apartment, the splint-

bottomed chairs, the stockings drying on the pole, even the widow's cap and gown, and the old black snuffers on the table,—all, save poor, homely Tip, stole a ray of grace from the halo of her loveliness.

Nancy discouraged the proposition of roasting corn, and otherwise deeply grieved her visitor by intently working and thinking, instead of taking part in the conversation. At length a bright idea occurred to him.

"Got a slate and pencil?"

The widow furnished the required articles. He then found a book, and, using the cover as a rule, marked out the plan of a game.

"Fox and geese, Nancy; ye play?" And, having pricked off a sufficient number of kernels from one of the ears of corn, and placed them upon the slate for geese, he selected the largest he could find for a fox, stuck it upon a pin, and proceeded to roast it in the candle.

"Which'll ye have, Nancy?"—pushing the slate toward her: "take your choice, and give me the geese; then beat me if you can! Come, won't ye play?"

"Oh, dear, Tip, what a tease you are!" said Nancy. "I don't want to play. I must work. Get mother to play with you, Tip."

"She don't want'er!" exclaimed Tip. "Come, Nancy; then I'll tell ye suthin' I heard jest 'fore I come away,—suthin' 'bout you!"

And Tip, assuming a careless air, proceeded to pile up the ears of corn, log-house fashion, upon the table, while Nancy was finishing her seam.

"About me?" she echoed.

"You'd ha' thought so!" said Tip, slyly glancing over the corn as he spoke, to watch the effect on Nancy. "Cephe and the old man had the all-firedest row, tell you!"

He hitched around in his chair, and, resting his elbows on his knees, looked up, shrewd and grinning, into her face.

"William Tansley, what do you mean?"

"As if you couldn't guess! Cephe was comin' to see you to-night; but he won't," chuckled Tip. "Say! ye ready for fox and geese?"

"How do you know that?" demanded Nancy.

"'Cause I heard! The old man stopped him, and Cephe was goin' to ride over him, but the old man was too much for him; he jerked him off the hoss, and there they had it, lickety-switch, rough-and-tumble, till Cephe give in, and told the old man, ruther'n have any words, he'd promise never to come and see you ag'in if he'd give him three thousand dollars; and the old man said 'twas a bargain!"

"Is that true, Tip?" cried the widow, dropping her work and raising her hands.

"True as I live and breathe, and draw the breath of life, and have a livin' bein'!" Tip solemnly affirmed.

"Just as I always told you, Nancy!" exclaimed the widow. "I knew how it would be. I felt sartin Cephas couldn't be depended upon. His father never'd hear a word to it, I always said. Now don't feel bad, Nancy; don't mind it. It'll be all for the best, I hope. Now, don't, Nancy; don't, I beg and beseech."

She saw plainly by the convulsive movement of the girl's bosom and the quivering of her lip that some passionate demonstration was threatened. Tip meanwhile had advanced his chair still nearer, contorting his neck and looking up with leering malice into her face until his nose almost touched her cheek.

"What do ye think now of Cephe Boxton?" he asked, tauntingly; "hey?"

A stinging blow upon the ear rewarded his impertinence,

and he recoiled so suddenly that his chair went over and threw him sprawling upon the floor.

"Gosh all hemlock!" he muttered, scrambling to his feet, rubbing first his elbow, then his ear. "What's that fur, I'd like to know,—knockin' a feller down?"

"What do I think of Cephas Boxtton?" cried Nancy. "I think the same I did before,—why shouldn't I? Your slander is no slander. Now sit down and behave yourself, and don't put your face too near mine, if you don't want your ears boxed!"

"Why, Nancy, how could you?" groaned the widow.

Nancy made no reply, but resumed her work very much as if nothing had happened.

"Hurt you much, William?"

"Not much; only it made my elbow sing like all Jerusalem! Never mind; she'll find out! Where's my hat?"

"You ain't going, be ye?" said Mrs. Blynn, with an air of solicitude.

"I guess I ain't wanted here," mumbled Tip, pulling his hat over his ears. He struck the slate, scattering the fox and geese, and demolished the house of green corn. "You can keep that; I don't want it. Good-night, Miss Blynn."

Tip placed peculiar emphasis upon the name, and fumbled a good while with the latch, expecting Nancy would say something; but she maintained a cool and dignified silence, and, as nobody urged him to stay, he reluctantly departed, his heart full of injury, and his hopes collapsed like his pockets.

For some minutes Nancy continued to sew intently and fast, her flushed face bowed over the seam; then suddenly her eyes blurred, her fingers forgot their cunning, the needle shot blindly hither and thither, and the quickly-drawn thread snapped in twain.

"Nancy! Nancy! don't!" pleaded Mrs. Blynn; "I beg of ye, now don't!"

"Oh, mother," burst forth the young girl, with sobs, "I am so unhappy! What did I strike poor Tip for? He did not know any better. I am always doing something so wrong! He could not have made up the story. Cephas would have come here to-night,—I know he would."

"Poor child! poor child!" said Mrs. Blynn. "Why couldn't you hear to me? I always told you to be careful and not like Cephas too well. But maybe Tip didn't understand. Maybe Cephas will come to-morrow, and then all will be explained."

"Cephas is true, I know, I know!" wept Nancy, "but his father——"

* * * * *

One evening it was stormy, and Nancy and her mother were together in the plain, tidy kitchen, both sewing and both silent; gusts of rain lashing the windows, and the cat purring in a chair. Nancy's heart was more quiet than usual; for, although expectation was not quite extinct, no visitor surely could be looked for on such a night. Suddenly, however, amidst the sounds of the storm, she heard footsteps and a knock at the door. Yet she need not have started and changed color so tumultuously, for the visitor was only Tip.

"Good-evenin'," said young Master Tansley, stamping, pulling off his dripping hat, and shaking it. "I'd no idee it rained so! I was goin' by, and thought I'd stop in. Ye mad, Nancy?" And he peered at the young girl from beneath his wet hair with a bashful grin.

Nancy's heart was too much softened to cherish any resentment, and with suffused eyes she begged Tip to forgive the blow.

"Wal, I do'no' what I'd done to be knocked down fur,"

began Tip, with a pouting and aggrieved air; "though I s'pose I dew, tew. But I guess what I told ye turned out about so, after all; didn't it, hey?"

At Nancy's look of distress, Mrs. Blynn made signs for Tip to forbear. But he had come too far through the darkness and rain with an exciting piece of news to be thus easily silenced.

"I ha'n't brought ye no corn this time, for I didn't know as you'd roast it if I did. Say, Nancy! Cephe and the old man had it ag'in to-day; and the Judge forked over the three thousand dollars; I seen him! He was only waitin' to raise it. It's real mean in Cephe, I s'pose you think. Mebby 'tis; but, by gracious! three thousand dollars is a 'tarnal slue of money!"

Hugely satisfied with the effect this announcement produced, Tip sprawled upon a chair and chewed a stick, like one resolved to make himself comfortable for the evening.

"Saxafrax,—ye want some?" he said, breaking off with his teeth a liberal piece of the stick. "Say, Nancy! ye needn't look so mad. Cephe has sold out, I tell ye; and when I offer ye saxafrax ye may as well take some."

Not without effort Nancy held her peace; and Tip, extending the fragment of the sassafras-root which his teeth had split off, was complacently urging her to accept it,—
"Twas real good,"—when the sound of hoofs was heard; a halt at the gate; a horseman dismounting, leading his animal to the shed; a voice saying, "Be still, Pericles!" and footsteps approaching the door.

"Nancy! Nancy!" articulated Mrs. Blynn, scarcely less agitated than her daughter, "he has come!"

"It's Cephe!" whispered Tip, hoarsely. "If he should ketch me here! I—I guess I'll go! Confound that Cephe, anyhow!"

Rap, rap! two light, decisive strokes of a riding-whip on the kitchen door.

Mrs. Blynn glanced around to see if everything was tidy; and Tip, dropping his sassafras, whirled about and wheeled about like Jim Crow in the excitement of the moment.

"Mother, go!" uttered Nancy, pale with emotion, hurriedly pointing to the door.

She made her escape by the stairway; observing which, the bewildered Tip, who had indulged a frantic thought of leaping from the window to avoid meeting his dread rival, changed his mind and rushed after her. Unadvised of his intention, and thinking only of shutting herself from the sight of young Boxton, Nancy closed the kitchen door rather severely upon Tip's fingers; but his fear rendered him insensible to pain, and he followed her, scrambling up the dark staircase just as Mrs. Blynn admitted Cephas.

Nancy did not immediately perceive what had occurred; but presently, amidst the sounds of the rain on the roof and of the wind about the gables, she heard the unmistakable perturbed breathing of her luckless lover.

"Nancy," whispered Tip, "where be ye? I've 'most broke my head ag'in' this blasted beam!"

"What are you here for?" demanded Nancy.

"'Cause I didn't want him to see me. He won't stop but a minute; then I'll go down. I *did* give my head the all-firedest tunk!" said Tip.

Mrs. Blynn opened the door to inform Nancy of the arrival of her visitor, and the light from below, partially illuminating the fugitive's retreat, showed Tip in a sitting posture on one of the upper stairs, diligently rubbing that portion of his cranium which had come in collision with the beam.

"Say, Nancy, don't go!" whispered Tip; "don't leave me here in the dark!"

Nancy had too many tumultuous thoughts of her own to give much heed to his distress; and, having hastily arranged her hair and dress by the sense of touch, she glided by him, bidding him keep quiet, and descended the stairs to the door, which she closed after her, leaving him to the wretched solitude of the place, which appeared to him a hundredfold more dark and dreadful than before.

Cephas in the mean time had divested himself of his oil-cloth capote, and entered the neat little sitting-room, to which he was civilly shown by the widow. "Nancy'll be down in a minute." And, placing a candle upon the mantel-piece, Mrs. Blynn withdrew.

Nancy, having regained her self-possession, appeared mighty dignified before her lover; gave him a passive hand; declined, with averted head, his proffered kiss; and seated herself at a cool and respectable distance.

"Nancy, what is the matter?" said Cephas, in mingled amazement and alarm. "You act as though I was a peddler and you didn't care to trade."

"You can trade, sir, you can make what bargains you please, *with others*; but——" Nancy's aching and swelling heart came up and choked her.

"Nancy! what have I done? What has changed you so? Have you forgotten—the last time I was here?"

"'Twould not be strange if I had, it was so long ago!"

Poor Nancy spoke cuttingly; but her sarcasm was as a sword with two points, which pierced her own heart quite as much as it wounded her lover's.

"Nancy," said Cephas, and he took her hand again, so tenderly that it was like putting heaven away to withdraw it, "couldn't you trust me? Hasn't your heart assured you that I could never stay away from you so without good reasons?"

"Oh, I don't doubt but you had reasons!" replied Nancy, with a bursting anguish in her tones. "But *such* reasons!"

"*Such* reasons?" repeated Cephas, grieved and repelled. "Will you please inform me what you mean? For, as I live, I am ignorant."

"Ah, Cephas! it is not true, then," cried Nancy, with sudden hope, "that—your father——"

"What of my father?"

"That he has offered you money——"

A vivid emotion flashed across the young man's face.

"I would have preferred to tell you without being questioned so sharply," he replied. "But, since hearsay has got the start of me and brought you the news, I can only answer—he has offered me money."

"To buy you—to hire you——"

"Not to marry any poor girl: that's the bargain, Nancy," said Cephas, with the tenderest of smiles.

"And you have accepted?" cried Nancy, quickly.

"I have accepted," responded Cephas.

Nancy uttered not a word.

"I came to tell you all this; but I should have told you in a different way, could I have had my choice," said Cephas. "What I have done is for your happiness as much as my own. My father threatened to disinherit me if I married a poor girl; and how could I bear the thought of subjecting you to such a lot? He has given me three thousand dollars; I only received it to-day, or I should have come to you before; for, Nancy,—do not look so strange!—it is for you, this money,—do you hear?"

He attempted to draw her towards him, but she sprang indignantly to her feet.

"Cephas! you offer *me* money!"

"Nancy!"—Cephas caught her and folded her in his arms,—“don't you understand? It is your dowry! You are no longer a poor girl. I promised not to marry *any poor girl*, but I never promised not to marry *you*. Accept the dowry; then you will be a *rich* girl, and—my wife, my wife, Nancy!”

“Oh, Cephas! is it true? Let me look at you!” She held him firmly, and looked into his face, and into his deep, tender eyes. “It is true!”

What more was said or done I am unable to relate; for about this time there came from another part of the house a dull, reverberating sound, succeeded by a rapid series of concussions, as of some ponderous body descending in a swift but irregular manner from the top to the bottom of the stairs. It was Master William Tansley, who, groping about in the dark with intent to find a stove-pipe hole at which to listen, had lost his latitude and his equilibrium, and tumbled from landing to landing, in obedience to the dangerous laws of gravitation. Mrs. Blynn flew to open the door; found him helplessly kicking on his back, with his head in the rag-bag; drew him forth by one arm; ascertained that he had met with no injuries which a little salve would not heal; patched him up almost as good as new; gave him her sympathy and a lantern to go home with; and kindly bade him good-night.

So ended Tip Tansley's unfortunate love-affair; and I am pleased to relate that his broken heart recovered from its hurt almost as speedily as his broken head.

A month later the village clergyman was called to administer the vows of wedlock to a pair of happy lovers in the Widow Blynn's cottage; and the next morning there went abroad the report of a marriage which surprised the good people of the parish generally, and Judge Boxton more particularly.

In the afternoon of that day, Cephas rode home to pay his respects to the old gentleman and ask him if he would like an introduction to the bride.

"Cephas!" cried the Judge, filled with wrath, smiting his son's written agreement with his angry hand, "look here! your promise! Have you forgotten?"

"Read it, please," said Cephas.

"In consideration," began the Judge, running his troubled eye over the paper, . . . "I do hereby pledge myself never, at *any* time, or in *any* place, to marry *any* poor girl."

"You will find," said Cephas, "that I have acted according to the strict terms of our agreement. And I have the honor to inform you, sir, that I have married a person who, with other attractions, possesses the handsome trifle of three thousand dollars."

The Judge fumed, made use of an oath or two, and talked loudly of disinheritance and cutting off with a shilling.

"I should be very sorry to have you do such a thing," rejoined Cephas, respectfully; "but, after all, it isn't as though I had not received a neat little fortune by the way of my wife."

A retort so happy that the Judge ended with a hearty acknowledgment of his son's superior wit, and an invitation to come home and lodge his lovely encumbrance beneath the parental roof.

Thereupon Cephas took a roll of notes from his pocket. "All jesting aside," said he, "I must first square a little matter of business with which my wife has commissioned me. She is more scrupulous than the son of my father, and she refused to receive the money until I had promised to return it to you as soon as we should be married. And here it is."

"Fie, fie!" cried the Judge. "Keep the money. She's a noble girl, after all,—too good for a rogue like you!"

"I know it!" said Cephas, humbly, with tears in his eyes; for recollections of a somewhat wild and wayward youth, mingling with the conscious possession of so much love and happiness, melted his heart with unspeakable contrition and gratitude.

BABY BELL.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

[The author of the beautiful selection which we give below was born at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1836. His life has been spent in literary pursuits, he having been editorially connected with several newspapers and having contributed largely to the magazines. His poetry has not been great in quantity, but is exquisite in quality, every verse being worked into form with the care which a gem-cutter expends upon a precious stone. To Mr. Aldrich we are indebted for some of the choicest bits of lyric poetry in the language. He has also written several prose works, of which "The Story of a Bad Boy" became at once a favorite with the reading public.]

HAVE you not heard the poets tell
How came the dainty Baby Bell
Into this world of ours?
The gates of heaven were left ajar:
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
Wandering out of Paradise,
She saw this planet, like a star,
Hung in the glistening depths of even,—
Its bridges, running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged Angels go,
Bearing the holy Dead to heaven.

She touched a bridge of flowers,—those feet,
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels,
They fell like dew upon the flowers:
Then all the air grew strangely sweet!
And thus came dainty Baby Bell
Into this world of ours.

She came and brought delicious May.
The swallows built beneath the eaves;
Like sunlight, in and out the leaves
The robins went, the livelong day;
The lily swung its noiseless bell;
And o'er the porch the trembling vine
Seemed bursting with its veins of wine.
How sweetly, softly, twilight fell!
Oh, earth was full of singing birds
And opening springtide flowers,
When the dainty Baby Bell
Came to this world of ours!

Oh, Baby, dainty Baby Bell,
How fair she grew from day to day!
What woman-nature filled her eyes,
What poetry within them lay,—
Those deep and tender twilight eyes,
So full of meaning, pure and bright
As if she yet stood in the light
Of those oped gates of Paradise.
And so we loved her more and more:
Ah, never in our hearts before
Was love so lovely born!
We felt we had a link between
This real world and that unseen,—
The land beyond the morn;

And for the love of those dear eyes,
For love of her whom God led forth
(The mother's being ceased on earth
When Baby came from Paradise),—
For love of Him who smote our lives
And woke the chords of joy and pain,
We said, *Dear Christ!*—our hearts bent down
Like violets after rain.

And now the orchards, which were white
And red with blossoms when she came,
Were rich in autumn's mellow prime:
The clustered apples burnt like flame,
The soft-cheeked peaches blushed and fell,
The folded chestnut burst its shell,
The grapes hung purpling in the grange;
And time wrought just as rich a change
In little Baby Bell.

Her lissome form more perfect grew,
And in her features we could trace,
In softened curves, her mother's face.
Her angel-nature ripened too:
We thought her lovely when she came,
But she was holy, saintly now:
Around her pale angelic brow
We saw a slender ring of flame!

God's hand had taken away the seal
That held the portals of her speech;
And oft she said a few strange words
Whose meaning lay beyond our reach.
She never was a child to us,
We never held her being's key;
We could not teach her holy things:
She was Christ's self in purity.

It came upon us by degrees,
We saw its shadow ere it fell,—
The knowledge that our God had sent
His messenger for Baby Bell.
We shuddered with unlanguage pain,
And all our hopes were changed to fears,
And all our thoughts ran into tears
Like sunshine into rain.
We cried aloud in our belief,
“Oh, smite us gently, gently, God!
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief.”
Ah! how we loved her, God can tell;
Her heart was folded deep in ours.
Our hearts are broken, Baby Bell!

At last he came, the messenger,
The messenger from unseen lands:
And what did dainty Baby Bell?
She only crossed her little hands,
She only looked more meek and fair!
We parted back her silken hair,
We wove the roses round her brow,—
White buds, the summer's drifted snow,—
Wrapt her from head to foot in flowers. . . .
And thus went dainty Baby Bell
Out of this world of ours!

ASCENDING KTAADN.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

[A devoted lover of nature, with whom he lived in close and ardent intimacy, Thoreau avoided man with a seeming eccentricity, which arose less from actual dislike to human companionship than from a greater attraction to the study of nature in her most secret haunts and recesses. For two years he lived a hermit life on the shores of Lake Walden, near Concord, his native town. The result of his communion with nature we have in "Walden," in which the finer aspects of the woods, the fields, and the skies are delineated with wonderful truth and delicacy of appreciation. In the words of Hawthorne, "Mr Thoreau dedicated his genius with such entire love to the fields, hills, and waters of his native town, that he made them known and interesting to all reading Americans and to people over the sea. . . . While he used in his writings a certain petulance of remark in reference to churches and churchmen, he was a person of rare, tender, and absolute religion,—a person incapable of any profanation." It is said that he never went to church, never voted, and never paid a tax to the State,—a form of eccentricity that is certainly not to be commended. Thoreau was well versed in classical and Oriental literature, but lived a sort of vagrant life, without profession or declared aim in existence. In the following selection, taken from his "Maine Woods," are clearly displayed the workings of an original mind, which occupies the position of an envoy from nature to man, rather than that of one from man to nature. He was born in 1817, and died in 1862.]

At length we reached an elevation sufficiently bare to afford a view of the summit, still distant and blue, almost as if retreating from us. A torrent, which proved to be the same we had crossed, was seen tumbling down in front, literally from out of the clouds. But this glimpse at our whereabouts was soon lost, and we were buried in the woods again. The wood was chiefly yellow birch, spruce, fir, mountain-ash, or round-wood, as the Maine

people call it, and moose-wood. It was the worst kind of travelling; sometimes like the densest scrub-oak patches with us. The cornel, or bunch-berries, were very abundant, as well as Solomon's seal and moose-berries. Blueberries were distributed along our whole route; and in one place the bushes were drooping with the weight of the fruit, still as fresh as ever. It was the 7th of September. Such patches afforded a grateful repast, and served to bait the tired party forward. When any lagged behind, the cry of "blueberries" was most effectual to bring them up. Even at this elevation we passed through a moose-yard, formed by a large, flat rock, four or five rods square, where they tread down the snow in winter. At length, fearing that if we held the direct course to the summit we should not find any water near our camping-ground, we gradually swerved to the west, till, at four o'clock, we struck again the torrent which I have mentioned, and here, in view of the summit, the weary party decided to camp that night.

While my companions were seeking a suitable spot for this purpose, I improved the little daylight that was left in climbing the mountain alone. We were in a deep and narrow ravine, sloping up to the clouds at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees, and hemmed in by walls of rock, which were at first covered with low trees, then with impenetrable thickets of scraggy birches and spruce-trees, and with moss, but at last bare of all vegetation but lichens, and almost continually draped in clouds. Following up the course of the torrent which occupied this,—and I mean to lay some emphasis on this word *up*,—pulling myself up by the side of perpendicular falls of twenty or thirty feet, by the roots of firs and birches, and then, perhaps, walking a level rod or two in the thin stream, for it took up the whole road, ascending by huge steps, as it

were, a giant's stairway, down which a river flowed, I had soon cleared the trees, and paused on the successive shelves, to look back over the country. The torrent was from fifteen to thirty feet wide, without a tributary, and seemingly not diminishing in breadth as I advanced; but still it came rushing and roaring down, with a copious tide, over and amidst masses of bare rock, from the very clouds, as though a waterspout had just burst over the mountain. Leaving this at last, I began to work my way, scarcely less arduous than Satan's anciently through Chaos, up the nearest, though not the highest, peak,—at first scrambling on all-fours over the tops of ancient black spruce-trees (*Abies nigra*), old as the flood, from two to ten or twelve feet in height, their tops flat and spreading, and their foliage blue, and nipt with cold, as if for centuries they had ceased growing upward against the bleak sky, the solid cold. I walked some good rods erect upon the tops of these trees, which were overgrown with moss and mountain-cranberries. It seemed that in the course of time they had filled up the intervals between the huge rocks, and the cold wind had uniformly levelled all over. Here the principle of vegetation was hard put to it. There was apparently a belt of this kind running quite round the mountain, though, perhaps, nowhere so remarkable as here. Once, slumping through, I looked down ten feet, into a dark and cavernous region, and saw the stem of a spruce, on whose top I stood as on a mass of coarse basket-work, fully nine inches in diameter at the ground. These holes were bears' dens, and the bears were even then at home. This was the sort of garden I made my way over, for an eighth of a mile, at the risk, it is true, of treading on some of the plants, not seeing any path *through* it,—certainly the most treacherous and porous country I ever travelled.

“ Nigh foundered, on he fares,
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
Half flying.”

But nothing could exceed the toughness of the twigs: not one snapped under my weight, for they had slowly grown. Having slumped, scrambled, rolled, bounced, and walked, by turns, over this scraggy country, I arrived upon a side-hill, or rather side-mountain, where rocks, gray, silent rocks, were the flocks and herds that pastured, chewing a rocky cud at sunset. They looked at me with hard gray eyes, without a bleat or a low. This brought me to the skirt of a cloud, and bounded my walk that night. But I had already seen that Maine country when I turned about, waving, flowing, rippling, down below.

When I returned to my companions, they had selected a camping-ground on the torrent's edge, and were resting on the ground: one was on the sick-list, rolled in a blanket, on a damp shelf of rock. It was a savage and dreary scenery enough; so wildly rough, that they looked long to find a level and open space for the tent. We could not well camp higher, for want of fuel; and the trees here seemed so evergreen and sappy that we almost doubted if they would acknowledge the influence of fire; but fire prevailed at last, and blazed here too, like a good citizen of the world. Even at this height we met with frequent traces of moose, as well as of bears. As here was no cedar, we made our bed of coarser-feathered spruce; but at any rate the feathers were plucked from the live tree. It was, perhaps, even a more grand and desolate place for a night's lodging than the summit would have been, being in the neighborhood of those wild trees, and of the torrent. Some more aerial and finer-spirited winds rushed and roared through the ravine all night, from time to time arousing our fire and dispersing the embers about. It

was as if we lay in the very nest of a young whirlwind. At midnight, one of my bedfellows, being startled in his dreams by the sudden blazing up to its top of a fir-tree whose green boughs were dried by the heat, sprang up, with a cry, from his bed, thinking the world on fire, and drew the whole camp after him.

In the morning, after whetting our appetite on some raw pork, a wafer of hard bread, and a dipper of condensed cloud or waterspout, we all together began to make our way up the falls which I have described,—this time choosing the right-hand or highest peak, which was not the one I had approached before. But soon my companions were lost to my sight behind the mountain-ridge in my rear, which still seemed ever retreating before me, and I climbed alone over huge rocks, loosely poised, a mile or more, still edging toward the clouds; for, though the day was clear elsewhere, the summit was concealed by mist. The mountain seemed a vast aggregation of loose rocks, as if some time it had rained rocks, and they lay as they fell on the mountain-sides, nowhere fairly at rest, but leaning on each other, all rocking-stones, with cavities between, but scarcely any soil or smoother shelf. They were the raw materials of a planet, dropped from an unseen quarry, which the vast chemistry of nature would anon work up, or work down, into the smiling and verdant plains and valleys of earth. This was an undone extremity of the globe; as in lignite we see coal in the process of formation.

At length I entered within the skirts of the cloud which seemed forever drifting over the summit, and yet would never be gone, but was generated out of that pure air as fast as it flowed away; and when, a quarter of a mile farther, I reached the summit of the ridge, which those who have seen in clearer weather say is about five miles

long, and contains a thousand acres of table-land, I was deep within the hostile ranks of clouds, and all objects were obscured by them. Now the wind would blow me out a yard of clear sunlight, wherein I stood; then a gray, dawning light was all it could accomplish, the cloud-line ever rising and falling with the wind's intensity. Sometimes it seemed as if the summit would be cleared in a few moments, and smile in sunshine; but what was gained on one side was lost on another. It was like sitting in a chimney and waiting for the smoke to blow away. It was, in fact, a cloud-factory: these were the cloud-works, and the wind turned them off done from the cool, bare rocks. Occasionally, when the windy columns broke in to me, I caught sight of a dark, damp crag to the right or left, the mist driving ceaselessly between it and me. It reminded me of the creations of the old epic and dramatic poets, of Atlas, Vulcan, the Cyclops, and Prometheus. Such was Caucasus and the rock where Prometheus was bound. Æschylus had no doubt visited such scenery as this. It was vast, Titanic, and such as man never inhabits. Some part of the beholder, even some vital part, seems to escape through the loose grating of his ribs as he ascends. He is more lone than you can imagine. There is less of substantial thought and fair understanding in him than in the plains where men inhabit. His reason is dispersed and shadowy, more thin and subtle, like the air. Vast, Titanic, inhuman Nature has got him at disadvantage, caught him alone, and pilfers him of some of his divine faculty. She does not smile on him as in the plains. She seems to say sternly, Why came ye here before your time? This ground is not prepared for you. Is it not enough that I smile in the valleys? I have never made this soil for thy feet, this air for thy breathing, these rocks for thy neighbors. I cannot pity nor fondle thee here, but forever

relentlessly drive thee hence to where I *am* kind. Why seek me where I have not called thee, and then complain because you find me but a stepmother? Shouldst thou freeze or starve, or shudder thy life away, here is no shrine, nor altar, nor any access to my ear.

"Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy
With purpose to explore or to disturb
The secrets of your realm, but . . .
. . . as my way
Lies through your spacious empire up to light."

The tops of mountains are among the unfinished parts of the globe, whither it is a slight insult to the gods to climb and pry into their secrets and try their effect on our humanity. Only daring and insolent men, perchance, go there. Simple races, as savages, do not climb mountains; their tops are sacred and mysterious tracts never visited by them. Pomola is always angry with those who climb to the summit of Ktaadn. . . .

Perhaps I most fully realized that this was primeval, untamed, and forever untamable *Nature*, or whatever else men call it, while coming down this part of the mountain. We were passing over "Burnt Lands," burnt by lightning, perchance, though they showed no recent marks of fire, hardly so much as a charred stump, but looked rather like a natural pasture for the moose and deer, exceedingly wild and desolate, with occasional strips of timber crossing them, and low poplars springing up, and patches of blueberries here and there. I found myself traversing them familiarly, like some pasture run to waste, or partially reclaimed by man; but when I reflected what man, what brother or sister or kinsman of our race, made it and claimed it, I expected the proprietor to rise up and dispute my passage. It is difficult to conceive of a region

uninhabited by man. We habitually presume his presence and influence everywhere. And yet we have not seen pure Nature, unless we have seen her thus vast and drear and inhuman, though in the midst of cities. Nature has here something savage and awful, though beautiful. I looked with awe at the ground I trod on, to see what the Powers had made there, the form and fashion and material of their work. This was that Earth of which we have heard, made out of Chaos and Old Night. Here was no man's garden, but the unhandselled globe. It was not lawn, nor pasture, nor mead, nor woodland, nor lea, nor arable, nor waste-land. It was the fresh and natural surface of the planet Earth, as it was made for ever and ever,—to be the dwelling of man, we say,—so Nature made it, and man may use it if he can. Man was not to be associated with it. It was Matter, vast, terrific,—not his Mother Earth that we have heard of, not for him to tread on, or be buried in,—no, it were being too familiar even to let his bones lie there,—the home, this, of Necessity and Fate. There was there felt the presence of a force not bound to be kind to man. It was a place for heathenism and superstitious rites,—to be inhabited by men nearer of kin to the rocks and to wild animals than we. We walked over it with a certain awe, stopping, from time to time, to pick the blueberries which grew there and had a smart and spicy taste. Perchance where *our* wild pines stand, and leaves lie on their forest floor, in Concord, there were once reapers, and husbandmen planted grain; but here not even the surface had been scarred by man, but it was a specimen of what God saw fit to make this world. What is it to be admitted to a museum, to see a myriad of particular things, compared with being shown some star's surface, some hard matter in its home! I stand in awe of my body, this matter to which I am

bound has become so strange to me. I fear not spirits, ghosts, of which I am one,—*that* my body might,—but I fear bodies, I tremble to meet them. What is this Titan that has possession of me? Talk of mysteries!—Think of our life in nature,—daily to be shown matter, to come in contact with it,—rocks, trees, wind on our cheeks! the *solid* earth! the *actual* world! the *common sense*! *Contact! Contact!* *Who* are we? *where* are we?

IMPRESSIONS OF NIAGARA.

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.

[Margaret Fuller was born at Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, in 1810. She displayed remarkable precocity as a student, and while yet quite young was looked upon as a prodigy of learning, in those days in which few learned women had as yet appeared in America. Brilliant conversational powers, and excellent ability as a lecturer, brought her prominently before the literary world, while her writings were received with high favor by some of the leading critics, though they have since greatly declined in public estimation, and seem to our eyes of secondary value as literary efforts. We append one of the most attractive of her descriptive essays. In 1846 she went to Europe, and in December, 1847, was married, at Rome, to the Marquis Ossoli, an Italian nobleman. On her return to her native country she perished, with her husband and child, in the wreck of the brig Elizabeth, July 19, 1850.]

NIAGARA, June 10, 1843.

SINCE you are to share with me such foot-notes as may be made on the pages of my life during this summer's wanderings, I should not be quite silent as to this magnificent prologue to the, as yet, unknown drama. Yet I, like others, have little to say, where the spectacle is, for once, great enough to fill the whole life, and supersede thought,

giving us only its own presence. "It is good to be here," is the best, as the simplest, expression that occurs to the mind.

We have been here eight days, and I am quite willing to go away. So great a sight soon satisfies, making us content with itself, and with what is less than itself. Our desires, once realized, haunt us again less readily. Having "lived one day," we would depart, and become worthy to live another.

We have not been fortunate in weather, for there cannot be too much or too warm sunlight for this scene, and the skies have been lowering, with cold, unkind winds. My nerves, too much braced up by such an atmosphere, do not well bear the continual stress of sight and sound. For here there is no escape from the weight of a perpetual creation; all other forms and motions come and go, the tide rises and recedes, the wind, at its mightiest, moves in gales and gusts, but here is really an incessant, an indefatigable motion. Awake or asleep, there is no escape, still this rushing round you and through you. It is in this way I have most felt the grandeur,—somewhat eternal, if not infinite.

At times a secondary music rises; the cataract seems to seize its own rhythm and sing it over again, so that the ear and soul are roused by a double vibration. This is some effect of the wind, causing echoes to the thundering anthem. It is very sublime, giving the effect of a spiritual repetition through all the spheres.

When I first came, I felt nothing but a quiet satisfaction. I found that drawings, the panorama, etc., had given me a clear notion of the position and proportions of all objects here; I knew where to look for everything, and everything looked as I thought it would.

Long ago, I was looking from a hill-side with a friend

at one of the finest sunsets that ever enriched this world. A little cow-boy, trudging along, wondered what we could be gazing at. After spying about some time, he found it could only be the sunset, and looking, too, a moment, he said, approvingly, "That sun looks well enough;"—a speech worthy of Shakespeare's Cloten, or the infant Mercury, up to everything from the cradle, as you please to take it.

Even such a familiarity, worthy of Jonathan, our national hero, in a prince's palace, or "stumping," as he boasts to have done, "up the Vatican stairs, into the Pope's presence, in my old boots," I felt here; it looks really *well enough*, I felt, and was inclined, as you suggested, to give my approbation as to the one object in the world that would not disappoint.

But all great expression, which, on a superficial survey, seems so easy as well as so simple, furnishes, after a while, to the faithful observer, its own standard by which to appreciate it. Daily these proportions widened and towered more and more upon my sight, and I got, at last, a proper foreground for these sublime distances. Before coming away, I think I really saw the full wonder of the scene. After a while it so drew me into itself as to inspire an undefined dread, such as I never knew before, such as may be felt when death is about to usher us into a new existence. The perpetual trampling of the waters seized my senses. I felt that no other sound, however near, could be heard, and would start and look behind me for a foe. I realized the identity of that mood of nature in which these waters were poured down with such absorbing force, with that in which the Indian was shaped on the same soil. For continually upon my mind came, unsought and unwelcome, images, such as never haunted it before, of naked savages stealing behind me with uplifted

tomahawks; again and again this illusion recurred, and even after I had thought it over, and tried to shake it off, I could not help starting and looking behind me.

As picture, the falls can only be seen from the British side. There they are seen in their veils, and at sufficient distance to appreciate the magical effects of these, and the light and shade. From the boat, as you cross, the effects and contrasts are more melodramatic. On the road back from the whirlpool we saw them as a reduced picture with delight. But what I liked best was to sit on Table Rock, close to the great fall. There all power of observing details, all separate consciousness, was quite lost.

Once, just as I had seated myself there, a man came to take his first look. He walked close up to the fall, and, after looking at it a moment, with an air as if thinking how he could best appropriate it to his own use, he spat into it.

This trait seemed wholly worthy of an age whose love of *utility* is such that the Prince Puckler Muskau suggests the probability of men coming to put the bodies of their dead parents in the fields to fertilize them, and of a country such as Dickens has described; but these will not, I hope, be seen on the historic page to be truly the age or truly the America. A little leaven is leavening the whole mass for other bread.

The whirlpool I like very much. It is seen to advantage after the great falls; it is so sternly solemn. The river cannot look more imperturbable, almost sullen, in its marble green, than it does just below the great fall; but the slight circles that mark the hidden vortex seem to whisper mysteries the thundering voice above could not proclaim, —a meaning as untold as ever.

It is fearful, too, to know, as you look, that whatever has been swallowed by the cataract is like to rise suddenly

to light here, whether uprooted tree, or body of man or bird.

The rapids enchanted me far beyond what I expected; they are so swift that they cease to seem so; you can think only of their beauty. The fountain beyond the Moss Islands I discovered for myself, and thought it for some time an accidental beauty which it would not do to leave, lest I might never see it again. After I found it permanent, I returned many times to watch the play of its crest. In the little water-fall beyond, Nature seems, as she often does, to have made a study for some larger design. She delights in this,—a sketch within a sketch, a dream within a dream. Wherever we see it,—the lines of the great buttress in the fragment of stone, the hues of the water-fall copied in the flowers that star its bordering mosses,—we are delighted; for all the lineaments become fluent, and we mould the scene in congenial thought with its genius.

People complain of the buildings at Niagara, and fear to see it further deformed. I cannot sympathize with such an apprehension: the spectacle is capable of swallowing up all such objects; they are not seen in the great whole, more than an earthworm in a wide field.

The beautiful wood on Goat Island is full of flowers; many of the fairest love to do homage here. The wake-robin and May-apple are in bloom now; the former, white, pink, green, purple, copying the rainbow of the fall, and fit to make a garland for its presiding deity when he walks the land, for they are of imperial size, and shaped like stones for a diadem. Of the May-apple, I did not raise one green tent without finding a flower beneath.

And now farewell, Niagara. I have seen thee, and I think all who come here must in some sort see thee; thou art not to be got rid of as easily as the stars. I will be

here again beneath some flooding July moon and sun. Owing to the absence of light, I have seen the rainbow only two or three times by day; the lunar bow not at all. However, the imperial presence needs not its crown, though illustrated by it.

General Porter and Jack Downing were not unsuitable figures here. The former heroically planted the bridges by which we cross to Goat Island, and the wake-robin-crowned genius has punished his temerity with deafness, which must, I think, have come upon him when he sunk the first stone in the rapids. Jack seemed an acute and entertaining representative of Jonathan, come to look at his great water-privilege. He told us all about the Americanisms of the spectacle; that is to say, the battles that have been fought here. It seems strange that men could fight in such a place; but no temple can still the personal griefs and strifes in the breasts of its visitors.

No less strange is the fact that, in this neighborhood, an eagle should be chained for a plaything. When a child, I used often to stand at a window from which I could see an eagle chained in the balcony of a museum. The people used to poke at it with sticks, and my childish heart would swell with indignation as I saw their insults, and the mien with which they were borne by the monarch-bird. Its eye was dull, and its plumage soiled and shabby, yet in its form and attitude all the king was visible, though sorrowful and dethroned. I never saw another of the family till, when passing through the Notch of the White Mountains, at that moment glowing before us in all the panoply of sunset, the driver shouted, "Look there!" and, following with our eyes his upward-pointing finger, we saw, soaring slow in majestic poise above the highest summit, the bird of Jove. It was a glorious sight, yet I know not that I felt more on seeing the bird in all its natural

freedom and royalty than when, imprisoned and insulted, he had filled my early thoughts with the Byronic "silent rages" of misanthropy.

Now, again, I saw him a captive, and addressed by the vulgar with the language they seem to find most appropriate to such occasions,—that of thrusts and blows. Silently, his head averted, he ignored their existence, as Plotinus or Sophocles might that of a modern reviewer. Probably he listened to the voice of the cataract, and felt that congenial powers flowed free, and was consoled, though his own wing was broken.

The story of the Recluse of Niagara interested me a little. It is wonderful that men do not oftener attach their lives to localities of great beauty,—that, when once deeply penetrated, they will let themselves so easily be borne away by the general stream of things, to live anywhere and anyhow. But there is something ludicrous in being the hermit of a show-place, unlike St. Francis in his mountain-bed, where none but the stars and rising sun ever saw him.

There is also a "guide to the falls," who wears his title labelled on his hat; otherwise, indeed, one might as soon think of asking for a gentleman usher to point out the moon. Yet why should we wonder at such, when we have Commentaries on Shakespeare, and Harmonies of the Gospels?

And now you have the little all I have to write. Can it interest you? To one who has enjoyed the full life of any scene, of any hour, what thoughts can be recorded about it seem like the commas and semicolons in the paragraph,—mere stops. Yet I suppose it is not so to the absent. At least, I have read things about Niagara, music, and the like, that interested *me*. Once I was moved by Mr. Greenwood's remark, that he could not realize this

marvel till, opening his eyes the next morning after he had seen it, his doubt as to the possibility of its being still there taught him what he had experienced. I remember this now with pleasure, though, or because, it is exactly the opposite to what I myself felt. For all greatness affects different minds, each in "its own particular kind," and the variations of testimony mark the truth of feeling.*

I will here add a brief narrative of the experience of another, as being much better than anything I could write, because more simple and individual :

"Now that I have left this 'Earth-wonder,' and the emotions it excited are past, it seems not so much like profanation to analyze my feelings, to recall minutely and accurately the effect of this manifestation of the Eternal. But one should go to such a scene prepared to yield entirely to its influences, to forget one's little self and one's little mind. To see a miserable worm creep to the brink of this falling world of waters, and watch the trembling of its own petty bosom, and fancy that this is made alone to act upon him, excites—derision? No,—pity."

As I rode up to the neighborhood of the falls, a solemn awe imperceptibly stole over me, and the deep sound of the ever-hurrying rapids prepared my mind for the lofty emotions to be experienced. When I reached the hotel, I felt a strange indifference about seeing the aspiration of my life's hopes. I lounged about the rooms, read the

* "Somewhat avails, in one regard, the mere sight of beauty without the union of feeling therewith. Carried away in memory, it hangs there in the lonely hall as a picture, and may some time do its message. I trust it may be so in my case, for I *saw* every object far more clearly than if I had been moved and filled with the presence, and my recollections are equally distinct and vivid." Extracted from Manuscript Notes of this Journey left by Margaret Fuller.—Ed.

stage-bills upon the walls, looked over the register, and, finding the name of an acquaintance, sent to see if he was still there. What this hesitation arose from, I know not: perhaps it was a feeling of my unworthiness to enter this temple which nature has erected to its God.

At last, slowly and thoughtfully I walked down to the bridge leading to Goat Island, and when I stood upon this frail support, and saw a quarter of a mile of tumbling, rushing rapids, and heard their everlasting roar, my emotions overpowered me, a choking sensation rose to my throat, a thrill rushed through my veins, "my blood ran rippling to my fingers' ends." This was the climax of the effect which the falls produced upon me. Neither the American nor the British fall moved me as did these rapids. For the magnificence, the sublimity, of the latter, I was prepared by descriptions and by paintings. When I arrived in sight of them I merely felt, "Ah, yes! here is the fall, just as I have seen it in a picture." When I arrived at the Terrapin Bridge, I expected to be overwhelmed, to retire trembling from this giddy eminence, and gaze with unlimited wonder and awe upon the immense mass rolling on and on; but, somehow or other, I thought only of comparing the effect on my mind with what I had read and heard. I looked for a short time, and then, with almost a feeling of disappointment, turned to go to the other points of view, to see if I was not mistaken in not feeling any surpassing emotion at this sight. But from the foot of Biddle's Stairs, and the middle of the river, and from below the Table Rock, it was still "barren, barren all."

Provoked with my stupidity in feeling most moved in the wrong place, I turned away to the hotel, determined to set off for Buffalo that afternoon. But the stage did not go, and after nightfall, as there was a splendid moon,

I went down to the bridge, and leaned over the parapet, where the boiling rapids came down in their might. It was grand, and it was also gorgeous; the yellow rays of the moon made the broken waves appear like auburn tresses twining around the black rocks. But they did not inspire me as before. I felt a foreboding of a mightier emotion to rise up and swallow all others, and I passed on to the Terrapin Bridge. Everything was changed; the misty apparition had taken off its many-colored crown which it had worn by day, and a bow of silvery white spanned its summit. The moonlight gave a poetical indefiniteness to the distant parts of the waters, and, while the rapids were glancing in her beams, the river below the falls was black as night, save where the reflection of the sky gave it the appearance of a shield of blued steel. No gaping tourists loitered, eying with their glasses or sketching on cards the hoary locks of the ancient river-god. All tended to harmonize with the natural grandeur of the scene. I gazed long. I saw how here mutability and unchangeableness were united. I surveyed the conspiring waters rushing against the rocky ledge to overthrow it at one mad plunge, till, like toppling ambition, o'erleaping themselves, they fall on t'other side, expanding into foam ere they reach the deep channel where they creep submissively away.

Then arose in my breast a genuine admiration, and a humble adoration of the Being who was the architect of this and of all. Happy were the first discoverers of Niagara, those who could come unawares upon this view and upon that, whose feelings were entirely their own. With what gusto does Father Hennepin describe "this great downfall of water," "this vast and prodigious cadence of water, which falls down after a surprising and astonishing manner, insomuch that the universe does not afford its

parallel. 'Tis true Italy and Swedeland boast of some such things, but we may well say that they be sorry patterns when compared with this of which we do now speak."

POE.

THOMAS W. HIGGINSON.

[We make the following selection from one of our most genial essayists, whose nature-studies are not surpassed in poetical grace and delicacy of discernment by any in the language, while his critical essays on authors show a mind in intimate *rapport* with his subject. Poe has never been treated with more felicity than in the essay given below. Mr. Higginson is the author of several volumes of essays, vigorous in thought and graceful in style; of "Malbone, an Oldport Romance," in which life in Newport is delineated with a happy power which John G. Saxe has compared to that of Hawthorne; and of "Army Life in a Black Regiment," describing actual experiences of the author, who commanded a regiment of colored soldiers in the civil war. Mr. Higginson was born in 1823, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he still resides.]

It happens to us rarely in our lives to come consciously into the presence of that extraordinary miracle we call genius. Among the many literary persons whom I have happened to meet, at home or abroad, there are not half a dozen who have left an irresistible sense of this rare quality; and, among these few, Poe stands next to Hawthorne in the vividness of personal impression he produced. I saw him but once; and it was on that celebrated occasion, in 1845, when he startled Boston by substituting his boyish production, "Al Aaraaf," for the more serious poem which he was to have delivered before the Lyceum. There was much curiosity to see him; for his prose-writings had

been eagerly read, at least among college-students, and his poems were just beginning to excite still greater attention. After a rather solid and very partisan address by Caleb Cushing, then just returned from his Chinese embassy, the poet was introduced. I distinctly recall his face, with its ample forehead, brilliant eyes, and narrowness of nose and chin; an essentially ideal face, not noble, yet anything but coarse; with the look of over-sensitiveness which when uncontrolled may prove more debasing than coarseness. It was a face to rivet one's attention in any crowd, yet a face that no one would feel safe in loving. It is not perhaps strange that I find or fancy in the portrait of Charles Baudelaire, Poe's French admirer and translator, some of the traits that are indelibly associated with that one glimpse of Poe.

I remember that when introduced he stood with a sort of shrinking before the audience, and then began, in a thin, tremulous, hardly musical voice, an apology for his poem, and a deprecation of the expected criticism of the Boston public; reiterating this in a sort of persistent, querulous way, which did not seem like satire, but impressed me at the time as nauseous flattery. It was not then generally known, nor was it established for a long time after,—even when he had himself asserted it,—that the poet was himself born in Boston; and no one can now tell, perhaps, what was the real feeling behind the apparently sycophantic attitude. When, at the end, he abruptly began the recitation of his rather perplexing poem, everybody looked thoroughly mystified. The verses had long since been printed in his youthful volume, and had reappeared within a few days, if I mistake not, in Wiley & Putnam's edition of his poems; and they produced no very distinct impression on the audience until Poe began to read the maiden's song in the second part. Already his tones had

been softening to a finer melody than at first, and when he came to the verse,—

“Ligeia! Ligeia!
My beautiful one!
Whose harshest idea
Will to melody run,
Oh, is it thy will
On the breezes to toss?
Or capriciously still,
Like the lone albatross,
Incumbent on night
(As she on the air),
To keep watch with delight
On the harmony there?”—

his voice seemed attenuated to the finest golden thread; the audience became hushed, and, as it were, breathless; there seemed no life in the hall but his; and every syllable was accentuated with such delicacy, and sustained with such sweetness, as I never heard equalled by other lips. When the lyric ended, it was like the ceasing of the gypsy's chant in Browning's "Flight of the Duchess;" and I remember nothing more, except that in walking back to Cambridge my comrades and I felt that we had been under the spell of some wizard. Indeed, I feel much the same in the retrospect, to this day.

The melody did not belong, in this case, to the poet's voice alone: it was already in the words. His verse, when he was willing to give it natural utterance, was like that of Coleridge in rich sweetness, and, like that, was often impaired by theories of structure and systematic experiments in metre. Never in American literature, I think, was such a fountain of melody flung into the air as when "Lenore" first appeared in "The Pioneer;" and never did fountain so drop downward as when Poe rearranged it in

its present form. The irregular measure had a beauty as original as that of "Christabel;" and the lines had an ever-varying, ever-lyrical cadence of their own, until their author himself took them and cramped them into couplets. What a change from

" *Peccavimus!*

But rave not thus!

And let the solemn song

Go up to God so mournfully that *she* may feel no wrong!"

to the amended version, portioned off in regular lengths, thus:

" *Peccavimus!* but rave not thus! and let a Sabbath song

Go up to God so solemnly, the dead may feel no wrong."

Or, worse yet, when he introduced that tedious jingle of slightly-varied repetition which in later years reached its climax in lines like these:

"Till the fair and gentle Eulalie became my blushing bride,

Till the yellow-haired young Eulalie became my smiling bride."

This trick, caught from Poe, still survives in our literature,—made more permanent, perhaps, by the success of his "Raven." This poem, which made him popular, seems to me far inferior to some of his earlier and slighter effusions; as those exquisite verses "To Helen," which are among our American classics, and have made

"The glory that was Greece,

And the grandeur that was Rome,"

a permanent phrase in our language.

Poe's place in purely imaginative prose-writing is as unquestionable as Hawthorne's. He even succeeded,

which Hawthorne did not, in penetrating the artistic indifference of the French mind; and it was a substantial triumph, when we consider that Baudelaire put himself or his friends to the trouble of translating even the prolonged platitudes of "Eureka" and the wearisome narrative of "Arthur Gordon Pym." Neither Poe nor Hawthorne has ever been fully recognized in England; and yet no Englishman of our time, not even De Quincey, has done any prose imaginative work to be named with theirs. But in comparing Poe with Hawthorne we see that the genius of the latter has hands and feet as well as wings, so that all his work is solid as masonry, while Poe's is broken and disfigured by all sorts of inequalities and imitations; he not disdaining, for want of true integrity, to disguise and falsify, to claim knowledge that he did not possess, to invent quotations and references, and even, as Griswold showed, to manipulate and exaggerate puffs of himself. . . .

But, making all possible deductions, how wonderful remains the power of Poe's imaginative tales, and how immense is the ingenuity of his puzzles and disentanglements! The conundrums of Wilkie Collins never renew their interest after the answer is known; but Poe's can be read again and again. It is where spiritual depths are to be touched, that he shows his weakness; where he attempts it, as in "William Wilson," it seems exceptional; where there is the greatest display of philosophic form, he is often most trivial, whereas Hawthorne is often profoundest when he has disarmed you by his simplicity. The truth is, that Poe lavished on things comparatively superficial those great intellectual resources which Hawthorne reverently husbanded and used. That there is something behind even genius to make or mar it,—this is the lesson of the two lives.

Poe makes one of his heroes define another as "that *monstrum horrendum*, an unprincipled man of genius." It is in the malice and fury of his own critical work that his low moral tone most betrays itself. No atmosphere can be more belittling than that of his "New York Literati:" it is a mass of vehement dogmatism and petty personalities, opinions warped by private feeling, and varying from page to page. He seemed to have absolutely no fixed standard of critical judgment, though it is true that there was very little anywhere in America during those acrimonious days, when the most honorable head might be covered with insult or neglect, while any young poetess who smiled sweetly on Poe or Griswold or Willis might find herself placed among the Muses. Poe complimented and rather patronized Hawthorne, but found him only "peculiar, and *not* original;" saying of him, "He has not half the material for the exclusiveness of literature that he has for its universality," whatever that may mean; and finally he tried to make it appear that Hawthorne had borrowed from himself. He returned again and again to the attack on Longfellow as a wilful plagiarist, denouncing the trivial resemblance between his "Midnight Mass for the Dying Year" and Tennyson's "Death of the Old Year" as "belonging to the barbarous class of literary piracy." To make this attack was, as he boasted, "to throttle the guilty;" and while dealing thus ferociously with Longfellow, thus condescendingly with Hawthorne, he was claiming a foremost rank among American authors for obscurities now forgotten, such as Mrs. Amelia B. Welby and Estelle Anne Lewis. No one ever did more than Poe to lower the tone of literary criticism in this country; and the greater his talent, the greater the mischief.

As a poet he held for a time the place earlier occupied by Byron, and later by Swinburne, as the patron saint of

all wilful boys suspected of genius and convicted at least of its infirmities. He belonged to the melancholy class of wasted men, like the German Hoffmann, whom perhaps of all men of genius he most resembled. No doubt, if we are to apply any standard of moral weight or sanity to authors,—a proposal which Poe would doubtless have ridiculed,—it can only be in a very large and generous way. If a career has only a manly ring to it, we can forgive many errors,—as in reading, for instance, the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini, carrying always his life in his hand amid a brilliant and reckless society. But the existence of a poor Bohemian, besotted when he has money, angry and vindictive when the money is spent, this is a dismal tragedy, for which genius only makes the footlights burn with more lustre. There is a passage in Keats's letters, written from the haunts of Burns, in which he expresses himself as filled with pity for the poet's life: "he drank with blackguards, he was miserable; we can see horribly clear in the works of such a man his life, as if we were God's spies." Yet Burns's sins and miseries left his heart unspoiled, and this cannot be said of Poe. After all, the austere virtues—the virtues of Emerson, Hawthorne, Whittier—are the best soil for genius.

I like best to think of Poe as associated with his betrothed, Sarah Helen Whitman, whom I saw sometimes in her later years. That gifted woman had outlived her early friends and loves and hopes, and perhaps her literary fame, such as it was: she had certainly outlived her recognized ties with Poe, and all but his memory. There she dwelt in her little suite of rooms, bearing youth still in her heart and in her voice, and on her hair also, and in her dress. Her dimly-lighted parlor was always decked, here and there, with scarlet; and she sat, robed in white,

with her back always turned to the light, thus throwing a discreetly-tinted shadow over her still thoughtful and noble face. She seemed a person embalmed while still alive : it was as if she might dwell forever there, prolonging into an indefinite future the tradition of a poet's love ; and when we remembered that she had been Poe's betrothed, that his kisses had touched her lips, that she still believed in him and was his defender, all criticism might well, for her sake, be disarmed, and her saintly life atone for his stormy and sad career.

REVIEW OF THE HISTORY OF SLAVERY.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

[A biographical notice of the distinguished author of "The History of the United States" is hardly called for. We need only say that he was born at Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1800, studied in the Universities of Harvard and Göttingen, and commenced his historical labors by the "History of the Colonization of the United States," of which the first volume appeared in 1834. The tenth and concluding volume of his great historical work was published in 1874. As an historian Bancroft occupies an exalted position, his work being noted alike for conscientiousness in the study of authorities, critical judgment in selection of materials, fluency of style, picturesque descriptive powers, acute reasoning, and great erudition. It takes its place among the great histories of the world.]

WHILE Virginia, by the concession of a representative government, was constituted the asylum of liberty, it became the abode of hereditary bondsmen.

Slavery and the slave-trade are older than the records of human society : they are found to have existed wherever the savage hunter began to assume the habits of pas-

toral or agricultural life; and, with the exception of Australasia, they have extended to every portion of the globe. The oldest monuments of human labor on the Egyptian soil are the results of slave-labor. The founder of the Jewish people was a slave-holder and a purchaser of slaves. The Hebrews, when they broke from their own thralldom, planted slavery in the promised land. Tyre, the oldest commercial city of Phœnicia, was, like Babylon, a market "for the persons of men."

Old as are the traditions of Greece, slavery is older. The wrath of Achilles grew out of a quarrel for a slave; Grecian dames had servile attendants; the heroes before Troy made excursions into the neighboring villages and towns to enslave the inhabitants. Greek pirates, roving, like the corsairs of Barbary, in quest of men, laid the foundations of Greek commerce; each commercial town was a slave-mart; and every cottage near the sea-side was in danger from the kidnapper. Greeks enslaved each other. The language of Homer was the mother-tongue of the Helots; the Grecian city that warred on its neighbor city made of its captives a source of profit; the hero of Macedon sold men of his own kindred and language into hopeless slavery. More than four centuries before the Christian era, Alcidas, a pupil of Gorgias, taught that "God has sent forth all men free; nature has made no man slave." While one class of Greek authors of that period confounded the authority of master and head of a family, others asserted that the relation of master and slave is conventional; that freedom is the law of nature, which knows no difference between master and slave; that slavery is the child of violence, and inherently unjust. "A man, O my master," so speaks the slave in a comedy of Philemon, "because he is a slave, does not cease to be a man. He is of the same flesh with you.

Nature makes no slaves." Aristotle, though he recognizes "living chattels" as a part of the complete family, has left on record his most deliberate judgment, that the prize of freedom should be placed within the reach of every slave. Yet the idea of universal free labor was only a dormant bud, not to be quickened for many centuries.

Slavery hastened the fall of the commonwealth of Rome. The power of the father to sell his children, of the creditor to sell his insolvent debtor, of the warrior to sell his captive, carried it into the bosom of every family, into the conditions of every contract, into the heart of every unhappy land that was invaded by the Roman eagle. The slave-markets of Rome were filled with men of various nations and colors. "Slaves are they!" writes Seneca; "say that they are men." The golden-mouthed orator Dion inveighs against hereditary slavery as at war with right. "By the law of nature, all men are born free," are the words of Ulpian. The Roman digests pronounce slavery "contrary to nature."

In the middle age the pirate and the kidnapper and the conqueror still continued the slave-trade. The Saxon race carried the most repulsive forms of slavery to England, where not half the population could assert a right to freedom, and where the price of a man was but four times the price of an ox. In defiance of severe penalties, the Saxons long continued to sell their own kindred into slavery on the continent. Even after the conquest, slaves were exported from England to Ireland, till, in 1102, a national synod of the Irish, to remove the pretext for an invasion, decreed the emancipation of all their English slaves.

The German nations made the shores of the Baltic the scenes of the same traffic; and the Dnieper formed the highway on which Russian merchants conveyed slaves from the markets of Russia to Constantinople. The

wretched often submitted to bondage as the only refuge from want. But it was the long wars between German and Slavonic tribes which imparted to the slave-trade so great activity that in every country of Western Europe the whole class of bondmen took and still retain the name of Slaves.

In Sicily, natives of Asia and Africa were exposed for sale. From extreme poverty the Arab father would pawn even his children to the Italian merchant. Rome itself long remained a mart where Christian slaves were exposed for sale, to supply the market of Mahometans. The Venetians purchased alike infidels and Christians, and sold them again to the Arabs in Sicily and Spain. Christian and Jewish avarice supplied the slave-market of the Saracens. The trade, though censured by the church and prohibited by the laws of Venice, was not effectually checked till the mere presence in a Venetian ship was made the sufficient evidence of freedom.

In the twelfth century, Pope Alexander III. had written that, "nature having made no slaves, all men have an equal right to liberty." Yet, as among Mahometans the captive Christian had no alternative but apostasy or servitude, the captive infidel was treated in Christendom with corresponding intolerance. In the camp of the leader whose pious arms redeemed the sepulchre of Christ from the mixed nations of Asia and Libya, the price of a war-horse was three slaves. The Turks, whose law forbade the enslaving of Mussulmans, continued to sell Christian and other captives; and Smith, the third President of Virginia, relates that he was himself a runaway from Turkish bondage.

All this might have had no influence on the destinies of America but for the long and doubtful struggles between Christians and Moors in the west of Europe, where,

for more than seven centuries, the two religions were arrayed against each other, and bondage was the reciprocal doom of the captive. France and Italy were filled with Saracen slaves; the number of them sold into Christian bondage exceeded the number of all the Christians ever sold by the pirates of Barbary. The clergy felt no sympathy for the unbeliever. The final victory of the Spaniards over the Moors of Granada, an event contemporary with the discovery of America, was signalized by a great emigration of the Moors to the coasts of Northern Africa, where each mercantile city became a nest of pirates, and every Christian the wonted booty of the corsair: an indiscriminate and retaliating bigotry gave to all Africans the denomination of Moors, and without scruple reduced them to bondage.

The clergy had broken up the Christian slave-markets at Bristol and at Hamburg, at Lyons and at Rome. In language addressed half to the courts of law and half to the people, Louis X., by the advice of the jurists of France, in July, 1315, published the ordinance that, by the law of nature, every man ought to be born free; that serfs were held in bondage only by a suspension of their early and natural rights; that liberty should be restored to them throughout the kingdom so far as the royal power extended; and every master of slaves was invited to follow his example by bringing them all back to their original state of freedom. Some years later, John de Wycliffe asserted the unchristian character of slavery. At the epoch of the discovery of America the moral opinion of the civilized world had abolished the trade in Christian slaves, and was demanding the emancipation of the serfs; but the infidel was not yet included within the pale of humanity.

Yet negro slavery is not an invention of the white man.

As Greeks enslaved Greeks, as Anglo-Saxons dealt in Anglo-Saxons, so the earliest accounts of the land of the black men bear witness that negro masters held men of their own race as slaves, and sold them to others. This the oldest Greek historian commemorates. Negro slaves were seen in classic Greece, and were known at Rome and in the Roman Empire. About the year 990, Moorish merchants from the Barbary coast reached the cities of Nigritia, and established an uninterrupted exchange of Saracen and European luxuries for the gold and slaves of Central Africa.

Not long after the conquests of the Portuguese in Barbary, their navy frequented the ports of Western Africa; and the first ships, which, in 1441, sailed so far south as Cape Blanco, returned not with negroes, but with Moors. These were treated as strangers, from whom information respecting their native country was to be derived. Antony Gonzalez, who had brought them to Portugal, was commanded to restore them to their ancient homes. He did so; and the Moors gave him as their ransom not gold only, but "black Moors" with curled hair. Negro slaves immediately became an object of commerce. The historian of the maritime discoveries of Spain even claims that she anticipated the Portuguese. The merchants of Seville imported gold dust and slaves from the western coast of Africa; so that negro slavery was established in Andalusia, and "abounded in the city of Seville," before the first voyage of Columbus.

The adventurers of those days by sea, joining the creed of bigots with the designs of pirates and heroes, esteemed as their rightful plunder the wealth of the countries which they might discover, and the inhabitants, if Christians, as their subjects; if infidels, as their slaves. There was hardly a convenient harbor on the Atlantic frontier

of the United States which was not entered by slavers. The red men of the wilderness, unlike the Africans, among whom slavery had existed from immemorial time, would never abet the foreign merchant in the nefarious traffic. Fraud and force remained, therefore, the means by which, near Newfoundland or Florida, on the shores of the Atlantic, or among the Indians of the Mississippi valley, Cortereal and Vasquez de Ayllon, Porcallo and Soto, and private adventurers, transported the natives of North America into slavery in Europe and the Spanish West Indies. Columbus himself, in 1494, enslaving five hundred native Americans, sent them to Spain, that they might be publicly sold at Seville. The generous Isabella, in 1500, commanded the liberation of the Indians held in bondage in her European possessions. Yet her active benevolence extended neither to the Moors nor to the Africans; and even her compassion for the men of the New World was but transient. The commissions for making discoveries, issued a few days before and after her interference to rescue those whom Columbus had enslaved, reserved for herself and Ferdinand a fourth part of the slaves which the new kingdoms might contain. The slavery of Indians was recognized as lawful.

A royal edict of 1501 permitted negro slaves, born in slavery among Christians, to be transported. Within two years there were such numbers of Africans in Hispaniola that Ovando, the governor of the island, entreated that their coming might be restrained. For a short time the Spanish government forbade the introduction of negro slaves who had been bred in Moorish families, and allowed only those who were said to have been instructed in the Christian faith to be transported to the West Indies, under the plea that they might assist in converting infidel nations. But, after the culture of sugar was begun, the

system of slavery easily overcame the scruples of men in power. King Ferdinand himself sent from Seville fifty slaves to labor in the mines, and promised to send more; and, because it was said that one negro could do the work of four Indians, the direct transportation of slaves from Guinea to Hispaniola was, in 1511, enjoined by a royal ordinance, and deliberately sanctioned by successive decrees. Was it not natural that Charles V., a youthful monarch, at his accession in 1516, should have readily granted licenses to the Flemings to transport negroes to the colonies? The benevolent Las Casas, who felt for the native inhabitants of the New World all that the purest missionary zeal could inspire, and who had seen them vanish away like dew before the cruelties of the Spaniards while the African thrived under the tropical sun, in 1517 suggested that negroes might still further be employed to perform the severe toils which they alone could endure. The board of trade at Seville was consulted, to learn how many slaves would be required; four for each Spanish emigrant had been proposed; deliberate calculation fixed the number at four thousand a year. In 1518 the monopoly, for eight years, of annually importing four thousand slaves into the West Indies was granted by Charles V. to La Bresa, one of his favorites, and was sold to the Genoese. The buyers of the contract purchased their slaves of the Portuguese, to whom a series of papal bulls had indeed granted the exclusive commerce with Western Africa; but the slave-trade between Africa and America was never expressly sanctioned by the see of Rome. Leo X. declared that "not the Christian religion only, but Nature herself, cries out against the state of slavery." Paul III., two years after he had given authority to make slaves of every English person who would not assist in the expulsion of Henry VIII., in two separate briefs im-

precatcd a curse on the Europeans who should enslave Indians, or any other class of men. Ximenes, the stern grand-inquisitor, the austere but ambitious Franciscan, refused to sanction the introduction of negroes into Hispaniola, believing that the favorable climate would increase their numbers and infallibly lead them to a successful revolt. Hayti, the first spot in America that received African slaves, was the first to set the example of African liberty.

The odious distinction of having first interested England in the slave-trade belongs to Sir John Hawkins. In 1562 he transported a large cargo of Africans to Hispaniola; the rich returns of sugar, ginger, and pearls attracted the notice of Queen Elizabeth; and five years later she took shares in a new expedition, though the commerce, on the part of the English, in Spanish ports, was by the law of Spain illicit, as well as by the law of morals detestable.

Conditional servitude, under indentures or covenants, had from the first existed in Virginia. Once at least James sent over convicts, and once at least the city of London a hundred homeless children from its streets. The servant stood to his master in the relation of a debtor, bound to discharge by his labor the costs of emigration. White servants came to be a usual article of merchandise. They were sold in England to be transported, and in Virginia were to be purchased on ship-board. Not the Scots only, who were taken in the field of Dunbar, were sold into servitude in New England, but the royalist prisoners of the battle of Worcester. The leaders in the insurrection of Penruddoc, in spite of the remonstrance of Haselrig and Henry Vane, were shipped to America. At the corresponding period, in Ireland, the exportation of Irish Catholics was frequent. In 1672, the average price in the colonies, where five years of service

were due, was about ten pounds, while a negro was worth twenty or twenty-five pounds.

The condition of apprenticed servants in Virginia differed from that of slaves chiefly in the duration of their bondage; the laws of the colony favored their early enfranchisement. But this state of labor easily admitted the introduction of perpetual servitude. In the month of August, 1619, five years after the commons of France had petitioned for the emancipation of every serf in every fief, a Dutch man-of-war entered James River and landed twenty negroes for sale. This is the sad epoch of the introduction of negro slavery; but the traffic would have been checked in its infancy had it remained with the Dutch. Thirty years after this first importation of Africans, Virginia to one black contained fifty whites; and, after seventy years of its colonial existence, the number of its negro slaves was proportionably much less than in several Northern States at the time of the war of independence. Had no other form of servitude been known in Virginia than of men of the same race, every difficulty would have been promptly obviated. But the Ethiopian and Caucasian races were to meet together in nearly equal numbers beneath a temperate zone. Who could foretell the issue? The negro race, from its introduction, was regarded with disgust, and its union with the whites forbidden under ignominious penalties.

SAM LAWSON, THE VILLAGE DO-NOTHING.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

[The author of the celebrated "Uncle Tom's Cabin," daughter of the Rev. Lyman Beecher, and sister of the noted pulpit-orator Henry Ward Beecher, was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, in 1812. The immediate and extraordinary popularity of the work above named is one of the curiosities of literature, and its total sale was unprecedentedly large. Mrs. Stowe has written many other novels, in all of which she displays an insight into human nature, rich powers of description, earnest pathos, and a command of language unsurpassed by those of any other American novelist. "Oldtown Folks," from which we take our selection, is a more polished and finished work than "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and as a character-picture of New England life in a past generation it must be viewed as a work of high art. It has not its equal, in this respect, in American literature.]

"WAL, naow, Horace, don't ye cry so. Why, I'm railly consarned for ye. Why, don't you s'pose your daddy's better off? Why, sartin I do. Don't cry, there's a good boy, now. I'll give ye my jack-knife, now."

This was addressed to me the day after my father's death, while the preparations for the funeral hung like a pall over the house, and the terror of the last cold mystery, the tears of my mother, and a sort of bustling dreariness on the part of my aunts and grandmother, all conspired to bear down on my childish nerves with fearful power. It was a doctrine of those good old times, no less than of many in our present days, that a house invaded by death should be made as forlorn as hands could make it. It should be rendered as cold and stiff, as unnatural, as dead and corpse-like, as possible, by closed shutters, looking-glasses pinned up in white sheets, and the locking up and hiding out of sight of any pleasant little familiar object which would be thought out of place in a sepulchre. This

work had been driven through with unsparing vigor by Aunt Lois, who looked like one of the Fates as she remorselessly cleared away every little familiar object belonging to my father, and reduced every room to the shrouded stillness of a well-kept tomb.

Of course no one thought of looking after me. It was not the fashion of those days to think of children, if only they would take themselves off out of the way of the movements of the grown people; and so I had run out into the orchard back of the house, and, throwing myself down on my face under an apple-tree in the tall clover, I gave myself up to despair, and was sobbing aloud in a nervous paroxysm of agony, when these words were addressed to me. The speaker was a tall, shambling, loose-jointed man, with a long, thin visage, prominent watery blue eyes, very fluttering and seedy habiliments, who occupied the responsible position of first do-nothing-in-ordinary in our village of Oldtown, and as such I must introduce him to my readers' notice.

Every New England village, if you only think of it, must have its do-nothing as regularly as it has its school-house or meeting-house. Nature is always wide awake in the matter of compensation. Work, thrift, and industry are such an incessant steam-power in Yankee life, that society would burn itself out with intense friction were there not interposed here and there the lubricating power of a decided do-nothing,—a man who won't be hurried, and won't work, and will take his ease in his own way, in spite of the whole protest of his neighborhood to the contrary. And there is on the face of the whole earth no do-nothing whose softness, idleness, general inaptitude to labor, and everlasting, universal shiftlessness can compare with that of this worthy, as found in a brisk Yankee village.

Sam Lawson filled this post with ample honor in Old-town. He was a fellow dear to the souls of all "us boys" in the village, because, from the special nature of his position, he never had anything more pressing to do than croon and gossip with us. He was ready to spend hours in tinkering a boy's jack-knife or mending his skate, or start at the smallest notice to watch at a woodchuck's hole, or give incessant service in tending a dog's sprained paw. He was always on hand to go fishing with us on Saturday afternoons; and I have known him to sit hour after hour on the bank, surrounded by a troop of boys, baiting our hooks and taking off our fish. He was a soft-hearted old body, and the wriggings and contortions of our prey used to disturb his repose, so that it was a regular part of his work to kill the fish by breaking their necks when he took them from the hooks.

"Why, lordy massy, boys," he would say, "I can't bear to see no kind o' critter in torment. These 'ere pouts ain't to blame for bein' fish, and ye ought to put 'em out of their misery. Fish hes their rights as well as any on us."

Nobody but Sam would have thought of poking through the high grass and clover on our back lot to look me up, as I lay sobbing under the old apple-tree, the most insignificant little atom of misery that ever bewailed the inevitable.

Sam was of respectable family, and not destitute of education. He was an expert in at least five or six different kinds of handicraft, in all of which he had been pronounced by the knowing ones to be a capable workman, "if only he would stick to it." He had a blacksmith's shop, where, when the fit was on him, he would shoe a horse better than any man in the county. No one could supply a missing screw, or apply a timely brace, with more adroit-

ness. He could mend cracked china so as to be almost as good as new; he could use carpenter's tools as well as a born carpenter, and would doctor a rheumatic door or a shaky window better than half the professional artisans in wood. No man could put a refractory clock to rights with more ingenuity than Sam,—that is, if you would give him his time to be about it.

I shall never forget the wrath and dismay which he roused in my aunt Lois's mind by the leisurely way in which, after having taken our own venerable kitchen clock to pieces, and strewn the fragments all over the kitchen, he would roost over it in endless incubation, telling stories, entering into long-winded theological discussions, smoking pipes, and giving histories of all the other clocks in Oldtown, with occasional memoirs of those in Needmore, the North Parish, and Podunk, as passively indifferent to all her volleys of sarcasm and contempt, her stinging expostulations and philippics, as the sailing old moon is to the frisky, animated barking of some puppy dog of earth.

"Why, ye see, Miss Lois," he would say, "clocks can't be druv; that's jest what they can't. Some things can be druv, and then ag'in some things can't, and clocks is that kind. They's jest got to be humored. Now, this 'ere's a 'mazin' good clock; give me my time on it, and I'll have it so 'twill keep straight on to the Millennium."

"Millennium!" says Aunt Lois, with a snort of infinite contempt.

"Yes, the Millennium," says Sam, letting fall his work in a contemplative manner. "That 'ere's an interestin' topic, now. Parson Lothrop he don't think the Millennium will last a thousand years. What's your 'pinion on that pint, Miss Lois?"

"My opinion is," said Aunt Lois, in her most nipping

tones, "that if folks don't mind their own business, and do with their might what their hand finds to do, the Millennium won't come at all."

"Wal, you see, Miss Lois, it's just here,—one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day."

"I should think you thought a day was a thousand years, the way you work," said Aunt Lois.

"Wal," said Sam, sitting down with his back to his desperate litter of wheels, weights, and pendulums, and meditatively caressing his knee as he watched the sailing clouds in abstract meditation, "ye see, ef a thing's ordained, why it's got to be, ef you don't lift a finger. That 'ere's so now, ain't it?"

"Sam Lawson, you are about the most aggravating creature I ever had to do with. Here you've got our clock all to pieces, and have been keeping up a perfect hurrah's nest in our kitchen for three days, and there you sit maundering and talking with your back to your work, fussing about the Millennium, which is none of your business, or mine, as I know of! Do either put that clock together or let it alone!"

"Don't you be a grain uneasy, Miss Lois. Why, I'll have your clock all right in the end, but I can't be driv. Wal, I guess I'll take another spell on't to-morrow or Friday."

Poor Aunt Lois, horror-stricken, but seeing herself actually in the hands of the imperturbable enemy, now essayed the tack of conciliation. "Now do, Lawson, just finish up this job, and I'll pay you down, right on the spot; and you need the money."

"I'd like to 'blige ye, Miss Lois; but ye see money ain't everything in this world. Ef I work tew long on one thing, my mind kind o' gives out, ye see; and, besides,

I've got some 'sponsibilities to 'tend to. There's Mrs. Captain Brown, she made me promise to come to-day and look at the nose o' that 'ere silver teapot o' hern; it's kind o' sprung a leak. And then I 'greed to split a little oven-wood for the Widdah Pedee, that lives up on the Shelburn road. Must visit the widdahs in their affliction, Scriptur' says. And then there's Hepsy: she's allers a-castin' it up at me that I don't do nothing for her and the chil'en; but then, lordy massy, Hepsy hain't no sort o' patience. Why, jest this mornin' I was a-tellin' her to count up her marcies, and I 'clare for't if I didn't think she'd 'a' throwed the tongs at me. That 'ere woman's temper raily makes me consarned. Wal, good-day, Miss Lois. I'll be along again to-morrow or Friday, or the first o' next week." And away he went with long, loose strides down the village street, while the leisurely wail of an old fuguing tune floated back after him,—

"Thy years are an
Eternal day,
Thy years are an
Eternal day."

"An eternal torment," said Aunt Lois, with a snap. "I'm sure, if there's a mortal creature on this earth that I pity, it's Hepsy Lawson. Folks talk about her scolding: that Sam Lawson is enough to make the saints in heaven fall from grace. And you can't *do* anything with him: it's like charging bayonet into a wool-sack."

Now, the Hepsy thus spoken of was the luckless woman whom Sam's easy temper, and a certain youthful reputation for being a capable fellow, had led years before into the snares of matrimony with him, in consequence of which she was encumbered with the bringing-up of six children on very short rations. She was a gnarly, com-

pact, efficient little pepper-box of a woman, with snapping black eyes, pale cheeks, and a mouth always at half-cock, ready to go off with some sharp crack of reproof at the shoreless, bottomless, and tideless inefficiency of her husband. It seemed to be one of those facts of existence that she could not get used to, nor find anywhere in her brisk, fiery little body a grain of cool resignation for. Day after day she fought it with as bitter and intense a vigor, and with as much freshness of objurgation, as if it had come upon her for the first time,—just as a sharp, wiry little terrier will bark and bark from day to day, with never-ceasing pertinacity, into an empty squirrel-hole. She seemed to have no power within her to receive and assimilate the great truth that her husband was essentially, and was to be and always would be, only a do-nothing.

Poor Hepsy was herself quite as essentially a do-something,—an early-rising, bustling, driving, neat, efficient, capable little body, who contrived, by going out to day's works,—washing, scrubbing, cleaning,—by making vests for the tailor, or closing and binding shoes for the shoemaker, by hoeing corn and potatoes in the garden at most unseasonable hours, actually to find bread to put into the mouths of the six young ravens aforesaid, and to clothe them decently. This might all do very well; but when Sam—who believed with all his heart in the modern doctrines of woman's rights so far as to have no sort of objection to Hepsy's sawing wood or hoeing potatoes if she chose—would make the small degree of decency and prosperity the family had attained by these means a text on which to preach resignation, cheerfulness, and submission, then Hepsy's last cobweb of patience gave out, and she often became, for the moment, really dangerous, so that Sam would be obliged to plunge hastily out of doors to avoid a strictly personal encounter.

It was not to be denied that poor Hepsy really was a scold, in the strong old Saxon acceptation of the word. She had fought life single-handed, tooth and nail, with all the ferocity of outraged sensibilities, and had come out of the fight scratched and dishevelled, with few womanly graces. The good-wives of the village, versed in the outs and ins of their neighbors' affairs, while they admitted that Sam was not all he should be, would sometimes roll up the whites of their eyes mysteriously, and say, "But then, poor man, what could you expect, when he hasn't a happy home? Hepsy's temper is, you know," etc., etc.

The fact is, that Sam's softly easy temper and habits of miscellaneous handiness caused him to have a warm corner in most of the households. No mothers ever are very hard on a man who always pleases the children; and every one knows the welcome of a universal gossip, who carries round a district a wallet of choice bits of neighborhood information.

Now, Sam knew everything about everybody. He could tell Mrs. Major Broad just what Lady Lothrop gave for her best parlor carpet, that was brought over from England, and just on what occasions she used the big silver tankard, and on what they were content with the little one, and how many pairs of long silk stockings the minister had, and how many rows of stitching there were on the shoulders of his Sunday shirts. He knew just all that was in Deacon Badger's best room, and how many silver tablespoons and teaspoons graced the beaufet in the corner, and when each of his daughters was born, and just how Miss Susy came to marry as she did, and who wanted to marry her and couldn't. He knew just the cost of Major Broad's scarlet cloak and shoe-buckles, and how Mrs. Major had a real *Ingy* shawl up in her "camphire" trunk, that cost nigh as much as Lady Lothrop's

Nobody had made love, or married, or had children born, or been buried, since Sam was able to perambulate the country, without his informing himself minutely of every available particular; and his unfathomable knowledge on these subjects was an unfailing source of popularity.

Besides this, Sam was endowed with no end of idle accomplishments. His indolence was precisely of a turn that enjoyed the excitement of an occasional odd bit of work with which he had clearly no concern, and which had no sort of tendency toward his own support or that of his family. Something so far out of the line of practical utility as to be in a manner an artistic labor would awaken all the energies of his soul. His shop was a perfect infirmary for decayed articles of *virtù* from all the houses for miles around. Cracked china, lame teapots, broken shoe-buckles, rickety tongs, and decrepit fire-irons, all stood in melancholy proximity, awaiting Sam's happy hours of inspiration; and he was always happy to sit down and have a long, strictly confidential conversation concerning any of these with the owner, especially if Hepsy were gone out washing, or on any other work which kept her at a safe distance.

Sam could shave and cut hair as neatly as any barber, and was always in demand up and down the country to render these offices to the sick. He was ready to go for miles to watch with invalids, and a very acceptable watcher he made, beguiling the night hours with endless stories and legends. He was also an expert in psalmody, having in his youth been the pride of the village singing-school. In those days he could perform reputably on the bass-viol in the choir of a Sunday with a dolefulness and solemnity of demeanor in the highest degree edifying,—though he was equally ready of a week-evening in scraping on a brisk little fiddle, if any of the thoughtless ones

wanted a performer at a husking- or a quilting-frolic. Sam's obligingness was many-sided, and he was equally prepared at any moment to raise a funeral psalm or whistle the time of a double-shuffle.

But the more particular delight of Sam's heart was in funerals. He would walk miles on hearing the news of a dangerous illness, and sit roosting on the fence of the premises, delighted to gossip over the particulars, but ready to come down at any moment to do any of the odd turns which sickness in a family makes necessary; and when the last earthly scene was over, Sam was more than ready to render those final offices from which the more nervous and fastidious shrink, but in which he took almost a professional pride.

The business of an undertaker is a refinement of modern civilization. In simple old days neighbors fell into one another's hands for all the last wants of our poor mortality; and there were men and women of note who took a particular and solemn pride in these mournful offices. Sam had in fact been up all night in our house, and, having set me up in the clover, and comforted me with a jack-knife, he proceeded to inform me of the particulars.

"Why, ye see, Horace, I ben up with 'em pretty much all night; and I laid yer father out myself, and I never see a better-lookin' corpse. It's a 'mazin' pity your daddy hed such feelin's 'bout havin' people come to look at him, 'cause he does look beautiful, and it's ben a long time since we've hed a funeral, anyway, and everybody was expectin' to come to his'n, and they'll all be dissap'inted if the corpse ain't show'd; but then, lordy massy, folks oughtn't to think hard on't ef folks hes their own way 'bout their own funeral. That 'ere's what I've ben a-tellin' on 'em all, over to the tavern and round to the store. Why, you never see sich a talk as there was about it.

There was Aunt Sally Morse, and Betsey and Patsy Sawin, and Mis' Zeruiah Bacon, come over early to look at the corpse, and when they wasn't let in, you never heerd sich a jawin'. Betsey and Patsy Sawin said that they allers suspected your father was an infidel, or some sich, and now they was clear; and Aunt Sally she asked who made his shroud, and when she heerd there wasn't to be none, he was laid out in his clothes, she said she never heerd such unchristian doin's,—that she always had heerd he had strange opinions, but she never thought it would come to that."

"My father isn't an infidel; and I wish I could kill 'em for talking so," said I, clinching my jack-knife in my small fist, and feeling myself shake with passion.

"Wal, wal, I kind o' spoke up to 'em about it. I wasn't a-goin' to hear no sich jaw; and says I, 'I think ef there is anybody that knows what's what about funerals I'm the man, fur I don't s'pose there's a man in the county that's laid out more folks, and set up with more corpses, and ben sent for fur and near, than I have, and my opinion is that mourners must always follow the last directions gi'n to 'em by the person. Ef a man hesn't a right to have the say about his own body, what hes he a right to?' Wal, they said that it was putty well of me to talk so, when I had the privilege of settin' up with him, and seein' all that was to be seen. 'Lordy massy,' says I, 'I don't see why ye need envi me; 'tain't my fault that folks thinks it's agreeable to have me round. As to bein' buried in his clothes, why, lordy massy, 'tain't nothin' so extraordinary. In the old country great folks is very often laid out in their clothes. 'Member, when I was a boy, old Mr. Sanger, the minister in Deerbrook, was laid out in his gown and bands, with a Bible in his hands, and he looked as nateral as a pictur'. I was at Parson Rider's funeral,

down to Wrentham. He was laid out in white flannel. But then there was old Captain Bigelow, down to the Pint there, he was laid out regular in his regimentals, jest as he wore 'em in the war, epaulets and all.' Wal, now, Horace, your daddy looks jest as peaceful as a psalm-tune. Now, you don't know,—jest as nateral as if he'd only jest gone to sleep. So ye may set your heart at rest 'bout him."

It was one of those beautiful serene days of October, when the earth lies as bright and still as anything one can dream of in the New Jerusalem, and Sam's homely expressions of sympathy had quieted me somewhat. Sam, tired of his discourse, lay back in the clover, with his hands under his head, and went on with his moralizing:

"Lordy massy, Horace, to think on't,—it's so kind o' solemnizin'! It's one's turn to-day, and another's to-morrow. We never know when our turn'll come." And Sam raised a favorite stave,—

"And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?"

"Active limbs! I guess so!" said a sharp voice, which came through the clover-heads like the crack of a rifle. "Well, I've found you at last. Here you be, Sam Lawson, lyin' flat on your back at eleven o'clock in the morning, and not a potato dug, and not a stick of wood cut to get dinner with; and I won't cut no more, if we never have dinner. It's no use a-humorin' you,—doin' your work for you. The more I do, the more I may do: so come home, won't you?"

"Lordy massy, Hepsy," said Sam, slowly erecting himself out of the grass, and staring at her with white eyes, "you don't ought to talk so. I ain't to blame. I hed to

sit up with Mr. Holyoke all night, and help 'em lay him out at four o'clock this mornin'."

"You're always everywhere but where you've business to be," said Hepsy, "and helpin' and doin' for everybody but your own. For my part, I think charity ought to begin at home. You're everywhere, up and down and round,—over to Shelbun, down to Podunk, up to North Parish; and here Abram and Kiah Stebbins have been waitin' all the morning with a horse they brought all the way from Boston to get you to shoe."

"Wal, now, that 'ere shows they know what's what. I told Kiah that ef they'd bring that 'ere horse to me I'd tend to his huffs."

"An be off lying in the mowing, like a patridge, when they come after ye. That's one way to do business," said Hepsy.

"Hepsy, I was just a miditatin'. Ef we don't miditate sometimes on all these 'ere things, it'll be wus for us by and by."

"Meditate! I'll help your meditations in a way you won't like, if you don't look out. So now you come home, and stop your meditatin', and go to doin' somethin'. I told 'em to come back this afternoon, and I'd have you on the spot if 'twas a possible thing," said the very practical Hepsy, laying firm hold of Sam's unresisting arm and leading him away captive.

THE COURTIN'.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

[The humorous pastoral was never more neatly conceived and amusingly executed than in Lowell's "Courtin'," one of those inimitable bits of poetry which appear but once in a generation and form in themselves a fame for their authors.]

God makes sech nights, all white an' still
Fur'z you can look or listen,
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side
With half a cord o' wood in,—
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her,
An' leetle flames danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The old queen's-arm thet gran'ther Young
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy ag'in
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look
On sech a blessed cretur ;
A dog-rose blushin' to a brook
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1,
Clear grit an' human natur' ;
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton
Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
Hed squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells,—
All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
All crinkly like curled maple ;
The side she breshed felt full o' sun
Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
Ez hisn in the choir ;
My! when he made Ole Hunderd ring,
She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
When her new meetin'-bunnet
Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some* !
She seemed to've got a new soul,
For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
A-raspin' on the scraper ;
All ways to once her feelin's flew,
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtfle o' the sekle ;
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
Ez though she wished him funder,
An' on her apples kep' to work,
Parin' away like murder.

" You want to see my Pa, I s'pose ?"
" Wal. . . . no I come designin'—"
" To see my Ma ? She's sprinklin' clo'es
Ag'in' to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals acts so or so,
Or don't, 'ould be presumin' ;
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call ag'in;"
Says she, "Think likely, Mister;"
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
An' Wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose naturs never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snow-hid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how metters stood,
An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is, they was cried
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

PRIMITIVE FORMS OF THE ORDEAL.

HENRY C. LEA.

[Mr. Lea comes from a family of high intelligence and literary standing. He is the grandson of Mathew Carey, one of our earliest writers on Political Economy, and a son of Isaac Lea, of high note as an American naturalist. Mr. Lea was born in Philadelphia in 1825.

As a publisher he succeeded to the business of the celebrated publishing-house of Mathew Carey & Sons, established in the last century. As an author he has devoted himself to certain phases of history heretofore but imperfectly treated. His "Superstition and Force," "Historical Sketch of Sacerdotal Celibacy in the Christian Church," and "Studies in Church History" are works of great learning and value. From the first-named we offer an illustrative extract.]

TURNING to the still savage races of the Old World, we everywhere find these superstitions in full force. Africa furnishes an ample store of them, varying from the crudest simplicity to the most deadly devices. Among the Kalabarese, for instance, the *afia-edet-ibom* is administered with the curved fang of a snake, which is dexterously inserted under the lid and around the ball of the eye of the accused; if innocent, he is expected to eject it by rolling the eye, while, if unable to do so, it is removed with a leopard's tooth, and he is condemned. Even ruder, and more under the control of the operator, is the *afia-ibnot-idiok*, in which a white and a black line are drawn on the skull of a chimpanzee: this is held up before the defendant, when an apparent attraction of the white line towards him demonstrates his innocence, or an inclination of the black line in his direction pronounces his guilt. More formidable than these is the ordeal-nut, containing a deadly poison which causes frothing at the mouth, convulsions, paralysis, and speedy death. In capital cases, or even when sickness is attributed to hostile machinations, the *abiadiong*, or sorcerer, decides who shall undergo the trial; and, as the active principle of the nut can be extracted by preliminary boiling, judicious liberality on the part of the individual selected is supposed to render the ordeal comparatively harmless.

Throughout a wide region of Western Africa, one of the most popular forms of ordeal is that of the red water, or

“sassy-bark.” In the neighborhood of Sierra Leone, as described by Dr. Winterbottom, it is administered by requiring the accused to fast for twelve hours and then to swallow a small quantity of rice. After this the infusion of the bark is taken in large quantities, as much as a gallon being sometimes employed : if it produces emesia, so as to eject all of the rice, the proof of innocence is complete, but if it fails in this, or if it acts as a purgative, the accused is pronounced guilty. It has narcotic properties, also, a manifestation of which is likewise decisive against the sufferer. Among some of the tribes this is determined by placing on the ground small sticks about eighteen inches apart, or by forming an archway of limbs of trees bent to the ground, and requiring the patient to pick his way among them, a feat rendered difficult by the vertiginous effects of the poison. Although death not infrequently results from the ordeal itself, yet the faith reposed in these trials is so absolute that, according to Dr. Livingstone, they are demanded with eagerness by those accused of witchcraft, confident in their own innocence, and believing that the guilty alone can suffer. When the red water is administered for its emetic effects, the popular explanation is that the fetish enters with the draught, examines the heart of the accused, and, on finding him innocent, returns with the rice as evidence. A system directly the reverse of all this is found in Ashantee, where sickness in the ordeal is a sign of innocence, and the *lex talionis* is strictly observed. When evidence is insufficient to support a charge, the accuser is made to take an oath as to the truth of his accusation, and the defendant is then required to chew a piece of *odum* wood and drink a pitcher of water. If no ill effects ensue, he is deemed guilty, and is put to death ; while if he becomes sick, he is acquitted, and the accuser suffers in his stead.

Further to the east in the African continent, the Niam-Niam and the neighboring tribes illustrate the endless variety of form of which the ordeal is susceptible. These savages resort to various kinds of divination, which are equally employed as a guidance for the future in all important undertakings and as means to discover the guilt or the innocence of those accused of crime. The principal of these is the *borru*, in which two polished pieces of damma wood are rubbed together, after being moistened with a few drops of water. If they glide easily on each other, the sign is favorable; if they adhere together, it is unfavorable. Life and death are also brought in play, but vicarious victims are made the subject of experiment. Thus, a cock is taken and its head is repeatedly immersed in water until the creature is rigid and insensible; if it recovers, the indication is favorable, if it dies, adverse. Or an oil extracted from the bengye wood is administered to a hen, and the same conclusions are drawn from its survival or death.

In Madagascar the poison ordeal is less humanely administered, with a decoction of the deadly nut of the Tangena (*Tanghinia venenifera*). One of the modes of its application is evidently based on the same theory as the ordeal of red water and rice, to which it bears a notable resemblance. A fowl is boiled, and three pieces of its skin are placed in the broth. Then a cupful of the decoction of the Tangena nut is given to the accused, followed by the same quantity of the broth, with the pieces of skin. Unless the poison speedily causes vomiting, it soon kills the patient, which is a satisfactory proof of his guilt. If vomiting ensues, it is kept up by repeated doses of the broth and warm water, and if the bits of skin are ejected the accused is declared innocent; but if they are retained he is deemed convicted and is summarily despatched with

another bowl of the poison. In the persecutions of 1836 and 1849 directed against the Malagasy Christians, many of the converts were tried with the Tangena nut, and numbers of them perished.

Springing from the same belief is the process used in Tahiti for discovering the criminal in cases of theft. The priest, when applied to, digs a hole in the clay floor of his hut, fills it with water, and stands over it with a young plantain in his hand, while invoking his god. The deity thereupon conducts the spirit of the thief over the water, and his reflection is recognized by the priest.

The races of the Indian Archipelago are fully equipped with resources of the same kind for settling doubtful cases. Among the Dyaks of Borneo questions for which no other solution is apparent are settled by giving to each litigant a lump of salt, which they drop simultaneously into water, and he whose lump dissolves soonest is adjudged the loser; or each takes a living shell and places it on a plate, when lime-juice is squeezed over them, and the one whose shell first moves under his gentle stimulant is declared the winner.

The black Australioid Khonds of the hill-districts of Orissa confirm the universality of these practices by customs peculiar to themselves which may be assumed as handed down by tradition from prehistoric times. Not only do they constantly employ the ordeals of boiling water and oil and red-hot iron, which they may have borrowed from their Hindu neighbors, but they administer judicial oaths with imprecations that are decidedly of the character of ordeals. Thus, an oath is taken on a tiger's skin, with an invocation of destruction from that animal upon the perjured; or upon a lizard's skin, whose scaliness is invited upon him who may forswear himself; or over an ant-hill, with an imprecation that he who swears falsely

may be reduced to powder. A more characteristic ordeal is that used in litigation concerning land, when a portion of earth from the disputed possession is swallowed by each claimant, in the belief that it will destroy him whose pretensions are false. On very solemn occasions, a sheep is killed in the name of Tari Pennu, the dreadful earth-goddess; rice is then moistened with its blood, and this is administered, in the full conviction that she will slay the rash litigant who insults her power by perjury.

The hill-tribes of Rajmahal, who represent another of the pre-Aryan Indian races, furnish us with further developments of the same principle, in details bearing a marked analogy to those practised by the most diverse families of mankind. Thus, the process by which the guilt of Achan was discovered (*Joshua* vii. 16-18), and that by which, as we shall see hereafter, Master Anselm proposed to identify the thief of the sacred vessels of Laon, are not unlike the ceremony used when a district is ravaged by tigers or by pestilence, which is regarded as a retribution for sin committed by some inhabitant, whose identification thus becomes all-important for the salvation of the rest. In the process known as *Satane* a person sits on the ground with a branch of the bale-tree planted opposite to him; rice is handed to him to eat in the name of the village of the district, and when the one is named in which the culprit lives, he is expected to throw up the rice. Having thus determined the village, the same plan is adopted with respect to each family in it, and when the family is identified, the individual is discovered in the same manner. Another form, named *Cherreen*, is not unlike the ordeal of the Bible and key, not as yet obsolete among Christians. A stone is suspended by a string, and the names of the villages, families, and individuals are repeated, when it indicates the guilty by its vibrations.

Thieves are also discovered and convicted by these processes, and by another mode known as *Gobereen*, which is a modification of the hot-water ordeal. A mixture of cow-dung, oil, and water is made to boil briskly in a pot. A ring is thrown in, and each suspected person, after invoking the Supreme Deity, is required to find and bring out the ring with his hand,—the belief being that the innocent will not be burned, while the guilty will not be able to put his hand into the pot, as the mixture will rise up to meet it.

Reverting to the older races, we find no trace of formal ordeals in the fragmentary remains out of which Egyptologists thus far have succeeded in reconstructing the antique civilization of the Nile valley; but the intimate dependence of man on the gods, and the daily interposition of the latter in human affairs, taught by the prophets of the temples and reverently accepted by the people, render it almost certain that in some shape or other the divine judgment was frequently consulted in judicial proceedings where human wisdom was at fault. This probably took the form of reference to the oracles which abounded in every Egyptian nome. Indeed, a story related by Herodotus would seem to show that such an interpellation of the divine power was habitual in prosecutions when evidence of guilt was deficient. Aames II., before he gained the crown, was noted for his reckless and dissolute life, and was frequently accused of theft and carried to the nearest oracle, when he was convicted or acquitted according to the response. On ascending the throne, he paid great respect to the shrines where he had been condemned, and neglected altogether those where he had been absolved, saying that the former gave true and the latter lying responses.

The Semitic races, while not giving to the ordeal the

development which it has received among the Aryans, still afford sufficient manifestation of its existence among them. Chaldean and Assyrian institutions have not as yet been sufficiently explored for us to state with positiveness whether or not the judgment of God was a recognized resource of the puzzled dispenser of justice; but the probabilities are strongly in favor of some processes of the kind being discovered when we are more fully acquainted with their judicial system. The constant invocation of the gods, which forms so marked a feature of the cuneiform inscriptions, indicates a belief in the divine guidance of human affairs which could hardly fail to find expression in direct appeals for light in the administration of justice. The nearest approach, however, to the principle of the ordeal which has thus far been deciphered is found in the imprecations commonly expressed in contracts, donations, and deeds, by which the gods are invoked to shed all the curses that can assail humanity on the heads of those who shall evade the execution of their plighted faith, or seek to present false claims. Akin to this, moreover, was the penalty frequently expressed in contracts, whereby their violation was to be punished by heavy fines, the greater part of which was payable into the treasury of some temple.

Among the Hebrews, as a rule, the interposition of Yahveh was expected directly, without the formulas which human ingenuity has invented to invite and ascertain the decisions of the divine will. Still, the combat of David and Goliath has been cited as a model and justification of the judicial duel; and there are some practices described in Scripture which are strictly ordeals, and which were duly put forth by the local clergy throughout Europe when struggling to defend the system against the prohibitions of the Papacy. When the man who blas-

phemed the Lord (*Levit.* xxiv. 11-16) was kept in ward "that the mind of the Lord might be showed them," and the Lord ordered Moses to have him stoned by the whole congregation, we are not told the exact means adopted to ascertain the will of Yahveh, but the appeal was identical in principle with that which prompted the mediæval judgment of God. The use of the lot, moreover, which was so constantly employed in the most important and sacred matters, was not a mere appeal to chance, but was a sacred ceremony performed "before the Lord at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation" to learn what was the decision of Yahveh. The lot was also used, if not as a regular judicial expedient, at all events in unusual cases as a mode of discovering criminals, and its results were held to be the undoubted revelation of Omniscience. It is more than probable that the Urim and Thummim were lots, and that they were not infrequently used, as in the cases of Achan and Jonathan. And the popular belief in the efficacy of the lot is manifested in Jonah's adventure (*Jonah* i. 7); when the sailors cast lots to discover the sinner whose presence brought the tempest upon them. The most formal and absolute example of the ordeal, however, was the Bitter Water by which conjugal infidelity was convicted and punished (*Numb.* v. 11-31). This curious and elaborate ceremony, which bears so marked an analogy to the poison ordeals, was abandoned by order of R. Johanan ben Saccai about the time of the Christian era, and is too well known to require more than a passing allusion to the wealth of Haggadistic legend and the interminable controversies and speculations to which it has given rise. I may add, however, that Aben Ezra and other Jewish commentators hold that when Moses burnt the golden calf and made the Israelites drink the water in which its ashes were cast (*Exod.* xxxii. 20), he admin-

istered an ordeal, like that of the Bitter Water, which in some way revealed those who had been guilty of idolatry, so that the Levites could slay them; and Selden explains this by reference to a tradition according to which the gold of the calf reddened the beards of those who had worshipped it, and thus rendered them conspicuous.

THE PROGRESS AND PROSPECTS OF LITERATURE IN AMERICA.

R. W. GRISWOLD.

[Rufus Wilmot Griswold is best known as the editor of several valuable compilations of American literature, entitled "The Prose Writers of America," "The Poets and Poetry of America," and "The Female Poets of America." In these works he shows excellent judgment and discrimination in his biographical and critical notices of the authors treated, and displays an attractive literary style of his own. From his introduction to "The Prose Writers of America," in which the conditions and prospects of American literature are treated at considerable length, we select a statement of his general views on the subject. He was born in Benson, Rutland County, Vermont, in 1815, and died in New York City in 1857.]

I NEED not dwell upon the necessity of Literature and Art to a people's glory and happiness. History with all her voices joins in one judgment upon this subject. Our legislators, indeed, choose to consider them of no consequence, and while the States are convulsed by claims from the loom and the furnace for protection, the demands of the parents of freedom, the preservers of arts, the dispensers of civility, are treated with silence. But authors and artists have existed and do exist here in spite of such

outlawry ; and, notwithstanding the obstacles in our condition, and the discouragements of neglect, the Anglo-Saxon race in the United States have done as much in the fields of Investigation, Reflection, Imagination, and Taste, in the present century, as any other twelve millions of people—about our average number for this period—in the world.

Doubtless there are obstacles, great obstacles, to the successful cultivation of letters here ; but they are not so many nor so important as is generally supposed. The chief difficulty is a want of patriotism, mainly proceeding from and perpetuated by the absence of a just law of copyright. There is indeed no lack of that spurious love of country which is ever ready to involve us in aimless and disgraceful war ; but there is little genuine and lofty national feeling ; little clear perception of that which really deserves affection and applause ; little intelligent and earnest effort to foster the good we possess or acquire the good we need.

It has been the fate of colonists in all ages to consider the people from among whom they made their exodus both morally and intellectually superior to themselves, and the parent state has had thus a kind of spiritual added to her political sovereignty. The American provinces quarrelled with England, conquered, and became a separate nation ; and we have since had our own Presidents and Congresses ; but England has continued to do the thinking of a large class here,—of men who have arrogated to themselves the title of critics,—of our sham sort of men, in all departments. We have had no confidence in ourselves ; and men who lack self-reliance are rarely successful. We have not looked into our own hearts. We have not inquired of our own necessities. When we have written, instead of giving a free voice to the spirit

within us, we have endeavored to write after some foreign model. We have been so fearful of nothing else as of an *Americanism*, in thought or expression. He has been deemed greatest who has copied some transatlantic author with most successful servility. The noisiest demagogue who affects to despise England will scarcely open a book which was not written there. And if one of our countrymen wins some reputation among his fellows, it is generally because he has been first praised abroad.

The commonly urged barriers to literary advancement supposed to exist in our form of government, the nature of our institutions, the restless and turbulent movements of our democracy, and the want of a wealthy and privileged class among us, deserve little consideration. Tumult and strife, the clashing of great interests and high excitements, are to be regarded rather as aids than as obstacles to intellectual progress. From Athens came the choicest literature and the finest art. Her philosophers, so calm and profound, her poets, the dulcet sounds of whose lyres still charm the ears of succeeding ages, wrote amid continual upturnings and overthrows. The best authors of Rome also were senators and soldiers. Milton, the greatest of the prose writers as well as the greatest of the poets of England, lived in the Commonwealth, and participated in all its political and religious controversies. And what repose had blind Mæonides, or Camoens, or Dante, or Tasso? In the literature of Germany and France, too, the noblest works have been produced amid the shocks of contending elements.

Nor is the absence of a wealthy class, with leisure for such tranquil pursuits, to be much lamented. The privileged classes of all nations have been drones. We have, in the Southern States of this republic, a large class, with ample fortunes, leisure, and quiet; but they have done

comparatively nothing in the fields of intellectual exertion, except when startled into spasmodic activity by conflicts of interest with the North.

To say truth, most of the circumstances usually set down as barriers to æsthetical cultivation here are directly or indirectly advantageous. The real obstacles are generally of a transient kind. Many of them are silently disappearing; and the rest would be soon unknown if we had a more enlightened love of country, and the making of our laws were not so commonly confided to a sort of men whose intellects are too mean or whose principles are too wicked to admit of their seeing or doing what is just and needful in the premises. That property which is most actual, the only property to which a man's right is positive, unquestionable, indefeasible, exclusive,—his genius, conferred as by letters patent from the Almighty,—is held to be not his, but the public's, and therefore is not brought into use. . . . Nevertheless, much has been accomplished; great advancement has been made against the wind and tide; and at this time the aspects and prospects of our affairs are auspicious of scarcely anything more than of the successful cultivation of National Literature and National Art.

I use the word National because whatever we do well must be done in a national spirit. The tone of a great work is given or received by the people among whom it is produced, and so is national, as an effect or as a cause. While the spirit which animates the best literature of any country must be peculiar to it, its subjects may be chosen from the world. It is absurd to suppose that Indian chiefs or republican soldiers must be the characters of our works of imagination, or that our gloomy forests, or sea-like prairies, or political committee rooms must be their scenes. *Paradise Lost* and *Utopia* are as much portions of British

Literature as Alfred, or London Assurance. It may be regarded as one of the greatest dangers to which our literature is exposed, indeed, that so many are mistaken as to what should distinguish it. Some writers, by no means destitute of abilities, in their anxiety to be national have merely ceased to be natural. Their works may be original, but the men and manners they have drawn have no existence. Least of all do they exist in America. The subjects for the novelist and the poet in our own country are to be preferred because they are striking from their freshness, and because the physical condition of a country, having a powerful influence upon the character of its inhabitants, naturally furnishes the most apposite illustrations of their feelings and habits; but a "national work" may as well be written about the builders of the Pyramids as about the mound-builders. In our literature we must regard all men as equal in point of privilege, the church as the whole company of God's acceptable worshippers, the state as a joint stock in which every one holds a share. It must be addressed to the national feelings, vindicate the national principles, support the national honor, be animated by an expansive sympathy with humanity. It must teach that the interests of man are the highest concern of men. . . .

There is an absurd notion abroad that we are to create an entirely new literature. Some critics in England expect us, who write the same language, profess the same religion, and have in our intellectual firmament the same Bacon, Sidney, and Locke, the same Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton, to differ more from themselves than they differ from the Greeks and the Romans, or from any of the moderns. This would be harmless, but that many persons in this country, whose thinking is done abroad, are constantly echoing it, and wasting their little productive

energy in efforts to comply with the demand. But there never was and never can be an exclusively national literature. All nations are indebted to each other and to preceding ages for the means of advancement; and our own, which from our various origin may be said to be at the confluence of the rivers of time which have swept through every country, can with less justice than any other be looked to for mere novelties in art and fancy. The question between us and other nations is not who shall most completely discard the Past, but who shall make best use of it. The Past belongs not to one people, but to those who best understand it. It cannot be studied too deeply, for unless men know what has been accomplished they will exhaust themselves in unfolding enigmas that have been solved, or in pursuing *ignes-fatui* that have already disappointed a thousand expectations. The Reformation had an extraordinary influence upon the literatures of the world, and some such influence has been exerted by our Revolution and the establishment of our institutions. The intellectual energy of America has been felt far more in Europe than its own, for the period of our national existence, has been felt here; and with all the enslaving deference to foreign authority and all the imitation of foreign models of which we have had to complain in our inferior authors, there has been no want of the truest nationality in our Franklin, Webster, Channing, Cooper, Prescott, Bancroft, Bryant, Whittier, and others, in almost every department, who have written with an integrity of understanding and feeling.

It has been objected to our society that it is too practical. It has been supposed that this national characteristic forbids the expectation of great achievements in the highest domains of art. But the question *Cui bono?* should always be entertained. Utility is in everything the truest

of principles, though more intelligence and liberality than belong to a low state of civilization are necessary to its just appreciation and application. Whatever contributes to the growth and satisfaction of the mind, whatever has in it any absolute beauty, is beginning to be regarded as not less useful than that which ministers to our physical necessities. All works, even of imagination, must have in them something of genuineness and earnestness. Poets, and novelists, and essayists, when they write, must look not only into their minds, but into their hearts. To persons of the sensibility and refinement which are inseparable from high cultivation, all truth is of a practical value, and in the most aerial creations it will be demanded by the first order of critics.

The old sources of intellectual excitement seem to be wellnigh exhausted. Love will still be sung, but in no sweeter strains than those of Petrarch or Tasso; Courage such as is celebrated by the old poets and romancers is happily in disrepute; Religion, as it has commonly appeared in the more elegant forms of literature, has not been of a sort that ennobles man or pleases God; and Ambition, for the most part, has been of a more grovelling kind than may be looked for under the new forms of society. Christian virtue is no longer the observance of senseless pagan forms that have been baptized, but "the love of truth, for its own beauty and sweetness;" and the desire of man is not so much to win titles and power, as the consciousness or the reputation of doing something that shall entitle him to the general respect and gratitude. The materials among us for the externals of literature have been referred to. The elements of its vitality and power, which are most clearly apprehended in this century, though in their nature universal, for many reasons are likely to be most active with us. "Peace on earth, and

good will to man," is here to be the principle of life and progress, in Letters, as in Religion and Politics.

Considering the present condition of society,—that new inventions are constantly releasing immense numbers from a portion of the toil required for the satisfaction of physical necessities, and giving to all more opportunity for intellectual pursuits; that steam and electricity are making of the world a common neighborhood, knitting its remotest parts together by interchange of fabrics and thoughts; that the press, in the United States alone, scatters every hour more than the contents of the Alexandrian Library, and is increasing in refinement and energy with the expansion of its issues; and that associations for moral and intellectual improvement were never more numerous or efficient,—we cannot doubt that the Progress of Civilization in the coming age will be rapid and universal. This country, which is the centre of the new order of things, is destined to be the scene of the greatest conflicts of opinion. Much as has been done here in literature and art, much as we have surpassed all reasonable expectation in the works of our philosophers, orators, historians, and poets, while clearing away the primeval forests, organizing society, and establishing the institutions of scientific and literary culture, we have not yet that distinct image of the feelings of the nation, in a great body of works in all the departments of reflection, imagination, and taste, of which the auspicious commencement of our literature, and our advantageous position with regard to the most important subjects of research and speculation, justify the hope. Schools may be well endowed, and individuals may labor with loving earnestness upon their life-poems, but the whole people, by recognizing the principle of beauty as a law of life, and cheering with their encouragement its teachers who shall deserve their best approval, and by

cherishing a hearty love of our country, and making ceaseless efforts to render it in all respects worthy of affection, must aid in rearing the noble structure of a National Literature that shall fulfil our promise to mankind, and realize the prophecy which nearly a century ago was made of our destiny by one of the wisest of the sons of Europe.

The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
 Barren of every glorious theme,
 In distant lands now waits a better time,
 Producing subjects worthy fame.

In happy climes, where from the genial sun
 And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
 The force of art by nature seems outdone,
 And fancied beauties by the true;

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
 Where nature guides and virtue rules;
 Where men shall not impose for truth and sense
 The pedantry of courts and schools,

There shall be sung another golden age,
 The rise of empires and of arts,
 The good and great, inspiring epic rage,
 The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay,
 Such as she bred when fresh and young,
 When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
 By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
 The first four acts already past,
 A fifth shall close the drama with the day:
 Time's noblest offspring is the last.

BERKELEY.

CROCODILES ON THE ST. JOHN'S.

WILLIAM BARTRAM.

[The history of American science in the eighteenth century is confined to a very few names, of which by far the best known are those of Benjamin Franklin and the two Bartrams, father and son. John Bartram was born in Delaware County, Pennsylvania, in 1701. He and Franklin were the first Americans to gain a European reputation as scientists, Linnæus pronouncing John Bartram "the greatest natural botanist in the world." He established a fine botanical garden near Philadelphia, enriched with many rare plants. This garden still remains, having in its centre the quaint old stone mansion built by Bartram with his own hands. He died in 1777. His son William, born in 1739, was equally active in botanical pursuits, and made a five-years' exploration of the natural productions of the region from the Carolinas to Florida. The work in which this expedition is described, "Travels through North and South Carolina, Georgia, and East and West Florida," is full of interesting and valuable information, descriptive of a state of nature which no longer exists. Crocodile-hunters in Florida, for instance, might not care to find their game in such profusion as is described in the following vivid narrative. William Bartram died in 1823.]

THE evening was temperately cool and calm. The crocodiles began to roar and appear in uncommon numbers along the shores and in the river. I fixed my camp in an open plain, near the utmost projection of the promontory, under the shelter of a large live-oak, which stood on the highest part of the ground and but a few yards from my boat. From this open, high situation I had a free prospect of the river, which was a matter of no trivial consideration to me, having good reason to dread the subtle attacks of the alligators, who were crowding about my harbor. Having collected a good quantity of wood for the purpose of keeping up a light

and smoke during the night, I began to think of preparing my supper, when, upon examining my stores, I found but a scanty provision. I thereupon determined, as the most expeditious way of supplying my necessities, to take my bob and try for some trout. About one hundred yards above my harbor began a cove or bay of the river, out of which opened a large lagoon. The mouth or entrance from the river to it was narrow, but the waters soon after spread and formed a little lake, extending into the marshes: its entrance and shores within I observed to be verged with floating lawns of the pistia and nymphaea and other aquatic plants: these I knew were excellent haunts for trout.

The verges and islets of the lagoon were elegantly embellished with flowering plants and shrubs; the laughing coots, with wings half spread, were tripping over the little coves and hiding themselves in the tufts of grass; young broods of the painted summer teal, skimming the still surface of the waters, and following the watchful parent unconscious of danger, were frequently surprised by the voracious trout; and he, in turn, as often by the subtle, greedy alligator. Behold him rushing forth from the flags and reeds. His enormous body swells. His plaited tail, brandished high, floats upon the lake. The waters like a cataract descend from his opening jaws. Clouds of smoke issue from his dilated nostrils. The earth trembles with his thunder. When immediately from the opposite coast of the lagoon emerges from the deep his rival champion. They suddenly dart upon each other. The boiling surface of the lake marks their rapid course, and a terrific conflict commences. They now sink to the bottom, folded together in horrid wreaths. The water becomes thick and discolored. Again they rise. Their jaws clap together, re-echoing through the deep

surrounding forests. Again they sink, when the contest ends at the muddy bottom of the lake, and the vanquished makes a hazardous escape, hiding himself in the muddy, turbulent waters and sedge on a distant shore. The proud victor exulting returns to the place of action. The shores and forests resound his dreadful roar, together with the triumphing shouts of the plaited tribes around, witnesses of the horrid combat.

My apprehensions were highly alarmed after being a spectator of so dreadful a battle. It was obvious that every delay would but tend to increase my dangers and difficulties, as the sun was near setting, and the alligators gathered around my harbor from all quarters. From these considerations I concluded to be expeditious in my trip to the lagoon in order to take some fish. Not thinking it prudent to take my fusee with me, lest I might lose it overboard in case of a battle, which I had every reason to dread before my return, I therefore furnished myself with a club for my defence, went on board, and, penetrating the first line of those which surrounded my harbor, they gave way; but, being pursued by several very large ones, I kept strictly on the watch, and paddled with all my might towards the entrance of the lagoon, hoping to be sheltered there from the multitude of my assailants; but ere I had half-way reached the place I was attacked on all sides, several endeavoring to upset the canoe. My situation now became precarious to the last degree: two very large ones attacked me closely, at the same instant, rushing up with their heads and part of their bodies above the water, roaring terribly and belching floods of water over me. They struck their jaws together so close to my ears as almost to stun me, and I expected every moment to be dragged out of the boat and instantly devoured. But I applied my weapons so effectually about

me, though at random, that I was so successful as to beat them off a little; when, finding that they designed to renew the battle, I made for the shore, as the only means left me for my preservation; for by keeping close to it I should have my enemies on one side of me only, whereas I was before surrounded by them; and there was a probability, if pushed to the last extremity, of saving myself by jumping out of the canoe on shore, as it is easy to outwalk them on land, although comparatively as swift as lightning in the water. I found this last expedient alone could fully answer my expectations, for as soon as I gained the shore they drew off and kept aloof. This was a happy relief, as my confidence was in some degree recovered by it. On recollecting myself, I discovered that I had almost reached the entrance of the lagoon, and determined to venture in, if possible, to take a few fish, and then return to my harbor, while daylight continued; for I could now, with caution and resolution, make my way with safety along shore; and indeed there was no other way to regain my camp, without leaving my boat and making my retreat through the marshes and reeds, which, if I could even effect, would have been in a manner throwing myself away, for then there would have been no hopes of ever recovering my bark and returning in safety to any settlements of men. I accordingly proceeded, and made good my entrance into the lagoon, though not without opposition from the alligators, who formed a line across the entrance, but did not pursue me into it; nor was I molested by any there, though there were some very large ones in a cove at the upper end. I soon caught more trout than I had present occasion for, and the air was too hot and sultry to admit of their being kept for many hours, even though salted or barbecued. I now prepared for my return to camp, which I succeeded in

with but little trouble, by keeping close to the shore; yet I was opposed upon re-entering the river out of the lagoon, and pursued near to my landing (though not closely attacked), particularly by an old daring one, about twelve feet in length, who kept close after me; and when I stepped on shore and turned about, in order to draw up my canoe, he rushed up near my feet, and lay there for some time, looking me in the face, his head and shoulders out of water. I resolved he should pay for his temerity, and, having a heavy load in my fusee, I ran to my camp, and, returning with my piece, found him with his foot on the gunwale of the boat, in search of fish. On my coming up he withdrew sullenly and slowly into the water, but soon returned and placed himself in his former position, looking at me, and seeming neither fearful nor anyway disturbed. I soon despatched him by lodging the contents of my gun in his head, and then proceeded to cleanse and prepare my fish for supper, and accordingly took them out of the boat, laid them down on the sand close to the water, and began to scale them; when, raising my head, I saw before me, through the clear water, the head and shoulders of a very large alligator, moving slowly towards me. I instantly stepped back, when, with a sweep of his tail, he brushed off several of my fish. It was certainly most providential that I looked up at that instant, as the monster would probably in less than a minute have seized and dragged me into the river. This incredible boldness of the animal disturbed me greatly, supposing there could now be no reasonable safety for me during the night but by keeping continually on the watch: I therefore, as soon as I had prepared the fish, proceeded to secure myself and effects in the best manner I could. In the first place, I hauled my bark up on the shore, almost clear out of the water, to prevent their oversetting or sinking her; after

this, every movable was taken out and carried to my camp, which was but a few yards off; then, ranging some dry wood in such order as was the most convenient, I cleared the ground round about it, that there might be no impediment in my way in case of an attack in the night, either from the water or the land; for I discovered by this time that this small isthmus, from its remote situation and fruitfulness, was resorted to by bears and wolves. Having prepared myself in the best manner I could, I charged my gun and proceeded to reconnoitre my camp and the adjacent grounds; when I discovered that the peninsula and grove, at the distance of about two hundred yards from my encampment, on the land side, were invested by a cypress-swamp, covered with water, which below was joined to the shore of the little lake, and above to the marshes surrounding the lagoon: so that I was confined to an island exceedingly circumscribed, and I found there was no other retreat for me, in case of an attack, but by either ascending one of the large oaks or pushing off with my boat.

It was by this time dusk, and the alligators had nearly ceased their roar, when I was again alarmed by a tumultuous noise that seemed to be in my harbor and therefore engaged my immediate attention. Returning to my camp, I found it undisturbed, and then continued on to the extreme point of the promontory, where I saw a scene, new and surprising, which at first threw my senses into such a tumult that it was some time before I could comprehend what was the matter; however, I soon accounted for the prodigious assemblage of crocodiles at this place, which exceeded everything of the kind I had ever heard of.

How shall I express myself so as to convey an adequate idea of it to the reader and at the same time avoid raising suspicions of my veracity? Should I say that the river

(in this place) from shore to shore, and perhaps near half a mile above and below me, appeared to be one solid bank of fish, of various kinds, pushing through this narrow pass of St. Juan's into the little lake, on their return down the river, and that the alligators were in such incredible numbers, and so close together from shore to shore, that it would have been easy to have walked across on their heads, had the animals been harmless? What expressions can sufficiently declare the shocking scene that for some minutes continued, while this mighty army of fish were forcing the pass? During this attempt, thousands, I may say hundreds of thousands, of them were caught and swallowed by the devouring alligators. I have seen an alligator take up out of the water several great fish at a time, and just squeeze them betwixt his jaws, while the tails of the great trout flapped about his eyes and lips ere he had swallowed them. The horrid noise of their closing jaws, their plunging amidst the broken banks of fish, and rising with their prey some feet upright above the water, the floods of water and blood rushing out of their mouths, and the clouds of vapor issuing from their wide nostrils, were truly frightful. This scene continued at intervals during the night, as the fish came to the pass. After this sight, shocking and tremendous as it was, I found myself somewhat easier and more reconciled to my situation, being convinced that their extraordinary assemblage here was owing to this annual feast of fish, and that they were so well employed in their own element that I had little occasion to fear their paying me a visit.

It being now almost night, I returned to my camp, where I had left my fish broiling and my kettle of rice stewing; and, having with me oil, pepper, and salt, and excellent oranges hanging in abundance over my head (a valuable substitute for vinegar), I sat down and regaled

myself cheerfully. Having finished my repast, I rekindled my fire for light, and, whilst I was revising the notes of my past day's journey, I was suddenly roused with a noise behind me toward the mainland. I sprang up on my feet, and, listening, I distinctly heard some creature wading in the water of the isthmus. I seized my gun and went cautiously from my camp, directing my steps towards the noise: when I had advanced about thirty yards, I halted behind a coppice of orange-trees, and soon perceived two very large bears, which had made their way through the water, and had landed in the grove, about one hundred yards' distance from me, and were advancing towards me. I waited until they were within thirty yards of me; they there began to snuff and look towards my camp: I snapped my piece, but it flashed, on which they both turned about and galloped off, plunging through the water and swamp, never halting, as I suppose, until they reached fast land, as I could hear them leaping and plunging a long time. They did not presume to return again, nor was I molested by any other creature, except being occasionally awakened by the whooping of owls, screaming of bitterns, or the wood-rats running amongst the leaves.

LIFE IN PHILADELPHIA IN 1800.

JOHN B. McMASTER.

[Of late historical works there are none which have attracted more attention, or have been more favorably received, than the "History of the People of the United States," by John Bach McMaster. The two volumes of this work so far issued are full of those minute details of social and industrial conditions, and matters of popular interest, which

readers now demand as an essential part of all true history. Mr. McMaster was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1852. Since 1883 he has been professor of history in the University of Pennsylvania.]

THE law then required every householder to be a fireman. His name might not appear on the rolls of any of the fire-companies, he might not help to drag through the streets the lumbering tank which served as a fire-engine, but he must at least have in his hall-pantry, or beneath the stairs, or hanging up behind his shop door, four leathern buckets inscribed with his name, and a huge bag of canvas or of duck. Then, if he were aroused at the dead of night by the cry of fire and the clanging of every church-bell in the town, he seized his buckets and his bag, and, while his wife put a lighted candle in the window to illuminate the street, set off for the fire. The smoke or the flame was his guide, for the custom of fixing the place of the fire by a number of strokes on a bell had not yet come in. When at last he arrived at the scene he found there no idle spectators. Each one was busy. Some hurried into the building and filled their sacks with such movable goods as came nearest to hand. Some joined the line that stretched away to the water, and helped to pass the full buckets to those who stood by the flames. Others took posts in a second line, down which the empty pails were hastened to the pump. The house would often be half consumed when the shouting made known that the engine had come. It was merely a pump mounted over a tank. Into the tank the water from the buckets was poured, and pumped thence by the efforts of a dozen men. No such thing as a suction-hose was seen in Philadelphia till 1794. A year later one was made which became the wonder of the city. The length was one hundred and sixty feet. The material was canvas, and, to guard against decay, was carefully steeped in brine.

The fire-buckets, it was now thought, should be larger, and a motion to that effect was made in the Common Council. But when it was known that the new buckets, if ordered, must hold ten quarts, the people protested. Ten quarts would weigh twenty pounds, and the bucket five pounds more. This was too much; for, as everybody knew, the lines at a fire were often made up of boys and lads not used to passing heavy weights. Eight quarts was enough. Much could also be accomplished by cutting the city into fire-wards and giving a different color to the buckets of each ward. They could then be quickly sorted when the fire was put out. At New London five fire-wardens took charge of the engines and all who aided in putting out fires. To disobey a warden's order was to incur a fine of one pound. If a good leathern bucket was not kept hanging in some convenient place in the house, and shown to the warden when he called, six shillings a month was exacted as punishment. At New York, however, it was long before the buckets gave way to the hose. There, if a householder were old, or feeble, or rich, and not disposed to quit a warm bed to carry his buckets to the fire, he was expected at least to send them by his servant or his slave. When the flames had been extinguished, the buckets were left in the street, to be sought out and brought home again by their owners. If the constables performed this duty, the corporation exacted a six-shilling fine for each pail. This was thought excessive, and caused much murmuring and discontent. Some people undoubtedly, it was said, were careless in looking for their buckets after a fire. These could easily be made diligent by a small fine. A great one was a strong temptation to the constables to hide away the buckets to get the reward. Others, again, having come down the line empty, were tossed into the river so carelessly as to fill and sink in-

stantly. Innocent people were thus put to needless expense. Let some one be appointed and paid to fill the buckets properly. While so disagreeable a part was voluntary, it was very hard to find a man to do it well. It would be wise, also, to renew the old custom of inspecting chimneys, stoves, and ash-houses. They were fruitful sources of fire.

That nothing should be left undone that could lessen the chances of destruction by fire was most important. Few buildings and little property were at that time insured. The oldest company in New York had existed but twelve years. Forty-five years had not gone by since the first fire-insurance policy in America began to run. Early in February, 1752, a notice came out in the *Pennsylvania Gazette* inviting such prudent citizens of Philadelphia as wished to insure their houses from loss by fire, to meet at the court-house. There, every seventh day, subscriptions would be taken till the thirteenth of April. Many came, and, on the April day named in the notice, chose twelve directors and a treasurer. At the head of the poll stood Benjamin Franklin. He has, therefore, often been supposed to have founded the Philadelphia Contributorship for the Insurance of Houses from Loss by Fire. But the father of fire-insurance in the United States is, beyond a doubt, John Smith. The contributors took risks in Philadelphia, and in so much of the country as lay within ten miles of the town. The rate was twenty shillings on a hundred pounds. The policy was for seven years. The premium was in the nature of a loan. Every man who insured his dwelling or his shop left a few shillings with the treasurer, had his property surveyed, and in a week's time, if all went well, deposited the premium. The contributors then nailed their "mark" to the front of his building. When the seven years were out, the money was

returned without interest, or the insurance renewed. It was announced, however, that the company would take no risks on houses surrounded by shade-trees. They interfered with the use of buckets, and the huge syringe which, at that time, every man carried to the fire with his pail. A rival, therefore, started up, took these dangerous risks, and assumed as the mark it fastened to patrons' houses the image of a green tree.

The houses thus covered by insurance were, in general, of a comfortable but unpretentious sort. They were all alike, both without and within, and each had on the lower floor two connecting rooms. If the owner were a tradesman, the front room was his shop. If he were a lawyer, it was his office. If a doctor, it was there he saw his patients, compounded his prescriptions, and kept his drugs; for only the great practitioners then sent their patients to the apothecary. The rear room was for family use. There they met at meal-time, and in the evening there they sat and drank tea. Above-stairs the front room extended across the whole house. People of fashion spoke of it as the tea-room or the drawing-room; but among those who affected no fashion it passed by the name of parlor. In it the tea-parties by invitation were held. On such occasions the hostess alone sat at the table. The guests were scattered about the room, and to them the servants brought tea and rusks and cake, and sometimes fruit and wine. When the gathering was less formal, when some friends or neighbors, as the custom was, had come in unbidden to tea, the little room behind the office or the shop was used. Then all sat about the long table, and, tea over, listened to music and songs. Every man and woman who had even a fair voice was in turn called on to sing. The others, it was expected, could at least play. Among instruments the German flute was a favorite, and for women the four-

stringed guitar; but not the violin. That was ungenteel, for Lord Chesterfield had pronounced it so. To the accompaniment of the guitar and flute the men sang hunting-songs, and the women Scotch ballads and English airs. "Water parted from the Sea," "Fair Aurora, pray thee Stay," "In Infancy our Hopes and Fears," "Bess of Bedlam," and "Queen Mary's Lament," were favorites everywhere. There were those who heard with delight "Hark, away to the Downs," and "I love them All."

There were others also who looked down on such innocent amusement with contempt. To their ears no music was pleasing which did not form part of some French opera and was not to be heard at a concert in a tea-garden or a public hall. French manners had corrupted them. Since the fall of the Bastille, it was said complainingly, every Republican must dress like a Frenchman, and every Federalist like a subject of King George. If you happen to oppose the administration, you must go regularly to the shop of M. Sansculotte, before whose door is a flaring liberty-pole, painted tricolor and surmounted with a red cap of liberty, and have your hair cut *à la* Brutus; your pantaloons must fit tight to the leg and come down to your yellow top-boots, or, better yet, your shoes. If you persist in wearing breeches and silk stockings and square-toed boots, then are you an old foggy, or a Federalist, which is the same thing, and must inscribe your brass buttons, "Long live the President."

The folly of the French dress was a source of never-ending amusement. Satire, raillery, invective, the lamentations of the weeping philosopher, and the exhortations of the preacher, were exhausted in vain. Dress became every season more and more hideous, more and more uncomfortable, more and more devoid of good sense and good taste. Use and beauty ceased to be combined. The

pantaloon of a beau went up to his armpits; to get into them was a morning's work, and, when in, to sit down was impossible. His hat was too small to contain his handkerchief, and was not expected to stay on his head. His hair was brushed from the crown of his head toward his forehead, and looked, as a satirist of that day truly said, as if he had been fighting an old-fashioned hurricane backward. About his neck was a spotted linen neckerchief; the skirts of his green coat were cut away to a mathematical point behind; his favorite drink was brandy, and his favorite talk of the last French play. Then there was the "dapper beau," who carried a stick much too short to reach the ground, twisted his Brutus-cropped hair into curls, and, upon the very crown of his head, wore a hat of a snuff-box size. But the politest man on earth was the shopkeeping beau. He would jump over a counter four feet high to pick up a lady's handkerchief, made the handsomest bows, said the best things, and could talk on any subject, from the odor of a roll of pomatum to the vulgarity of not wearing wigs.

Even these absurdities were not enough, and, when 1800 began, fashion was more extravagant still. Then a beau was defined as anything put into a pair of pantaloons with a binding sewed round the top and called a vest. The skirts of the coat should be pared away to the width of a hat-band, and, if he was doomed to pass his time in the house, he would require a heavy pair of round-toed jack-boots with a tassel before and behind. These provided, lift him, said the satirist, lift him by the cape of the coat, pull his hair over his face, lay a hat on his forehead, put spectacles on his nose, and on no account let his hands escape from the pockets of his pantaloons. Women were thought worse than the men. To determine the style of their dress, Fashion, Decency, and Health, the statement

was, ran a race. Decency lost her spirits, Health was bribed by a quack-doctor, so Fashion won.

Such must drink tea in the alcoves, the arbors, the shady walks, of Gray's Garden. They must visit Bush Hill, hear the music, see the fireworks, and watch the huge figure walk about the grounds. For them, too, were the Assembly and the play. The Assembly-Room was at Oeller's Tavern, and made one of the sights of the town. The length was sixty feet. The walls were papered in the French fashion, and adorned with Pantheon figures, festoons, pilasters, and groups of antique drawings. Across one end was a fine music-gallery. The rules of the Assembly were framed and hung upon the wall. The managers had entire control. Without their leave, no lady could quit her place in the dance, nor dance out of her set, nor could she complain if they placed strangers or brides at the head of the dance. The ladies were to rank in sets and draw for places as they entered the room. Those who led might call the dances alternately. When each set had danced a country-dance, a cotillion might be had if eight ladies wished it. Gentlemen could not come into the room in boots, colored stockings, or undress. At Hanover gentlemen were forbidden to enter the ball-room "without breeches," or to dance "without coats."

Equally fine in its decorations was the theatre. Travelers were divided in their opinion as to whether the finest house was at Charleston, or Boston, or Philadelphia. But it seems to have been at Philadelphia. Great sums had been laid out on the building. Gilders and painters, frescoers and carvers, had been brought from England to assist in the decoration, and, mindful of the opposition once made by the good people of the city, the managers put up over the stage the words, "The Eagle suffers the little Birds to sing." One who saw the place in 1794

declares that it reminded him of an English playhouse. The scenes, the plays, the names of the actors; the ladies in small hats of checkered straw, or with hair in full dress or put up in the French way, or, if they chanced to be young, arranged in long ringlets that hung down their backs; the men, in round hats and silk-striped coats with high collars of English make, might well have produced that effect. More than one of the players had often been seen by the crowds that frequented the Haymarket Theatre at London. No seats were reserved. No tickets were sold at the door. No programmes were distributed. No ushers were present. Gentlemen who left the theatre during the play, to drink flip at a neighboring tavern, were given printed checks as they passed out, which, if they came back, would admit them. Out of this custom grew three evils. Some, not intending to return, gave away their checks to idle boys and disorderly persons, who thus gained admittance and annoyed the audience. Again, crowds of half-grown lads hung about the doors and, as every one came out, beset him with demands for a check. In this way the tickets passed into the hands of counterfeiters, and were sold for a shilling to persons of low character. All this, the proprietors declared, was ruinous to good morals, and, in a public appeal, begged their patrons not to give their checks to loungers. The curtain went up at an hour when the men of our time have scarcely returned to their homes. The entertainment was long and varied. Pieces now thought enough for one night's amusement were then commonly followed by farces and comedies, dances and tragedies, songs, pantomimes, and acrobatic feats. These were called interlocutory entertainments, and came in between the acts of the tragedy or before and just after the farce. Sometimes the jealousy of Othello would be relieved by the New

Federal Bow-Wow, in which the singer would imitate in succession the surly dog, the knowing dog, the king dog, the sitting dog, the barking dog, till pit and gallery were convulsed with laughter. Again it would be a banjo dance, or a hornpipe by some actress of note. If "*Çà ira*" were sung, the Federalists would not be quiet till Yankee Doodle was given, whereupon the gallery would join in the chorus. On particular occasions the programme would be made to suit the day. On the twenty-second of February, 1797, the Federal Street Theatre at Boston made a great display of illuminations and transparencies, covered the pit, and spread a fine supper on a table which stretched from the boxes to the stage. The Haymarket Theatre, not to be outdone, decorated its walls, had an ode written for the occasion, and played the tragedy of "*Bunker Hill*." A few months later, when, after many trials, the famous ship *Constitution* left her ways, the evening performance at the Haymarket closed with "*The Launch, or Huzza for the Constitution*," and a fine representation of the ship. As much as three thousand dollars are known to have been expended on the scenery of a single piece. The income of a single night reached sixteen hundred dollars. . . .

The theatre was looked upon, and justly, as an institution of questionable morality. The playhouse was not then the quiet and well-ordered place it has since become. Both actors and audience took liberties that would now be thought intolerable. On one occasion, at Alexandria, whither a company always went in racing-season, some of the players forgot their parts. They supplied the omissions with lines of their own composition, and even went so far as to recite ribald passages. Thereupon they were threatened with a pelting of oranges, eggs, and hard apples. At another time, at Richmond, the actors came upon the stage with books in their hands and read

their parts. Some ventured to appear before the audience in a state of gross intoxication. Much of the illusion of the scenery, it was said, was yet further destroyed by the voice of the prompter, which could be heard in all parts of the house. From Charleston came complaints of the misbehavior of the young men. They would enter the theatre carrying what might well be called bludgeons, but what they had named tippies, would keep up an incessant rapping on the seats, and, when remonstrance was made, had been known to declare that a theatre, like a tavern, was a place where a man, having paid the price of admission, was free to do as he liked. One evening a fight took place in the gallery. The play was instantly stopped, the offender seized, brought upon the stage, and exposed to public view. The performance then went smoothly on, till a bottle was suddenly flung from the gallery to the pit. This was too much. The men in the pit went up into the gallery in a body, laid hold on the culprit, dragged him on the stage, and demanded that a public apology should be made. He refused, and was at once driven from the house.

In the theatres at the North it often happened that the moment a well-dressed man entered the pit he at once became a mark for the wit and insolence of the men in the gallery. They would begin by calling on him to doff his hat in mark of inferiority, for the custom of wearing hats in the theatre was universal. If he obeyed, he was loudly hissed and troubled no more. If he refused, abuse, oaths, and indecent remarks were poured out upon him. He was spit at, pelted with pears, apples, sticks, stones, and empty bottles, till he left the house. As "the blades in the gallery" were poor marksmen, the neighbors of the man aimed at were the chief sufferers. On one occasion the orchestra was put to flight and some instruments

broken. Then the manager came on the stage and begged "the men in the gallery to be quiet: if they were not, he should be compelled during all future performances to keep the gallery shut." . . .

The stage-coach was little better than a huge covered box mounted on springs. It had neither glass windows, nor door, nor steps, nor closed sides. The roof was upheld by eight posts which rose from the body of the vehicle, and the body was commonly breast-high. From the top were hung curtains of leather, to be drawn up when the day was fine, and let down and buttoned when rainy and cold. Within were four seats. Without was the baggage. Fourteen pounds of luggage were allowed to be carried free by each passenger. But if his portmanteau or his brass-nail-studded hair trunk weighed more, he paid for it at the same rate per mile as he paid for himself. Under no circumstances, however, could he be permitted to take with him on the journey more than one hundred and fifty pounds. When the baggage had all been weighed and strapped on the coach, when the horses had been attached and the way-bill made out, the eleven passengers were summoned, and, clambering to their seats through the front of the stage, sat down with their faces toward the driver's seat. On routes where no competition existed progress was slow, and the travellers were subjected to all manner of extortion and abuse. "Brutality, negligence, and filching," says one, "are as naturally expected by people accustomed to travelling in America as a mouth, a nose, and two eyes are looked for in a man's face." Another set out one day in March, 1796, to go from Frenchtown to New Castle, on the Delaware. Seventeen miles separated the two towns, a distance which, he declares, a good healthy man could have passed over in four hours and a half. The stage-coach took six. When it

finally reached New Castle it was high noon, the tide was making, the wind was fair, and the boat for Philadelphia was ready at the wharf. Yet he was detained for an hour and a half, "that the innkeeper might scrub the passengers out of the price of a dinner." Dinner over, the boat set sail and ran up the river to within two miles of Gloucester Point. There, wind and tide failing, the vessel dropped anchor for the night. Some passengers, anxious to go on by land, were forced to pay half a dollar each to be rowed to the shore. At one in the morning the tide again turned. But the master was then drunk, and, when he could be made to understand what was said, the tide was again ebbing, and the boat aground. Evening came before the craft reached Philadelphia. The passengers were forty-eight hours on board. Another came from New York by stage and by water. He was almost shipwrecked in the bay, lost some of his baggage at Amboy, was nearly left by the coach, and passed twenty hours going sixteen miles on the Delaware. The captain was drunk. The boat three times collided with vessels coming up the river. A gentleman set out in February to make the trip from Philadelphia to Baltimore. Just beyond Havre de Grace the axle broke. A cart was hired and the passengers driven to the next stage-inn. There a new coach was obtained, which, in the evening, overset in a wood. Toward daylight the whole party, in the midst of a shower of rain and snow, found shelter and breakfast at a miserable house three miles from Baltimore. But the host would not suffer one of them to dry his clothes by the kitchen stove. When an editor in the town was asked to publish an account of their trip he refused. The owners of the coach-line might, he said, hinder the circulation of his newspaper. To add to the vexation of such delays, "the Apostolic Assembly of the State of Delaware" had

forbidden stage-coaches to cross their "hand's-breadth of territory" on the Sabbath. The worst bit of road in the country seems to have been between Elkton, in Maryland, and the Susquehanna Ferry. There the ruts were so deep that, as the wheels were about to enter one, the driver would call upon the passengers to lean out of the opposite side of the coach, to prevent the vehicle being overturned. "Now, gentlemen," he would say, "to the right." "Now, gentlemen, to the left."

Yet another traveller had quitted Philadelphia for New York. All went smoothly till the coach drew near to the town of Brunswick. There one of a rival line was overtaken, and a race begun. At Elizabethtown a young woman, well mounted, rode up behind the coach and attempted to pass. In an instant half the men on the stage began to revile her most shamefully, raised a great shout, frightened her horse, and all but unseated her. One, indeed, ventured to expostulate. But he was quickly silenced by the question, "What! suffer anybody to take the road of us?" At New York three of the passengers found lodgings in a single room at an inn. The custom was a general one, and of all customs was the most offensive to foreigners. No such thing, it was said, was ever seen in the British Isles. There every decent person not only had a bed, but even a room, to himself, and, if he were so minded, might lock his door. In America, however, the traveller sat down at the table of his landlord, slept in the first bed he found empty, or, if all were taken, lay down on one beside its occupant without so much as asking leave or caring who the sleeper might be. If he demanded clean sheets, he was looked upon as an aristocrat, and charged well for the trouble he gave; for the bedclothes were changed at stated times, and not to suit the whims of travellers.

SEEDS AND SWINE.

FREDERICK SPRAGUE COZZENS.

[From the "Sparrowgrass Papers" of F. S. Cozzens, a volume in which shrewd observations on life in the country are mingled with much sprightly humor, we extract one of its most amusing portions. The author was a native of New York, where he was born in 1818. He died in 1869. His writings were principally contributed to the *Knickerbocker* and *Putnam's Magazines*. Several volumes of his works in prose and verse have been published.]

It is a good thing to have an old-fashioned fireplace in the country,—a broad-breasted, deep-chested chimney-piece, with its old-fashioned fender, its old-fashioned andirons, its old-fashioned shovel and tongs, and a goodly show of cherry-red hickory, in a glow, with its volume of blue smoke curling up the thoracic duct. "Ah, Mrs. Sparrowgrass, what would the country be without a chimney-corner and a hearth? Do you know," said I, "the little fairies dance upon the hearth-stone when an heir is born in a house?" Mrs. Sparrowgrass said she did not know it, but, she said, she wanted me to stop talking about such things. "And the cricket," said I, "how cheerful its carol on the approach of winter!" Mrs. S. said the sound of a cricket made her feel melancholy. "And the altar and the hearth-stone; symbols of religion and of home! Before one the bride,—beside the other the wife! No wonder, Mrs. Sparrowgrass, they are sacred things,—that mankind have ever held them inviolable, and preserved them from sacrilege, in all times, and in all countries. Do you know," said I, "how dear this hearth is to me?" Mrs. Sparrowgrass said, with hickory wood at eight dollars a cord, it did not surprise her to hear me

grumble. "If wood were twenty dollars a cord I would not complain. Here we have everything,—

‘ content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labor, useful life;’

and as I sit before our household altar," said I, placing my hand upon the mantel, "with you beside me, Mrs. S., I feel that all the beautiful fables of poets are only truths in parables when they relate to the hearth-stone,—the heart-stone, I may say, of home!"

This fine sentiment did not move Mrs. Sparrowgrass a whit. She said she was sleepy. After all, I begin to believe sentiment is a poor thing in the country. It does very well in books and on the stage, but it will not answer for the rural districts. The country is too genuine and honest for it. It is a pretty affectation, only fit for artificial life. Mrs. Peppergrass may wear it, with her rouge and diamonds, in a drawing-room, but it will not pass current here, any more than the simulated flush of her cheeks can compare with that painted in the skin of a rustic beauty by the sun and air.

"Mrs. Sparrowgrass," said I, "let us have some nuts and apples, and a pitcher of Binghamton cider: we have a good cheerful fire to-night, and why should we not enjoy it?"

When Mrs. Sparrowgrass returned from giving directions about the fruit and cider, she brought with her a square paper box full of garden-seeds. To get good garden-seeds is an important thing in the country. If you depend upon an agricultural warehouse you may be disappointed. The way to do is, to select the best specimens from your own raising: then you are sure they are fresh, at least. Mrs. Sparrowgrass opened the box. First she

took out a package of seeds wrapped up in a newspaper; then she took out another package tied up in brown paper; then she drew forth a bundle that was pinned up,—then another that was taped up,—then another twisted up; then out came a bursted package of watermelon-seeds,—then a withered ear of corn,—then another package of watermelon-seeds from another melon,—then a handful of split okra-pods,—then handful of beans, peas, squash-seeds, melon-seeds, cucumber-seeds, sweet corn, evergreen corn, and other germs. Then another bursted paper of watermelon-seeds. There were watermelon-seeds enough to keep half the county supplied with this refreshing article of luxury. As the treasures were spread out on the table, there came over me a feeling that reminded me of Christmas times, when the young ones used to pant downstairs, before dawn, lamp in hand, to see the kindly toy-gifts of Santa Claus. Then the Mental Gardener, taking Anticipation by the hand, went forth into the future garden: peas sprouted out in round leaves; tomato put forth his aromatic spread; sweet corn thrust his green blades out of many a hillock; lettuce threw up his slender spoons; beans shouldered their way into the world, like Æneases, with the old beans on their backs; and watermelon and cucumber, in voluptuous play, sported over the beds like truant school-boys.

“Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight,
With wings of gentle flush o’er delicate white,
And taper fingers catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings.”

“Now,” said I, “Mrs. Sparrowgrass, let us arrange these in proper order: I will make a chart of the garden on a piece of paper, and put everything down with a date, to be planted in its proper time.” Mrs. Sparrowgrass said she

thought that an excellent plan. "Yes," I replied, tasting the cider, "we will make a garden to-night on paper, a ground-plan, as it were, and plant from that. Now, Mrs. S., read off the different packages."

Mrs. Sparrowgrass took up a paper, and laid it aside, and then another, and laid it aside. "I think," said she, as the third paper was placed upon the table, "I did not write any names on the seeds; but I believe I can tell them apart. These," said she, "are watermelon." "Very well; what next?" "The next," said Mrs. S., "is either muskmelon- or cucumber-seed." "My dear," said I, "we want plenty of melons, for the summer, but I do not wish to plant half an acre of pickles by mistake: can't you be sure about the matter?" Mrs. Sparrowgrass said she could not. "Well, then, lay the paper down and call off the next." "The next are not radishes, I know," said Mrs. S.; "they must be summer cabbages." "Are you sure now, Mrs. Sparrowgrass?" said I, getting a little out of temper. Mrs. Sparrowgrass said she was sure of it, because cabbage-seed looked exactly like turnip-seed. "Did you save turnip-seed also?" said I. Mrs. Sparrowgrass replied that she had provided some, but they must be in another paper. "Then call off the next: we will plant them for cabbages, whether or no." "Here is a name," said Mrs. Sparrowgrass, brightening up. "Read it," said I, pen in hand. "Watermelons,—not so good," said Mrs. S. "Lay that paper with the rest, and proceed." "Corn," said Mrs. Sparrowgrass, with a smile. "Variety?" "Pop, I am sure." "Good! now we begin to see daylight." "Squash," said Mrs. Sparrowgrass. "Winter or summer?" "Both." "Lay that paper aside, my dear." "Tomato." "Red or yellow?" Mrs. Sparrowgrass said she had pinned up the one and tied up the other, to distinguish them, but it was so long ago she had forgot which was which.

"Never mind," said I: "there is one comfort; they cannot bear without showing their colors. Now for the next." Mrs. Sparrowgrass said, upon tasting the tomato-seed, she was sure they were bell-peppers. "Very well; so much is gained: we are sure of the capsicum. The next." "Beans," said Mrs. Sparrowgrass.

There is one kind of bean in regard to which I have a prejudice. I allude to the asparagus bean, a sort of long-winded esculent, inclined to be prolific in strings. It does not climb very high on the pole, but crops out in an abundance of pods, usually not shorter than a bill of extras after a contract, and, although interesting as a curious vegetable, still not exactly the bean to be highly commended by your city guests when served up to them at table. When Mrs. Sparrowgrass, in answer to my question as to the particular species of bean referred to, answered, "Limas," I felt relief at once. "Put the Limas to the right with the sheep, Mrs. S.; and as for the rest of the seeds, sweep them into the refuse-basket. I will add another stick to the fire, pare an apple for you and an apple for me, light a cigar, and be comfortable. What is the use of fretting about a few seeds more or less? But next year we will mark all the packages with *names*, to prevent mistakes; won't we, Mrs. Sparrowgrass?"

There has been a great change in the atmosphere within a few days. The maple twigs are all scarlet and yellow fringes; the sod is verdurous and moist; in the morning a shower of melody falls from the trees around us, where bluebirds and "pewees" are keeping an academy of music. Off on the river there is a long perspective of shad-poles, apparently stretching from shore to shore, and here and there a boat, with picturesque fishermen at work over the gill-nets. Now and then a shad is held up; in the distance it has a starlight glitter against the early morning sun.

The fruit-trees are bronzed with buds. Occasionally a feeble fly creeps along, like a valetudinarian too early in the season at a watering-place. The marshes are all a-whistle with dissipated bull-frogs, who keep up their revelry at unseemly hours. Our great Polander is in high cluck, and we find eggs in the hens' nests. It is SPRING! It is a good thing to have spring in the country. People grow young again in the spring in the country. The world, the old globe itself, grows young in the spring, and why not Mr. and Mrs. Sparrowgrass? The city, in the spring, is like the apples of Sodom, "fair and pleasant to behold, but dust and ashes within." But who shall sing or say what spring is in the country?

"To what shall I compare it?

It has a glory, and naught else can share it:
The thought thereof is awful, sweet, and holy,
Chasing away all worldliness and folly."

"Mrs. Sparrowgrass," said I, "the weather is beginning to be very warm and spring-like; how would you like to have a little *festa*?" Mrs. Sparrowgrass said that, in her present frame of mind, a fester was not necessary for her happiness. I replied, "I meant a *festa*, not a fester; a little *fête*, a few friends, a few flowers, a mild sort of spring dinner, if you please; some music, claret, fresh lettuce, lamb and spinach, and a breakfast of eggs fresh laid in the morning, with rice-cakes and coffee." Mrs. Sparrowgrass said she was willing. "Then," said I, "Mrs. S., I will invite a few old friends, and we will have an elegant time." So, from that day we watched the sky very closely for a week, to ascertain the probable course of the clouds, and consulted the thermometer to know what chance there was of having open windows for the occasion. The only drawback that stood in the way of per-

fect enjoyment was, our lawn had been half rooted out of existence by an irruption of predatory pigs. It was vexatious enough to see our lawn bottom-side up on a festive occasion. But I determined to have redress for it. Upon consulting with the best legal authority in the village, I was told that I could obtain damages by identifying the animals and commencing suit against the owners. As I had not seen the animals, I asked Mrs. Sparrowgrass if she could identify them. She said she could not. "Then," said I to my legal friend, "what can I do?" He replied that he did not know. "Then," said I, "if they come again, and I catch them in the act, can I fire a gun among them?" He said I could, but that I would be liable for whatever damage was done them. "That," said I, "would not answer: my object is to make the owner suffer, not the poor quadrupeds." He replied that the only sufferers would probably be the pigs and myself. Then I asked him, if the owner recovered against me, whether I could bring a replevin suit against him. He said that, under the Constitution of the United States, such a suit could be brought. I asked him if I could recover. He said I could not. Then I asked him what remedy I could have. He answered that if I found the pigs on my grounds I could drive them to the pound, then call upon the fence-viewers, get them to assess the damages done, and by this means mulct the owner for the trespass. This advice pleased me highly: it was practical and humane. I determined to act upon it, and slept soundly upon the resolution. The next day our guests came up from town. I explained the lawn to them, and, having been fortified on legal points, instructed them as to the remedy for trespass. The day was warm and beautiful; our doors and windows were thrown wide open. By way of offset to the appearance of the lawn, I had contrived, by purchasing

an expensive little bijou of a vase and filling it with sweet-breathing flowers, to spread a rural air of fragrance throughout the parlor. The doors of the bay-window open on the piazza; in one door-way stood a tray of delicate confections, upon two slender quartette-tables. These were put in the shade to keep cool. I had suborned an Italian to bring them up by hand, in pristine sharpness and beauty of outline. I was taking a glass of sherry with our old friend Captain Bacon, of the U. S. Navy, when suddenly our dogs commenced barking. We keep our dogs chained up by daylight. Looking over my glass of sherry, I observed a detachment of the most villanous-looking pigs rooting up my early-pea-patch. "Now," said I. "captain," putting down my glass deliberately, "I will show you some fun; excuse me for a few minutes;" and with that I bowed significantly to our festal guests. They understood at once that etiquette must give way when pea-patch was about being annihilated. I then went out, unchained the dogs, and commenced driving the pigs out of the garden. After considerable trampling of all my early vegetables, under the eyes of my guests, I managed to get the ringleader of the swinish multitude into my parlor. He was a large, powerful-looking fellow, with a great deal of comb, long legs, mottled complexion, and ears pretty well dogged. He stood for a moment at bay against the sofa, then charged upon the dogs, ran against the centre-table, which he accidentally upset, got headed off by Captain Bacon, who came to the rescue, darted under our quartette-tables,—making a general distribution of confectionery,—and finally got cornered in the piazza.

By this time I was so much exasperated that I was capable of taking the life of the intruder, and probably should have done so had my gun not been at the gun-

smith's. In striking at him with a stick, I accidentally hit one of the dogs such a blow as to disable him. But I was determined to capture the destroyer and put him in the pound. After some difficulty in getting him out of the piazza, I drove him into the library and finally out in the ground. The rest of his confederates were there, quietly feeding on the remains of the garden. Finally I found myself on the hot high-road, with all my captives and one dog, in search of the pound. Not knowing where the pound was, after driving them for a quarter of a mile I made inquiry of a respectable-looking man, whom I met, in corduroy breeches, on the road. He informed me that he did not know. I then fell in with a colored boy, who told me the only pound was at Dobb's Ferry. Dobb's Ferry is a thriving village about seven miles north of the Nepperhan. I made a bargain with the colored boy for three dollars, and by his assistance the animals were safely lodged in the pound. By this means I was enabled to return to my guests. Next day I found out the owner. I got the fence-viewers to estimate the damages.

The fence-viewers looked at the broken mahogany and estimated. I spoke of the vase, the flowers (green-house flowers), and the confectionery. These did not appear to strike them as damageable. I think the fence-viewers are not liberal enough in their views. The damages done to a man's temper and constitution shall be included, if ever I get to be fence-viewer; to say nothing of exotics trampled under foot, and a beautiful dessert ruthlessly destroyed by unclean animals. Besides that, we shall not have a pea until everybody else in the village has done with peas. We shall be late in the season with our early peas. At last an advertisement appeared in the county paper, which contained the decision of the fence-viewers, to wit:

WESTCHESTER COUNTY, } ss.
TOWN OF YONKERS. }

WE, THE SUBSCRIBERS, FENCE-VIEWERS of said town, having been applied to by Samson Sparrowgrass, of said town, to appraise the damages done by nine hogs, five wintered (four spotted and one white) and four spring pigs (two white), distrained by him doing damage on his lands, and having been to the place, and viewed and ascertained the damages, do hereby certify the amount thereof to be three dollars, and that the fees for our services are two dollars. Given under our hands, this day of , 185-.

DANIEL MALMSEY, } Fence-viewers.
PETER ASSMANSHAUSER, }

The above hogs are in the Pound at Dobb's Ferry.

CORNELIUS CORKWOOD, Pound-Master.

"Under the circumstances," said I, "Mrs. Sparrowgrass, what do you think of the pound as a legal remedy?" Mrs. S. said it was shameful. "So I think, too; but why should we repine? The birds sing, the sky is blue, the grass is green side up, the trees are full of leaves, the air is balmy, and the children, God bless them! are happy. Why should we repine about trifles? If we want early peas we can buy them; and as for the vase, flowers, and confectionery, they would have been all over with by this time if the pigs had not been here. There is no use to cry, like Alexander, for another world: let us enjoy the one we have, Mrs. Sparrowgrass."

AMONG THE LAURELS.

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

[The poetess from whom we select the following thoughtful and gracefully-written poem is best known under her pseudonyme of "Florence Percy," and as the author of the favorite poem, "Rock me

to Sleep, Mother." She was born at Strong, Maine, in 1832, and was first married to Mr. Paul Akers, the sculptor, and afterwards to Mr. E. M. Allen, of New York.]

The sunset's gorgeous dyes
Paled slowly from the skies,
And the clear heaven was waiting for the stars,
As side by side we strayed
Along a sylvan glade,
And found our pathway crossed by rustic bars.

Beyond the barrier lay
A green and tempting way,
Arched with fair laurel-trees, a-bloom and tall,
Their cups of tender snow
Edged with a rosy glow,
And warm, sweet shadows trembling over all.

The chestnuts sung and sighed,
The solemn oaks replied,
And distant pine-trees crooned in cradling tones;
While music low and clear
Gushed from the darkness near,
Where a shy brook went tinkling over stones.

Soft mosses, damp and sweet,
Allured our waiting feet,
And brambles veiled their thorns with treacherous
bloom;
While tiny flecks of flowers,
Which owned no name of ours,
Added their mite of beauty and perfume.

And hark! a hidden bird,
To sudden utterance stirred.

As by a wondrous love too great to bear
 With voiceless silence long,
 Burst into passionate song,
Filling with his sweet trouble all the air.

Then one, whose eager soul
 Could brook no small control,
Said, "Let us thread this pleasant path, dear friend:
 If thus the *way* can be
 So beautiful to see,
How much more beautiful must be the *end*!

"Follow! this solitude
 May shrine the haunted wood,
Storied so sweetly in romance and rhyme,
 Secure from human ill,
 And rarely peopled still
By Fauns and Dryads of the olden time,—

"A spot of hallowed ground,
 By mortal yet unfound,
Sacred to nymph and sylvan deity,
 Where foiled Apollo glides,
 And bashful Daphne hides
Safe in the shelter of her laurel-tree!"

"Forbear!" the other cried;
 "Oh, leave the way untried!
Those joys are sweetest which we only guess;
 And the impatient soul
 That seeks to grasp the whole
Defeats itself by its own eagerness.

“Let us not rudely shake
The dew-drop from the brake
Fringing the borders of this haunted dell:
All the delights which are—
The present and the far—
Lose half their charm by being known too well!

“And he mistakes who tries
To search all mysteries,—
Who leaves no cup undrained, no path untracked:
Who seeks to know too much
Brushes with ruthless touch
The bloom of Fancy from the brier of Fact.

“Keep one fair myth aloof
From hard and actual proof,—
Preserve some dear delusions as they seem;
Since the reality,
How bright soe’er it be,
Shows dull and tame beside our marvellous dream.

“Leave this white page unscored,
This rare realm unexplored,
And let dear Fancy roam there as she will:
Whatever page we turn,
However much we learn,
Let there be something left to dream of still!”

Wherefore, for aught we know,
The golden apples grow
In the green vale to which that pathway leads,
The spirits of the wood
Still haunt its solitude,
And Pan sits piping there among the reeds!

AUTHOR-WORSHIP.

HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN.

[The author here named was born in Boston in 1813. He died in 1871. His literary work was mainly of a critical character, and was marked by fine discernment and much delicacy of appreciation. In art-criticism he occupied a high rank, his works in this field being "Artist Life, or Sketches of American Painters," and "Book of the Artists." He also wrote "Thoughts on the Poets," "Characteristics of Literature," "Biographical Essays," etc. The selection given below probably repeats the experience of many college students of literature.]

"High is our calling, friend! Creative Art,
Whether the instrument of words she use,
Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues,
Demands the service of a mind and heart,
Though sensitive, yet in their weakest part
Heroically fashioned,—to infuse
Faith in the whispers of the lonely muse,
While the whole world seems adverse to desert."

WORDSWORTH.

SOME of the fondest illusions of our student life and companionship were based on literary fame. The only individuals of the male gender who then seemed to us (indiscriminate and mutual lovers of literature) worthy of admiration and sympathy were authors. Our ideal of felicity was the consciousness of distributing ideas of vital significance and causing multitudes to share a sentiment born in a lonely heart. The most real and permanent sway of which man is capable we imagined that of ruling and cheering the minds of others through the medium of literature. Our herbals were made up of flowers from the graves of authors; their signatures were our only autographs. The visions that haunted us were little else than a boundless panorama that displayed scenes in their lives. We used continually to see, in fancy, Petrarch beside a

fountain, under a laurel, with the sweet *penseroso* look visible in his portraits; Dante in the corridor of a monastery, his palm laid on a friar's breast, and his stern features softened as he craved the only blessing life retained for him,—*peace*; rustic Burns, with his dark eye proudly meeting the curious stare of an Edinburgh coterie; Camoens breasting the waves with the *Lusiad* between his teeth; Johnson appalling Boswell with his emphatic "*Sir*;" Milton—his head like that of a saint encircled with rays—seated at the organ; Shakespeare walking serenely, and with a benign and majestic countenance, beside the Avon; Steele jocosely presiding at table with liveried bailiffs to pass the dishes; the bright face of Pope looming up from his deformed body in the cool twilight of a grotto; Voltaire's sneer withering an auditor through a cloud of snuff; Molière reading his new comedy to the old woman; Landor standing in the ilex path of a Tuscan villa; Savage asleep on a bulk at midnight in one of the London parks; Dryden seated in oracular dignity in his coffee-house arm-chair; Metastasio comparing notes with a handsome *prima donna* at Vienna; Alfieri with a magnificent steed in the midst of the Alps; Swift stealing an interview with Miss Johnson, or chuckling over a chapter of Gulliver; the funeral pyre of Shelley lighting up a solitary crag on the shores of the Mediterranean; and Byron, with marble brow and rolling eye, guiding the helm of a storm-tossed boat on the Lake of Geneva! Such were a few only of the *tableaux* that haunted our imaginations. We echoed heartily Akenside's protest against the sermon on Glory:

"Come, then, tell me, sage divine,
Is it an offence to own
That our bosoms e'er incline
Towards immortal Glory's throne?"

For with me nor pomp nor pleasure,
Bourbon's might, Braganza's treasure,
So can fancy's dream rejoice,
So conciliate reason's choice,
As one approving word of her impartial voice.

"If to spurn at noble praise
Be the passport to thy heaven,
Follow thou those gloomy ways ;
No such law to me was given ;
Nor, I trust, shall I deplore me,
Faring like my friends before me ;
Nor a holier place desire
Than Timoleon's arms acquire,
And Tully's curule chair, and Milton's golden lyre."

In our passion for native authors we revered the memory of Brockden Brown, and detected in his romantic studies the germs of the supernatural school of fiction ; we nearly suffocated ourselves in the crowded gallery of the old church at Cambridge, listening to Sprague's Phi Beta Kappa poem ; and often watched the spiritual figure of the "Idle Man," and gazed on the white locks of our venerable painter, with his "Monaldi" and "Paint King" vividly remembered. We wearied an old friend of Brainard's by making him repeat anecdotes of the poet, and have spent hours in the French coffee-house which Halleck once frequented, eliciting from him criticisms, anecdotes, or recitations of Campbell. New Haven people that came in our way were obliged to tell all they could remember of the vagaries of Percival and the elegant hospitality of Hill-house. We have followed Judge Hopkinson through the rectangular streets of his native metropolis, with the tune of "Hail Columbia" humming in our ears, and kept a curious eye on Howard Payne through a whole evening party, fondly cognizant of "Sweet Home." Beaumont

and Fletcher were our Damon and Pythias. The memorable occurrence of our childhood was the advent of a new Waverley novel, and of our youth a fresh Edinburgh Review. We loved plum color, because poor Goldy was vain of his coat of that hue, and champagne, partly because Schiller used to drink it when writing; we saved orange-peel because the author of the "Rambler" liked it, and put ourselves on a course of tar-water, in imitation of Berkeley. Roast pig had a double relish for us after we had read Elia's dissertation thereon. We associated gold-fish and china jars with Gray, skulls with Dr. Young, the leap of a sturgeon in the Hudson with Drake's "Culprit Fay," pine-trees with Ossian, stained-glass windows with Keats (who set one in an immortal verse), fortifications with Uncle Toby, literary breakfasts with Rogers, water-fowl with Bryant, foundlings with Rousseau, letter-writing with Madame de Sévigné, bread-and-butter with the author of Werther, daisies with Burns, and primroses with Wordsworth. Mrs. Thrale's acceptance of Piozzi was a serious trouble to our minds; and whether "little Burney" would be happy after her marriage with the noble *émigré* was a problem that made us really anxious until the second part of her Diary was procurable and relieved our solicitude. An unpatriotic antipathy to the Pilgrim Fathers was quelled by the melodious pæan of Mrs. Hemans; and we kept vigils before a portrait of Mrs. Norton, at an artist's studio, with a chivalric desire to avenge her wrongs.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

JONATHAN EDWARDS.

[It is a somewhat surprising fact that America should produce, in its pioneer days, a metaphysical thinker who for logical power and mental ability has never been surpassed in this country, if in the world. Such a thinker was Jonathan Edwards, born at Windsor, Connecticut, October 5, 1703. His celebrated work on "The Freedom of the Will" exhibits a subtilty of thought and an exhaustive accuracy of reasoning which no philosophical logician has ever exceeded. His doctrine that the principle of necessity is compatible with freedom of the will and with human responsibility is worked out with the closest and most searching logic, and proves its point as clearly as anything can be proved which depends upon an ideal conception as its basis. We select a short passage from this notable argument, together with some extracts which show the unusual precocity of Edwards as a thinker. He began to study Latin at six, was writing philosophical essays at ten, and is said to have completely reasoned out his doctrine of the freedom of the will at seventeen years of age. The passage on his religious feelings was written before his seventeenth year, and his remarkable series of Resolutions, seventy in number, of which we give but a portion, were written before he was twenty years old. He died in 1758.]

Not long after I first began to experience these things [namely, new apprehensions and ideas of Christ, of the work of redemption, and of the way of salvation by him], I gave an account to my father of some things that had passed in my mind. I was pretty much affected by the discourse we had together; and, when the discourse was ended, I walked abroad alone, in a solitary place in my father's pasture, for contemplation. And as I was walking there, and looking upon the sky and clouds, there came into my mind so sweet a sense of the glorious *majesty* and *grace* of God, as I know not how to express. I seemed to see them both in a sweet conjunction; majesty and

meekness joined together. It was a sweet, and gentle, and holy majesty ; and also a majestic meekness ; an awful sweetness ; a high, and great, and holy gentleness.

After this my sense of divine things gradually increased, and became more and more lively, and had more of that inward sweetness. The appearance of everything was altered ; there seemed to be, as it were, a calm, sweet cast or appearance of divine glory in almost everything. God's excellency, his wisdom, his purity, and love, seemed to appear in everything ; in the sun, moon, and stars ; in the clouds and blue sky ; in the grass, flowers, trees ; in the water and all nature ; which used greatly to fix my mind. I often used to sit and view the moon for a long time ; and, in the day, spent much time in viewing the clouds and sky, to behold the sweet glory of God in these things ; in the mean time singing forth, with a low voice, my contemplations of the Creator and Redeemer. And scarce anything, among all the works of nature, was so sweet to me as thunder and lightning : formerly nothing had been so terrible to me. Before, I used to be uncommonly terrified with thunder, and to be struck with terror when I saw a thunder-storm rising ; but now, on the contrary, it rejoiced me. I felt God, if I may so speak, at the first appearance of a thunder-storm, and used to take the opportunity, at such times, to fix myself in order to view the clouds, and see the lightnings play, and hear the majestic and awful voice of God's thunders, which oftentimes was exceedingly entertaining, leading me to sweet contemplations of my great and glorious God.

RESOLUTIONS.

1. *Resolved*, That I will do whatsoever I think to be most to the glory of God and my own good, profit, and pleasure, in the whole of my duration, without any con-

sideration of the time, whether now, or never so many myriads of ages hence.

2. *Resolved*, To do whatever I think to be my duty, and most for the good and advantage of mankind in general.

3. *Resolved*, Never to lose one moment of time, but to improve it in the most profitable way I possibly can.

4. *Resolved*. To live with all my might while I do live.

5. *Resolved*, Never to do anything which I should be afraid to do if it were the last hour of my life.

6. *Resolved*, To be endeavoring to find out fit objects of liberality and charity.

7. *Resolved*, Never to do anything out of revenge.

8. *Resolved*, Never to suffer the least motions of anger towards irrational beings.

9. *Resolved*, Never to speak evil of any one so that it shall tend to his dishonor, more or less, upon no account except for some real good.

10. *Resolved*, That I will live so as I shall wish I had done when I come to die.

11. *Resolved*, To live so, at all times, as I think is best in my most devout frames, and when I have the clearest notions of the things of the gospel and another world.

12. *Resolved*, To maintain the strictest temperance in eating and drinking.

13. *Resolved*, Never to do anything which, if I should see in another, I should count a just occasion to despise him for, or to think any way the more meanly of him.

14. *Resolved*, To study the Scriptures so steadily, constantly, and frequently, as that I may find, and plainly perceive, myself to grow in the knowledge of the same.

15. *Resolved*, Never to count that a prayer, nor to let that pass as a prayer, nor that as a petition of a prayer, which is so made that I cannot hope that God will answer it; nor that as a confession which I cannot hope God will accept.

16. *Resolved*, Never to say anything at all against anybody, but when it is perfectly agreeable to the highest degree of Christian honor, and of love to mankind, agreeable to the lowest humility and sense of my own faults and failings, and agreeable to the golden rule; often, when I have said anything against any one, to bring it to, and try it strictly by, the test of this resolution.

17. *Resolved*, In narrations, never to speak anything but the pure and simple verity.

18. *Resolved*, Never to speak evil of any, except I have some particular good call to it.

19. *Resolved*, To inquire every night, as I am going to bed, wherein I have been negligent,—what sin I have committed,—and wherein I have denied myself;—also, at the end of every week, month, and year.

20. *Resolved*, Never to do anything of which I so much question the lawfulness, as that I intend, at the same time, to consider and examine afterwards whether it be lawful or not; unless I as much question the lawfulness of the omission.

21. *Resolved*, To inquire every night, before I go to bed, whether I have acted in the best way I possibly could, with respect to eating and drinking.

22. *Resolved*, Never to allow the least measure of any fretting or uneasiness at my father or mother. *Resolved*, to suffer no effects of it, so much as in the least alteration of speech, or motion of my eye; and to be especially careful of it with respect to any of our family.

23. On the supposition that there never was to be but one individual in the world, at any one time, who was properly a complete Christian, in all respects of a right stamp, having Christianity always shining in its true lustre, and appearing excellent and lovely, from whatever part and under whatever character viewed: *Resolved*, to

act just as I would do if I strove with all my might to be that one, who should live in my time.

THE FREEDOM OF THE WILL.

If the Will, which we find governs the members of the body, and determines their motions, does also govern itself, and determines its own actions, it doubtless determines them the same way, even by antecedent volitions. The Will determines which way the hands and feet shall move, by an act of choice; and there is no other way of the Will's determining, directing, or commanding anything at all. Whatsoever the Will commands, it commands by an act of the Will. And if it has itself under its command, and determines itself in its own actions, it doubtless does it the same way that it determines other things which are under its command. So that if the freedom of the Will consists in this, that it has itself and its own actions under its command and direction, and its own volitions are determined by itself, it will follow, that every free volition arises from another antecedent volition, directing and commanding that: and if that *directing* volition be also free, in that also the Will is determined: that is to say, that directing volition is determined by another going before that; and so on, till we come to the first volition in the whole series; and if that first volition be free, and the Will self-determined in it, then that is determined by another volition preceding that. Which is a contradiction; because, by the supposition, it can have none before it, to direct or determine it, being the first in the train. But if that first volition is not determined by any preceding act of the Will, then that act is not determined by the Will, and so is not free in the *Arminian* notion of freedom, which consists in the Will's self-determination. And if that first act of the Will which deter-

mines and fixes the subsequent acts be not free, none of the following acts which are determined by it can be free. If we suppose there are five acts in the train, the fifth and last determined by the fourth, and the fourth by the third, the third by the second, and the second by the first; if the first is not determined by the Will, and so not free, then none of them are truly determined by the Will: that is, that each of them are as they are, and not otherwise, is not first owing to the Will, but to the determination of the first in the series, which is not dependent on the Will, and is that which the Will has no hand in determining. And this being that which decides what the rest shall be, and determines their existence; therefore the first determination of their existence is not from the Will. The case is just the same if, instead of a chain of five acts of the Will, we should suppose a succession of ten, or an hundred, or ten thousand. If the first act be not free, being determined by something out of the Will, and this determines the next to be agreeable to itself, and that the next, and so on; none of them are free, but all originally depend on, and are determined by, some cause out of the Will; and so all freedom in the case is excluded, and no act of the Will can be free, according to this notion of freedom. If we should suppose a long chain of ten thousand links, so connected, that if the first link moves, it will move the next, and that the next; and so the whole chain must be determined to motion, and in the direction of its motion, by the motion of the first link; and that is moved by something else; in this case, though all the links, but one, are moved by other parts of the same chain, yet it appears that the motion of no one, nor the direction of its motion, is from any self-moving or self-determining power in the chain, any more than if every link were immediately moved by something that did not

belong to the chain. If the Will be not free in the first act, which causes the next, then neither is it free in the next, which is caused by that first act; for though indeed the Will caused it, yet it did not cause it freely; because the preceding act, by which it was caused, was not free. And again, if the Will be not free in the second act, so neither can it be in the third, which is caused by that; because, in like manner, that third was determined by an act of the Will that was not free. And so we may go on to the next act, and from that to the next; and how long soever the succession of acts is, it is all one; if the first on which the whole chain depends, and which determines all the rest, be not a free act, the Will is not free in causing or determining any one of those acts; because the act by which it determines them all is not a free act; and therefore the Will is no more free in determining them, than if it did not cause them at all. Thus, this *Arminian* notion of Liberty of the Will, consisting in the Will's *Self-determination*, is repugnant to itself, and shuts itself wholly out of the world.

THE TIMES THAT TRIED MEN'S SOULS.

THOMAS PAINE.

[Among the literary artists of the Revolutionary period of American history Paine occupied a very high rank, through his vigor of thought and peculiar vividness of expression, his fearless patriotism and broad grasp of the true political relations and rights of mankind. Born in England in 1737, it was not until 1774 that he emigrated to America. Yet he must have been deeply imbued from his youth with the revolutionary sentiment and with hatred of kingcraft, for he very soon afterwards issued his famous pamphlet "Common Sense," which is full

of original democratic thought and performed a valuable work in teaching the principles of republicanism to the American people. The depressed feeling which prevailed in the winter of 1776-77 was met by him with the stirring appeals of "The Crisis," a periodical which appeared irregularly and had a highly beneficial influence. We copy the most famous of the papers of the "Crisis." For vigor, fearlessness, and patriotism no Revolutionary document surpasses it, while it paints the situation with a vividness which seems to take us back in person to "the times that tried men's souls." In 1791 Paine wrote his "Rights of Man," in reply to Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution." This also was a highly valuable addition to democratic literature, and attained great popularity. He lived in Paris during the French Revolution, and narrowly escaped the guillotine. In 1795 he published his deistical work, "The Age of Reason." The religious radicalism of this book gave great offence, and has covered Paine's name with an obloquy through which his important aid to the cause of human liberty has been almost lost sight of. He returned to the United States in 1802, and died in New York in 1809.]

THESE are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too *lightly*: 'tis dearness only that gives everything its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed if so celestial an article as FREEDOM should not be highly rated. Britain, with an army to enforce her tyranny, has declared that she has a right (*not only to TAX, but*) "*to BIND us in ALL CASES WHATSOEVER;*" and if being *bound in that manner* is not slavery, then is there not such a thing as slavery upon earth. Even the expression is impious, for so unlimited a power can belong only to God.

Whether the independence of the continent was de-

clared too soon, or delayed too long, I will not now enter into as an argument: my own simple opinion is, that had it been eight months earlier it would have been much better. We did not make a proper use of last winter, neither could we, while we were in a dependent state. However, the fault, if it were one, was all our own: we have none to blame but ourselves. But no great deal is lost yet: all that Howe has been doing for this month past is rather a ravage than a conquest, which the spirit of the Jerseys a year ago would have quickly repulsed, and which time and a little resolution will soon recover.

I have as little superstition in me as any man living, but my secret opinion has ever been, and still is, that God Almighty will not give up a people to military destruction, or leave them unsupportedly to perish, who had so earnestly and so repeatedly sought to avoid the calamities of war by every decent method which wisdom could invent. Neither have I so much of the infidel in me as to suppose that He has relinquished the government of the world, and given us up to the care of devils; and, as I do not, I cannot see on what grounds the king of Britain can look up to heaven for help against us: a common murderer, a highwayman, or a housebreaker has as good a pretence as he.

'Tis surprising to see how rapidly a panic will sometimes run through a country. All nations and ages have been subject to them: Britain has trembled like an ague at the report of a French fleet of flat-bottomed boats; and in the fourteenth century the whole English army, after ravaging the kingdom of France, was driven back like men petrified with fear; and this brave exploit was performed by a few broken forces collected and headed by a woman, Joan of Arc. Would that heaven might inspire some Jersey maid to spirit up her countrymen,

and save her fair fellow-sufferers from ravage and ravishment! Yet panics, in some cases, have their uses: they produce as much good as hurt. Their duration is always short; the mind soon grows through them, and acquires a firmer habit than before. But their peculiar advantage is, that they are the touchstones of sincerity and hypocrisy, and bring things and men to light which might otherwise have lain forever undiscovered. In fact, they have the same effect on secret traitors which an imaginary apparition would have upon a private murderer. They sift out the hidden thoughts of man, and hold them up in public to the world. Many a disguised tory has lately shown his head, that shall penitentially solemnize with curses the day on which Howe arrived upon the Delaware.

As I was with the troops at Fort Lee, and marched with them to the edge of Pennsylvania, I am well acquainted with many circumstances which those who lived at a distance know but little or nothing of. Our situation there was exceedingly cramped, the place being on a narrow neck of land between the North River and the Hackensack. Our force was inconsiderable, being not one-fourth so great as Howe could bring against us. We had no army at hand to have relieved the garrison, had we shut ourselves up and stood on the defence. Our ammunition, light artillery, and the best part of our stores had been removed, upon the apprehension that Howe would endeavor to penetrate the Jerseys, in which case Fort Lee could be of no use to us; for it must occur to every thinking man, whether in the army or not, that these kind of field forts are only for temporary purposes, and last in use no longer than the enemy directs his force against the particular object which such forts are raised to defend. Such was our situation and condition at Fort Lee on the morning of the 20th of November, when an

officer arrived with information that the enemy, with two hundred boats, had landed about seven or eight miles above. Major-General Greene, who commanded the garrison, immediately ordered them under arms, and sent express to his Excellency General Washington at the town of Hackensack, distant by the way of the ferry six miles. Our first object was to secure the bridge over the Hackensack, which laid up the river between the enemy and us, about six miles from us and three from them. General Washington arrived in about three-quarters of an hour, and marched at the head of the troops towards the bridge, which place I expected we should have a brush for: however, they did not choose to dispute it with us, and the greatest part of our troops went over the bridge, the rest over the ferry, except some which passed at a mill on a small creek, between the bridge and the ferry, and made their way through some marshy grounds up to the town of Hackensack, and there passed the river. We brought off as much baggage as the wagons could contain, the rest was lost. The simple object was to bring off the garrison, and to march them on till they could be strengthened by the Jersey or Pennsylvania militia, so as to be enabled to make a stand. We stayed four days at Newark, collected in our outposts, with some of the Jersey militia, and marched out twice to meet the enemy, on information of their being advancing, though our numbers were greatly inferior to theirs. Howe, in my little opinion, committed a great error in generalship in not throwing a body of forces off from Staten Island through Amboy, by which means he might have seized all our stores at Brunswick and intercepted our march into Pennsylvania. But, if we believe the powers of hell to be limited, we must likewise believe that their agents are under some providential control.

I shall not now attempt to give all the particulars of our retreat to the Delaware; suffice it for the present to say that both officers and men, though greatly harassed and fatigued, frequently without rest, covering, or provision, the inevitable consequences of a long retreat, bore it with a manly and martial spirit. All their wishes were one, which was that the country would turn out and help them to drive the enemy back. Voltaire has remarked that King William never appeared to full advantage but in difficulties and in action: the same remark may be made of General Washington, for the character fits him. There is a natural firmness in some minds which cannot be unlocked by trifles, but which, when unlocked, discovers a cabinet of fortitude; and I reckon it among those kind of public blessings, which we do not immediately see, that God hath blest him with uninterrupted health, and given him a mind that can even flourish upon care.

I shall conclude this paper with some miscellaneous remarks on the state of our affairs, and shall begin with asking the following question: Why is it that the enemy have left the New England provinces, and made these middle ones the seat of war? The answer is easy: New England is not infested with tories, and we are. I have been tender in raising the cry against these men, and used numberless arguments to show them their danger; but it will not do to sacrifice a world to either their folly or their baseness. The period is now arrived in which either they or we must change our sentiments, or one or both must fall. And what is a tory? Good God! what is he? I should not be afraid to go with an hundred whigs against a thousand tories, were they to attempt to get into arms. Every tory is a coward; for a servile, slavish, self-interested fear is the foundation of toryism; and a man under

such influence, though he may be cruel, never can be brave.

But, before the line of irrecoverable separation be drawn between us, let us reason the matter together. Your conduct is an invitation to the enemy, yet not one in a thousand of you has heart enough to join him. Howe is as much deceived by you as the American cause is injured by you. He expects you will all take up arms, and flock to his standard with muskets on your shoulders. Your opinions are of no use to him, unless you support him personally; for 'tis soldiers, and not tories, that he wants.

I once felt all that kind of anger, which a man ought to feel, against the mean principles that are held by the tories. A noted one, who kept a tavern at Amboy, was standing at his door, with as pretty a child in his hand, about eight or nine years old, as 'most I ever saw, and, after speaking his mind as freely as he thought was prudent, finished with this unfatherly expression, "*Well! give me peace in my day.*" Not a man lives on the continent but fully believes that a separation must some time or other finally take place, and a generous parent should have said, "*If there must be trouble, let it be in my day, that my child may have peace.*" And this single reflection, well applied, is sufficient to awaken every man to duty. Not a place upon earth might be so happy as America. Her situation is remote from all the wrangling world, and she had nothing to do but to trade with them. A man may easily distinguish in himself between temper and principle, and I am as confident, as I am that God governs the world, that America will never be happy till she gets clear of foreign dominion. Wars, without ceasing, will break out till that period arrives, and the continent must in the end be conqueror; for though the flame of liberty may sometimes cease to shine, the coal can never expire.

America did not, nor does not, want force; but she wanted a proper application of that force. Wisdom is not the purchase of a day, and it is no wonder that we should err at the first setting off. From an excess of tenderness, we were unwilling to raise an army, and trusted our cause to the temporary defence of a well-meaning militia. A summer's experience has now taught us better; yet with those troops, while they were collected, we were able to set bounds to the progress of the enemy, and, thank God! they are again assembling. I always considered a militia as the best troops in the world for a sudden exertion, but they will not do for a long campaign. Howe, it is probable, will make an attempt on this city: should he fail on this side the Delaware, he is ruined; if he succeeds, our cause is not ruined. He stakes all on his side against a part on ours; admitting he succeeds, the consequence will be, that armies from both ends of the continent will march to assist their suffering friends in the middle States; for he cannot go everywhere, it is impossible. I consider Howe as the greatest enemy the tories have; he is bringing a war into their country, which, had it not been for him and partly for themselves, they had been clear of. Should he now be expelled, I wish, with all the devotion of a Christian, that the names of whig and tory may never more be mentioned; but should the tories give him encouragement to come, or assistance if he come, I as sincerely wish that our next year's arms may expel them from the continent, and the Congress appropriate their possessions to the relief of those who have suffered in well-doing. A single successful battle next year will settle the whole. America could carry on a two-years' war by the confiscation of the property of disaffected persons, and be made happy by their expulsion. Say not that this is revenge; call it rather the soft resentment of a suffer-

ing people, who, having no object in view but the *good of all*, have staked their *own all* upon a seemingly doubtful event. Yet it is folly to argue against determined hardness; eloquence may strike the ear, and the language of sorrow draw forth the tear of compassion, but nothing can reach the heart that is steeled with prejudice.

Quitting this class of men, I turn with the warm ardor of a friend to those who have nobly stood, and are yet determined to stand the matter out. I call not upon a few, but upon all; not on *this* State or *that* State, but on *every* State; up and help us; lay your shoulders to the wheel; better have too much force than too little, when so great an object is at stake. Let it be told to the future world, that in the depth of winter, when nothing but hope and virtue could survive, that the city and the country, alarmed at one common danger, came forth to meet and to repulse it. Say not that thousands are gone; turn out your tens of thousands; throw not the burden of the day upon Providence, but "*show your faith by your works*," that God may bless you. It matters not where you live, or what rank of life you hold, the evil or the blessing will reach you all. The far and the near, the home counties and the back, the rich and the poor, will suffer or rejoice alike. The heart that feels not now is dead: the blood of his children will curse his cowardice, who shrinks back at a time when a little might have saved the whole, and made *them* happy. I love the man that can smile in trouble, that can gather strength from distress, and grow brave by reflection. 'Tis the business of little minds to shrink; but he whose heart is firm, and whose conscience approves his conduct, will pursue his principles unto death. My own line of reasoning is to myself as straight and clear as a ray of light. Not all the treasures of the world, so far as I believe, could have induced me to support an offen-

sive war, for I think it murder; but if a thief break into my house, burn and destroy my property, and kill or threaten to kill me, or those that are in it, and to "*bind me in all cases whatsoever*" to his absolute will, am I to suffer it? What signifies it to me whether he who does it is a king or a common man; my countryman or not my countryman; whether it is done by an individual villain or an army of them? If we reason to the root of things we shall find no difference; neither can any just cause be assigned why we should punish in the one case and pardon in the other. Let them call me rebel, and welcome, I feel no concern from it; but I should suffer the misery of devils were I to make a whore of my soul by swearing allegiance to one whose character is that of a sottish, stupid, stubborn, worthless, brutish man. I conceive likewise a horrid idea in receiving mercy from a being who at the last day shall be shrieking to the rocks and mountains to cover him, and fleeing with terror from the orphan, the widow, and the slain of America.

There are cases which cannot be overdone by language, and this is one. There are persons too who see not the full extent of the evil which threatens them; they solace themselves with hopes that the enemy, if they succeed, will be merciful. It is the madness of folly to expect mercy from those who have refused to do justice; and even mercy, where conquest is the object, is only a trick of war: the cunning of the fox is as murderous as the violence of the wolf; and we ought to guard equally against both. Howe's first object is, partly by threats and partly by promises, to terrify or seduce the people to deliver up their arms and receive mercy. The ministry recommended the same plan to Gage, and this is what the tories call making their peace; "*a peace which passeth all understanding*" indeed! A peace which would be the im-

mediate forerunner of a worse ruin than any we have yet thought of. Ye men of Pennsylvania, do reason upon these things! Were the back counties to give up their arms, they would fall an easy prey to the Indians, who are all armed. This perhaps is what some tories would not be sorry for. Were the home counties to deliver up their arms, they would be exposed to the resentment of the back counties, who would then have it in their power to chastise their defection at pleasure. And were any one State to give up its arms, that State must be garrisoned by all Howe's army of Britons and Hessians to preserve it from the anger of the rest. Mutual fear is a principal link in the chain of mutual love, and woe be to that State that breaks the compact. Howe is mercifully inviting you to barbarous destruction, and men must be either rogues or fools that will not see it. I dwell not upon the vapors of imagination; I bring reason to your ears; and in language as plain as A, B, C, hold up truth to your eyes.

I thank God that I fear not. I see no real cause for fear. I know our situation well, and can see the way out of it. While our army was collected, Howe dared not risk a battle, and it is no credit to him that he decamped from the White Plains, and waited a mean opportunity to ravage the defenceless Jerseys; but it is great credit to us, that, with an handful of men, we sustained an orderly retreat for near an hundred miles, brought off our ammunition, all our field-pieces, the greatest part of our stores, and had four rivers to pass. None can say that our retreat was precipitate, for we were near three weeks in performing it, that the country might have time to come in. Twice we marched back to meet the enemy, and remained out till dark. The sign of fear was not seen in our camp, and had not some of the cowardly and disaffected inhabitants spread false alarms through the country, the Jerseys

had never been ravaged. Once more we are again collected and collecting; our new army at both ends of the continent is recruiting fast, and we shall be able to open the next campaign with sixty thousand men, well armed and clothed. This is our situation, and who will may know it. By perseverance and fortitude we have the prospect of a glorious issue: by cowardice and submission, the sad choice of a variety of evils,—a ravaged country—a depopulated city—habitations without safety, and slavery without hope—our homes turned into barracks and bawdy-houses for Hessians, and a future race to provide for whose fathers we shall doubt of. Look on this picture, and weep over it!—and if there yet remains one thoughtless wretch who believes it not, let him suffer it unlamented.

PHILADELPHIA, December 23, 1776.

THE MAIDEN AND THE RATTLESNAKE.

W. G. SIMMS.

[William Gilmore Simms, the most prolific and popular novelist of the South, was a native of Charleston, South Carolina, where he was born in 1806. He died in 1870. He wrote in all some thirty novels, fourteen volumes of poetry, and many miscellaneous works. Of his poems the best is "Atalantis, a Drama of the Sea." "The Partisan," "The Yemassee," and "Beauchampe" are considered his best novels. Their literary value is not of the higher grade, though his works have considerable merit and are often interestingly written. Our selection is from "The Yemassee." The heroine meets with her startling adventure while in the woods waiting the coming of her lover.]

"HE does not come,—he does not come," she murmured, as she stood contemplating the thick copse spreading before her, and forming the barrier which terminated the

beautiful range of oaks which constituted the grove. How beautiful was the green and garniture of that little copse of wood! The leaves were thick, and the grass around lay folded over and over in bunches, with here and there a wild flower gleaming from its green and making of it a beautiful carpet of the richest and most various texture. A small tree rose from the centre of a clump around which a wild grape gadded luxuriantly; and, with an incoherent sense of what she saw, she lingered before the little cluster, seeming to survey that which, though it seemed to fix her eye, yet failed to fill her thought. Her mind wandered,—her soul was far away; and the objects in her vision were far other than those which occupied her imagination. Things grew indistinct beneath her eye. The eye rather slept than saw. The musing spirit had given holiday to the ordinary senses, and took no heed of the forms that rose, and floated, or glided away, before them. In this way, the leaf detached made no impression upon the sight that was yet bent upon it; she saw not the bird, though it whirled, untroubled by a fear, in wanton circles around her head; and the black snake, with the rapidity of an arrow, darted over her path without arousing a single terror in the form that otherwise would have shivered at its mere appearance. And yet, though thus indistinct were all things around her to the musing mind of the maiden, her eye was yet singularly fixed,—fastened, as it were, to a single spot, gathered and controlled by a single object, and glazed, apparently, beneath a curious fascination.

Before the maiden rose a little clump of bushes,—bright tangled leaves flaunting wide in glossiest green, with vines trailing over them, thickly decked with blue and crimson flowers. Her eye communed vacantly with these; fastened by a star-like shining glance, a subtle ray, that shot

out from the circle of green leaves,—seeming to be their very eye,—and sending out a fluid lustre that seemed to stream across the space between and find its way into her own eyes. Very piercing and beautiful was that subtle brightness, of the sweetest, strangest power. And now the leaves quivered and seemed to float away, only to return, and the vines waved and swung around in fantastic mazes, unfolding ever-changing varieties of form and color to her gaze; but the star-like eye was ever steadfast, bright and gorgeous gleaming in their midst, and still fastened, with strange fondness, upon her own. How beautiful, with wondrous intensity, did it gleam, and dilate, growing larger and more lustrous with every ray which it sent forth! And her own glance became intense, fixed also; but with a dreaming sense that conjured up the wildest fancies, terribly beautiful, that took her soul away from her, and wrapt it about as with a spell. She would have fled, she would have flown; but she had not power to move. The will was wanting to her flight. She felt that she could have bent forward to pluck the gem-like thing from the bosom of the leaf in which it seemed to grow, and which it irradiated with its bright white gleam; but ever as she aimed to stretch forth her hand and bend forward, she heard a rush of wings and a shrill scream from the tree above her,—such a scream as the mock-bird makes when angrily it raises its dusky crest and flaps its wings furiously against its slender sides. Such a scream seemed like a warning, and, though yet unawakened to full consciousness, it startled her and forbade her effort. More than once, in her survey of this strange object, had she heard that shrill note, and still had it carried to her ear the same note of warning, and to her mind the same vague consciousness of an evil presence. But the star-like eye was yet upon her own,—a small, bright eye,

quick like that of a bird, now steady in its place and observant seemingly only of hers, now darting forward with all the clustering leaves about it, and shooting up towards her, as if wooing her to seize. At another moment, riveted to the vine which lay around it, it would whirl round and round, dazzlingly bright and beautiful, even as a torch waving hurriedly by night in the hands of some playful boy; but in all this time the glance was never taken from her own: there it grew, fixed,—a very principle of light,—and such a light,—a subtle, burning, piercing, fascinating gleam, such as gathers in vapor above the old grave and binds us as we look,—shooting, darting directly into her eye, dazzling her gaze, defeating its sense of discrimination, and confusing strangely that of perception. She felt dizzy; for, as she looked, a cloud of colors—bright, gay, various colors—floated and hung like so much drapery around the single object that had so secured her attention and spellbound her feet. Her limbs felt momentarily more and more insecure,—her blood grew cold, and she seemed to feel the gradual freeze of vein by vein throughout her person.

At that moment a rustling was heard in the branches of the tree beside her, and the bird, which had repeatedly uttered a single cry above her, as it were of warning, flew away from his station with a scream more piercing than ever. This movement had the effect, for which it really seemed intended, of bringing back to her a portion of the consciousness she seemed so totally to have been deprived of before. She strove to move from before the beautiful but terrible presence, but for a while she strove in vain. The rich, star-like glance still riveted her own, and the subtle fascination kept her bound. The mental energies, however, with the moment of their greatest trial, now gathered suddenly to her aid; and, with a desperate

effort, but with a feeling still of most annoying uncertainty and dread, she succeeded partially in the attempt, and threw her arms backwards, her hands grasping the neighboring tree, feeble, tottering, and depending upon it for that support which her own limbs almost entirely denied her. With her movement, however, came the full development of the powerful spell and dreadful mystery before her. As her feet receded, though but a single pace, to the tree against which she now rested, the audibly-articulated ring, like that of a watch when wound up with the verge broken, announced the nature of that splendid yet dangerous presence, in the form of the monstrous rattlesnake, now but a few feet before her, lying coiled at the bottom of a beautiful shrub, with which, to her dreaming eye, many of its own glorious hues had become associated. She was at length conscious enough to perceive and to feel all her danger; but terror had denied her the strength necessary to fly from her dreadful enemy. There still the eye glared beautifully bright and piercing upon her own; and, seemingly in a spirit of sport, the insidious reptile slowly unwound himself from his coil, but only to gather himself up again into his muscular rings, his great flat head rising in the midst, and slowly nodding, as it were, towards her, the eye still peering deeply into her own, the rattle still slightly ringing at intervals, and giving forth that paralyzing sound which, once heard, is remembered forever.

The reptile all this while appeared to be conscious of, and to sport with, while seeking to excite, her terrors. Now, with its flat head, distended mouth, and curving neck, would it dart forward its long form towards her,—its fatal teeth, unfolding on either side of its upper jaw, seeming to threaten her with instantaneous death, while its powerful eye shot forth glances of that fatal power

of fascination, malignantly bright, which, by paralyzing, with a novel form of terror and of beauty, may readily account for the spell it possesses of binding the feet of the timid and denying to fear even the privilege of flight. Could she have fled! She felt the necessity; but the power of her limbs was gone; and there still it lay, coiling and uncoiling, its arching neck glittering like a ring of brazed copper, bright and lurid, and the dreadful beauty of its eye still fastened, eagerly contemplating the victim, while the pendulous rattle still rang the death-note, as if to prepare the conscious mind for the fate which is momentarily approaching to the blow. Meanwhile, the stillness became death-like with all surrounding objects. The bird had gone with its scream and rush. The breeze was silent. The vines ceased to wave. The leaves faintly quivered on their stems. The serpent once more lay still; but the eye was never once turned away from the victim. Its corded muscles are all in coil. They have but to unclasp suddenly, and the dreadful folds will be upon her, its full length, and the fatal teeth will strike, and the deadly venom which they secrete will mingle with the life-blood in her veins.

The terrified damsel, her full consciousness restored, but not her strength, feels all the danger. She sees that the sport of the terrible reptile is at an end. She cannot now mistake the horrid expression of its eye. She strives to scream, but the voice dies away, a feeble gurgling in her throat. Her tongue is paralyzed; her lips are sealed; once more she strives for flight, but her limbs refuse their office. She has nothing left of life but its fearful consciousness. It is in her despair that, a last effort, she succeeds to scream, a single wild cry, forced from her by the accumulated agony; she sinks down upon the grass before her enemy,—her eyes, however, still open, and still looking

upon those which he directs forever upon them. She sees him approach,—now advancing, now receding,—now swelling in every part with something of anger, while his neck is arched beautifully like that of a wild horse under the curb; until, at length, tired, as it were, of play, like the cat with its victim, she sees the neck growing larger and becoming completely bronzed as about to strike,—the huge jaws unclosing almost directly above her, the long, tubulated fang, charged with venom, protruding from the cavernous mouth,—and she sees no more! Insensibility came to her aid, and she lay almost lifeless under the very folds of the monster.

In that moment the copse parted,—and an arrow, piercing the monster through and through the neck, bore his head forward to the ground, alongside of the maiden, while his spiral extremities, now unfolding in his own agony, were actually, in part, writhing upon her person. The arrow came from the fugitive *Ooconestoga*, who had fortunately reached the spot in season on his way to the Block House. He rushed from the copse as the snake fell, and, with a stick, fearlessly approached him where he lay tossing in agony upon the grass. Seeing him advance, the courageous reptile made an effort to regain his coil, shaking the fearful rattle violently at every evolution which he took for that purpose; but the arrow, completely passing through his neck, opposed an unyielding obstacle to the endeavor; and, finding it hopeless, and seeing the new enemy about to assault him, with something of the spirit of the white man under like circumstances, he turned desperately round, and, striking his charged fangs, so that they were riveted in the wound they made, into a susceptible part of his own body, he threw himself over with a single convulsion, and, a moment after, lay dead beside the utterly unconscious maiden.

THE SHERIFF OF CALAVERAS.

BRET HARTE.

[Francis Bret Harte was born at Albany, New York, in 1839. He went to California in 1854, where he soon entered the journalistic profession, and quickly acquired reputation as a skilful humorist, poet, and novelist, his work embodying the peculiar flavor of Western life and character to a degree unequalled by any of his competitors in this field. His short stories, such as "The Luck of Roaring Camp," are strongly original in plot and incident, and are excellent renderings of the peculiarities of life in the mining districts, while his poems, though mainly dependent for popularity on their dialectical oddity and their burlesque humor, often reach a much higher level of poetic merit. He is a keen delineator of the pioneer character, and represents the varieties of individuals in the mining camps with photographic correctness. We offer an illustrative selection from his novel of "Gabriel Conroy." It must be premised that Gabriel is a simple-minded, thoroughly honest and upright giant of the mining districts, who has been suspected of the murder of a Mexican sharper. He is under arrest, and a vigilance committee has determined to make short work of him. Their plans are overheard by Jack Hamlin, a noted gambler, who rides in all haste to the rescue of his friend Gabriel. It is, however, mainly to display the well-drawn picture of the Sheriff of Calaveras that we present this selection.]

At nine o'clock half a dozen men lounged down the main street and ascended the upper loft of Briggs' warehouse. In ten or fifteen minutes a dozen more from different saloons in the town lounged as indifferently in the direction of Briggs', until at half-past nine the assemblage in the loft numbered fifty men. During this interval a smaller party had gathered, apparently as accidentally and indefinitely as to purpose, on the steps of the little two-story brick court-house in which the prisoner was confined. At ten o'clock a horse was furiously ridden into town, and dropped exhausted at the

outskirts. A few moments later a man hurriedly crossed the plaza toward the court-house. It was Mr. Jack Hamlin. But the Three Voices had preceded him, and from the steps of the court-house were already uttering the popular mandate.

It was addressed to a single man,—a man who, deserted by his *posse* and abandoned by his friends, had for the last twelve hours sat beside his charge, tireless, watchful, defiant, and resolute,—Joe Hall, the Sheriff of Calaveras! He had been waiting for this summons, behind barricaded doors, with pistols in his belt, and no hope in his heart; a man of limited ideas and restricted resources, constant to only one intent,—that of dying behind those bars, in defence of that legal trust which his office and an extra fifty votes at the election only two months before had put into his hands. It had perplexed him for a moment that he heard the voices of some of these voters below him clamoring against him, but above their feebler pipe always rose another mandatory sentence, “We command you to take and safely keep the body of Gabriel Conroy,” and, being a simple man, the recollection of the quaint phraseology strengthened him and cleared his mind. Ah me! I fear he had none of the external marks of a hero; as I remember him, he was small, indistinctive, and fidgety, without the repose of strength; a man who at that extreme moment chewed tobacco and spat vigorously on the floor; who tweaked the ends of his scanty beard, paced the floor, and tried the locks of his pistols. Presently he stopped before Gabriel, and said, almost fiercely,—

“You hear that?—they are coming!”

Gabriel nodded. Two hours before, when the contemplated attack of the Vigilance Committee had been revealed to him, he had written a few lines to Lawyer Maxwell, which he intrusted to the sheriff. He had

then relapsed into his usual tranquillity,—serious, simple, and, when he had occasion to speak, diffident and apologetic.

“Are you going to help me?” continued Hall.

“In course,” said Gabriel, in quiet surprise, “ef *you* say so. But don’t ye do nowt ez would be gettin’ yourself into troubil along o’ me. I ain’t worth it. Maybe it ’ud be jest as square ef ye handed me over to them chaps out yer, allowin’ I was a heep o’ troubil to you, and reckonin’ you’d about hed *your sheer* o’ the keer o’ me, and kinder passin’ me round. But ef you *do* feel obligated to take keer o’ me, ez hevin’ promised the jedges and jury” (it is almost impossible to convey the gentle deprecatoriness of Gabriel’s voice and accent at this juncture), “why,” he added, “I’m with ye. I’m thar! You understand me!”

He rose slowly, and with quiet but powerfully significant deliberation placed the chair he had been sitting on back against the wall. The tone and act satisfied the sheriff. The seventy-four-gun ship, Gabriel Conroy, was clearing the decks for action.

There was an ominous lull in the outcries below, and then the solitary lifting up of a single voice, the Potential Voice of the night before! The sheriff walked to a window in the hall and opened it. The besieger and besieged measured each other with a look. Then came the Homeric chaff:

“Git out o’ that, Joe Hall, and run home to your mother. She’s getting oneasy about ye!”

“The h—ll you say!” responded Hall, promptly, “and the old woman in such a hurry she had to borry Al. Barker’s hat and breeches to come here! Run home, old gal, and don’t parse yourself off for a man ag’in!”

“This ain’t no bluff, Joe Hall! Why don’t ye call?

Yer's fifty men; the returns are ag'in' ye, and two precincts yet to hear from." (This was a double thrust, at Hall's former career as a gambler, and the closeness of his late election vote.)

"All right! send 'em up by express,—mark 'em C. O. D." (The previous speaker was the expressman.)

"Blank you! Git!"

"Blank you! Come on!"

Here there was a rush at the door, the accidental discharge of a pistol, and the window was slammed down. Words ceased, deeds began.

A few hours before, Hall had removed his prisoner from the uncertain tenure and accessible position of the cells below to the open court-room of the second floor, inaccessible by windows, and lit by a skylight in the roof, above the reach of the crowd, whose massive doors were barricaded by benches and desks. A smaller door at the side, easily secured, was left open for reconnoitring. The approach to the court-room was by a narrow stairway, half-way down whose length Gabriel had thrust the long court-room table as a barricade to the besiegers. The lower outer door, secured by the sheriff after the desertion of his underlings, soon began to show signs of weakening under the vigorous battery from without. From the landing the two men watched it eagerly. As it slowly yielded, the sheriff drew back toward the side-door and beckoned Gabriel to follow; but with a hasty sign Gabriel suddenly sprang forward and dropped beneath the table as the door with a crash fell inward, beaten from its hinges. There was a rush of trampling feet to the stairway, a cry of baffled rage over the impeding table, a sudden scramble up and upon it, and then, as if on its own volition, the long table suddenly reared itself on end, and, staggering a moment, toppled backward with its clinging

human burden on the heads of the thronging mass below. There was a cry, a sudden stampede of the Philistines to the street, and Samson, rising to his feet, slowly walked to the side-door and re-entered the court-room. But at the same instant an agile besieger who, unnoticed, had crossed the Rubicon, darted from his concealment, and dashed by Gabriel into the room. There was a shout from the sheriff, the door was closed hastily, a shot, and the intruder fell. But the next moment he staggered to his knees, with outstretched hands: "Hold up! I'm yer to help ye!"

It was Jack Hamlin! haggard, dusty, grimy; his gay feathers bedraggled, his tall hat battered, his spotless shirt torn open at the throat, his eyes and cheeks burning with fever, the blood dripping from the bullet-wound in his leg, but still Jack Hamlin, strong and audacious. By a common instinct both men dropped their weapons, ran and lifted him in their arms.

"There!—shove that chair under me! that'll do," said Hamlin, coolly. "We're even now, Joe Hall: that shot wiped out old scores, even if it has crippled me and lost ye my valuable aid. Dry up! and listen to me, and then leave me here! There's but one way of escape. It's up there!" (he pointed to the skylight.) "The rear wall hangs over the Wingdam ditch and gully. Once on the roof, you can drop over with this rope, which you must unwind from my body, for I'm d—d if I can do it myself. Can you reach the skylight?"

"There's a step-ladder from the gallery," said the sheriff, joyously. "But won't they see us, and be prepared?"

"Before they can reach the gully by going round, you'll be half a mile away in the woods. But what in blank are you waiting for? Go! You can hold on here for ten minutes more if they attack the same point; but if they

think of the skylight, and fetch ladders, you're gone in! Go."

There was another rush on the staircase without; the surging of an immense wave against the heavy folding doors, the blows of pick and crowbar, the gradual yielding of the barricade a few inches, and the splintering of benches by a few pistol-shots fired through the springing crevices of the doors. And yet the sheriff hesitated. Suddenly Gabriel stooped down, lifted the wounded man to his shoulder as if he had been an infant, and, beckoning to the sheriff, started for the gallery. But he had not taken two steps before he staggered and lapsed heavily against Hall, who, in his turn, stopped and clutched the railing. At the same moment the thunder of the besiegers seemed to increase; not only the door, but the windows rattled, the heavy chandelier fell with a crash, carrying a part of the plaster and the elaborate cornice with it, a shower of bricks fell through the skylight, and a cry, quite distinct from anything heard before, rose from without. There was a pause in the hall, and then the sudden rush of feet down the staircase, and all was still again. The three men gazed in each other's whitened faces.

"An earthquake," said the sheriff.

"So much the better," said Jack. "It gives us time. Forward!"

They reached the gallery and the little step-ladder that led to a door that opened upon the roof, Gabriel preceding with his burden. There was another rush up the staircase without the court-room, but this time there was no yielding in the door: the earthquake that had shaken the foundations and settled the walls had sealed it firmly.

Gabriel was first to step out on the roof, carrying Jack

Hamlin. But as he did so another thrill ran through the building, and he dropped on his knees to save himself from falling, while the door closed smartly behind him. In another moment the shock had passed, and Gabriel, putting down his burden, turned to open the door for the sheriff. But, to his alarm, it did not yield to his pressure: the earthquake had sealed it as it had the door below, and Joe Hall was left a prisoner.

It was Gabriel's turn to hesitate and look at his companion. But Jack was gazing into the street below. Then he looked up and said, "We must go on now, Gabriel; for—for *they've got a ladder!*"

Gabriel rose again to his feet and lifted the wounded man. The curve of the domed roof was slight. In the centre, on a rough cupola or base, the figure of Justice, fifteen feet high, rudely carved in wood, towered above them with drawn sword and dangling scales. Gabriel reached the cupola and crouched behind it, as a shout rose from the street below that told he was discovered. A few shots were fired. One bullet embedded itself in the naked blade of the Goddess, and another, with cruel irony, shattered the equanimity of her balance. "Unwind the cord from me," said Hamlin. Gabriel did so. "Fasten one end to the chimney or the statue." But the chimney was levelled by the earthquake, and even the statue was trembling on its pedestal. Gabriel secured the rope to an iron girder of the skylight, and, crawling on the roof, dropped it cautiously over the gable. But it was several feet too short,—too far for a cripple to drop! Gabriel crawled back to Hamlin. "You must go first," he said, quietly. "I will hold the rope over the gable. You can trust me."

Without waiting for Hamlin's reply, he fastened the rope under his arms and half lifted, half dragged him to

the gable. Then, pressing his hand silently, he laid himself down and lowered the wounded man safely to the ground. He had recovered the rope again, and, crawling to the cupola, was about to fasten the line to the iron girder, when something slowly rose above the level of the roof beyond him. The uprights of a ladder!

The Three Voices had got tired of waiting a reply to their oft-reiterated question, and had mounted the ladder by way of forcing an answer at the muzzles of their revolvers. They reached the level of the roof, one after another, and again propounded their inquiry. And then, as it seemed to their awe-stricken fancy, the only figure there—the statue of Justice—awoke to their appeal. Awoke!—leaned towards them, advanced its awful sword and shook its broken balance, and then, toppling forward with one mighty impulse, came down upon them, swept them from the ladder, and silenced the Voices forever! And from behind its pedestal Gabriel arose, panting, pale, but triumphant.

[The night was spent by the fugitives in a secret hiding-place, and the next morning, accompanied by Gabriel's young sister Olly and by Hamlin's negro servant Pete, who had joined them in the mean time, they resumed their flight. What followed we give in the narrative of the author.]

Gabriel rose, and, lifting Mr. Hamlin in his arms with infinite care and tenderness, headed the quaint procession. Mr. Hamlin, perhaps recognizing some absurdity in the situation, forbore exercising his querulous profanity on the man who held him helpless as an infant, and Olly and Pete followed slowly behind.

Their way led down Reservoir Cañon, beautiful, hopeful, and bracing in the early morning air. A few birds, awakened by the passing tread, started into song a moment, and then were still. With a cautious gentleness

habitual to the man, Gabriel forbore, as he strode along, to step upon the few woodland blossoms yet left to the dry summer woods. There was a strange fragrance in the air, the light odors liberated from a thousand nameless herbs, the faint, melancholy spicing of dead leaves. There was, moreover, that sense of novelty which Nature always brings with the dawn in deep forests; a fancy that during the night the earth had been created anew, and was fresh from the Maker's hand, as yet untried by burden or tribulation, and guiltless of a Past. And so it seemed to the little caravan—albeit fleeing from danger and death—that yesterday and its fears were far away, or had, in some unaccountable way, shrunk behind them in the west with the swiftly-dwindling night. Olly once or twice strayed from the trail to pick an opening flower or lingering berry; Pete hummed to himself the fragment of an old camp-meeting song.

And so they walked on, keeping the rosy dawn and its promise before them. From time to time the sound of far-off voices came to them faintly. Slowly the light quickened; morning stole down the hills upon them stealthily, and at last the entrance of the cañon became dimly outlined. Olly uttered a shout and pointed to a black object moving backward and forward before the opening. It was the wagon and team awaiting them. Olly's shout was answered by a whistle from the driver, and they quickened their pace joyfully; in another moment they would be beyond the reach of danger.

Suddenly a voice that seemed to start from the ground before them called on Gabriel to stop! He did so unconsciously, drawing Hamlin closer to him with one hand, and with the other making a broad protecting sweep toward Olly. And then a figure rose slowly from the ditch at the road-side and barred their passage.

It was only a single man! A small man, bespattered with the slime of the ditch and torn with brambles; a man exhausted with fatigue and tremulous with nervous excitement, but still erect and threatening. A man whom Gabriel and Hamlin instantly recognized, even through his rags and exhaustion. It was Joe Hall,—the sheriff of Calaveras. He held a pistol in his right hand, even while his left exhaustedly sought the support of a tree. By a common instinct both men saw that, while the hand was feeble, the muzzle of the weapon covered them.

"Gabriel Conroy, I want you," said the apparition.

"He's got us lined! Drop me," whispered Hamlin, hastily; "drop me! I'll spoil his aim."

But Gabriel, by a swift, dexterous movement that seemed incompatible with his usual deliberation, instantly transferred Hamlin to his other arm, and, with his burden completely shielded, presented his own right shoulder squarely to the muzzle of Hall's revolver.

"Gabriel Conroy, you are my prisoner," repeated the voice.

Gabriel did not move. But over his shoulder as a rest dropped the long, shining barrel of Jack's own favorite duelling-pistol, and over it glanced the bright eye of its crippled owner. The issue was joined!

There was a death-like silence.

"Go on!" said Jack, quietly. "Keep cool, Joe. For if *you* miss him, you're gone in; and, hit or miss, *I've* got *you* sure!"

The barrel of Hall's pistol wavered a moment, from physical weakness, but not from fear. The great heart behind it, though broken, was undaunted.

"It's all right," said the voice, fatefully. "It's all right, Jack! Ye'll kill me, I know! But ye can't help sayin', arter all, that I did my duty to Calaveras as the sheriff,

and 'specially to them twenty-five men ez elected me over Boggs! I ain't goin' to let ye pass. I've been on this yer hunt, up and down this cañon, all night. Hevin' no possey, I reckon I've got to die yer in my tracks. All right! But ye'll git into thet wagon over my dead body, Jack,—over my dead body, sure."

Even as he spoke these words he straightened himself to his full height,—which was not much, I fear,—and steadied himself by the tree, his weapon still advanced and pointing at Gabriel, but with such an evident and hopeless contrast between his determination and his evident inability to execute it that his attitude impressed his audience less with his heroism than its half-pathetic absurdity.

Mr. Hamlin laughed. But even then he suddenly felt the grasp of Gabriel relax, found himself slipping to his companion's feet, and the next moment was deposited carefully but ignominiously on the ground by Gabriel, who strode quietly and composedly up to the muzzle of the sheriff's pistol.

"I am ready to go with ye, Mr. Hall," he said, gently, putting the pistol aside with a certain large, indifferent wave of the hand, "ready to go with ye,—now,—at onct! But I've one little favor to ax ye. This yer pore young man, ez yur wounded unbeknownst," he said, pointing to Hamlin, who was writhing and gritting his teeth in helpless rage and fury, "ez not to be tuk with me, nor for me! Thar ain't nothin' to be done to him. He hez been dragged inter this fight. But I'm ready to go with ye now, Mr. Hall, and am sorry you got into the troubil along o' me."

PRELUDE TO "AMONG THE HILLS."

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

[Whittier stands too high in the ranks of American poets to require more than a passing comment at our hands; and as a philanthropist and reformer he occupies as elevated a position before the American people. Of wholly estimable modern characters the "Quaker Poet" and Ralph Waldo Emerson may be named in connection, as men who stand at the high-tide mark of moral elevation. But, while Emerson dwelt to some extent in the clouds, and looked down on the world from afar, Whittier has always lived on the human level, with a heart overflowing with sympathy and touched by all the woes and wants of man. His best poems are all marked by deep feeling, while in poetic power they are often of the highest grade of merit. There is nowhere in poetry a more clean-cut and sharply-outlined word-picture than that of the "Life without an Atmosphere," in the poem given below. Whittier was born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1808. His family belonged to the denomination of Friends, in which religious community he has always remained. He early identified himself with the anti-slavery party, edited a newspaper in its interest, and was one of the most earnest advocates of the cause, in favor of which many of his poems were written. His poems are nearly all of a lyrical character, and are instinct with the true spirit of the lyric.]

ALONG the road-side, like the flowers of gold
The tawny Incas for their gardens wrought,
Heavy with sunshine droops the golden-rod,
And the red pennons of the cardinal-flowers
Hang motionless upon their upright staves.
The sky is hot and hazy, and the wind,
Wing-weary with its long flight from the south,
Unfelt; yet, closely scanned, yon maple leaf
With faintest motion, as one stirs in dreams,
Confesses it. The locust by the wall
Stabs the noon-silence with his sharp alarm.
A single hay-cart down the dusty road

Creaks slowly, with its driver fast asleep
On the load's top. Against the neighboring hill,
Huddled along the stone wall's shady side,
The sheep show white, as if a snow-drift still
Defied the dog-star. Through the open door
A drowsy smell of flowers—gray heliotrope,
And white sweet clover, and shy mignonette—
Comes faintly in, and silent chorus lends
To the pervading symphony of peace.

No time is this for hands long overworn
To task their strength; and (unto Him be praise
Who giveth quietness!) the stress and strain
Of years that did the work of centuries
Have ceased, and we can draw our breath once more
Freely and full. So, as yon harvesters
Make glad their nooning underneath the elms
With tale and riddle and old snatch of song,
I lay aside grave themes, and idly turn
The leaves of memory's sketch-book, dreaming o'er
Old summer pictures of the quiet hills,
And human life, as quiet, at their feet.

And yet not idly all. A farmer's son,
Proud of field-lore and harvest-craft, and feeling
All their fine possibilities, how rich
And restful even poverty and toil
Become when beauty, harmony, and love
Sit at their humble hearth as angels sat
At evening in the patriarch's tent, when man
Makes labor noble, and his farmer's frock
The symbol of a Christian chivalry
Tender and just and generous to her
Who clothes with grace all duty,—still, I know

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Too well the picture has another side,—
How wearily the grind of toil goes on
Where love is wanting, how the eye and ear
And heart are starved amidst the plenitude
Of nature, and how hard and colorless
Is life without an atmosphere. I look
Across the lapse of half a century,
And call to mind old homesteads, where no flower
Told that the spring had come, but evil weeds,
Nightshade and rough-leaved burdock, in the place
Of the sweet door-way greeting of the rose
And honeysuckle, where the house-walls seemed
Blistering in sun, without a tree or vine
To cast the tremulous shadow of its leaves
Across the curtainless windows from whose panes
Fluttered the signal rags of shiftlessness ;
Within, the cluttered kitchen-floor, unwashed
(Broom-clean I think they called it) ; the best room
Stifling with cellar damp, shut from the air
In hot midsummer, bookless, pictureless
Save the inevitable sampler hung
Over the fireplace, or a mourning piece,
A green-haired woman, peony-cheeked, beneath
Impossible willows ; the wide-throated hearth
Bristling with faded pine boughs half concealing
The piled-up rubbish at the chimney's back ;
And, in sad keeping with all things about them,
Shrill, querulous women, sour and sullen men,
Untidy, loveless, old before their time,
With scarce a human interest save their own
Monotonous round of small economies,
Or the poor scandal of the neighborhood ;
Blind to the beauty everywhere revealed,
Treading the May-flowers with regardless feet ;

For them the song-sparrow and the bobolink
Sang not, nor winds made music in the leaves ;
For them in vain October's holocaust
Burned, gold and crimson, over all the hills,
The sacramental mystery of the woods ;
Church-goers, fearful of the unseen Powers,
But grumbling over pulpit-tax and pew-rent,
Saving, as shrewd economists, their souls
And winter pork with the least possible outlay
Of salt and sanctity ; in daily life
Showing as little actual comprehension
Of Christian charity and love and duty
As if the Sermon on the Mount had been
Outdated like a last year's almanac :
Rich in broad woodlands and in half-tilled fields,
And yet so pinched and bare and comfortless,
The veriest straggler limping on his rounds,
The sun and air his sole inheritance,
Laughed at a poverty that paid its taxes,
And hugged his rags in self-complacency !

Not such should be the homesteads of a land
Where whoso wisely wills and acts may dwell
As king and lawgiver, in broad-acred state,
With beauty, art, taste, culture, books, to make
His hours of leisure richer than a life
Of fourscore to the barons of old time.
Our yeoman should be equal to his home
Set in the fair, green valleys, purple-walled,
A man to match his mountains, not to creep
Dwarfed and abased below them. I would fain
In this light way (of which I needs must own,
With the knife-grinder of whom Canning sings,
"Story, God bless you! I have none to tell you!")

Invite the eye to see and heart to feel
The beauty and the joy within their reach,—
Home, and home loves, and the beatitudes
Of nature free to all. Haply in years
That wait to take the places of our own,
Heard where some breezy balcony looks down
On happy homes, or where the lake in the moon
Sleeps dreaming of the mountains, fair as Ruth;
In the old Hebrew pastoral, at the feet
Of Boaz, even this simple lay of mine
May seem the burden of a prophecy,
Finding its late fulfilment in a change
Slow as the oak's growth, lifting manhood up
Through broader culture, finer manners, love,
And reverence, to the level of the hills.

SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

[The reputation of Abraham Lincoln is not based upon ability in literature, yet he occupies a recognized position in this field by his orations, which are characterized by a forcible directness of thought, and a grasp of the true nature and spirit of democratic institutions, which will give them a long life in the history of American oratory. We refer in particular to the two short orations given below, the "Second Inaugural" and the "Gettysburg Address," which contain sentiments well worthy to become the accepted mottoes of the American republic.]

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN,—At this second appearing to take the oath of the Presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then,

a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued seemed very fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself, and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this, four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it, all sought to avoid it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city, seeking to destroy it without war,—seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide the effects by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish; and the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union by war, while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with,

or even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God, and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces. But let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayer of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has his own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offences, for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh."

If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of these offences, which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him?

Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said that "the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on, to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the

battle, and for his widow and his orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

GETTYSBURG ORATION.

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we *say* here, but it can never forget what they *did* here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain, that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

WINTER LIFE AND SCENERY IN SIBERIA.

GEORGE KENNAN.

[The failure of the first Atlantic telegraph cable led the Western Union Telegraph Company to attempt the arduous undertaking of reaching Europe by a telegraphic line through British America and Siberia, and a party of engineers was sent to the latter country in 1865 to make the preliminary explorations. The adventures of these pioneers are described in a highly interesting manner by George Kennan, one of their number, in his "Tent Life in Siberia," which is perhaps the best description extant of the dreary northwest of that country. It may be stated here that, after two or three years of hard engineering labor, the enterprise was abandoned. We copy the author's graphic narrative of a sleighing expedition in search of a party of Americans who had been landed in Northwestern Siberia months before, and had been snowed in. To this we add a spirited account of a remarkably brilliant display of the Arctic aurora.]

ON the eleventh day after our departure from Anadyrsk, toward the close of the long twilight which succeeds an Arctic day, our little train of eleven sledges drew near the place where, from Chookchee accounts, we expected to find the long-exiled party of Americans. The night was clear, still, and intensely cold, the thermometer at sunset marking forty-four degrees below zero, and sinking rapidly to -50° as the rosy flush in the west grew fainter and fainter and darkness settled down upon the vast steppe. Many times before, in Siberia and Kamtchatka, I had seen Nature in her sterner moods and winter garb; but never before had the elements of cold, barrenness, and desolation seemed to combine into a picture so dreary as the one which was presented to us that night near Behring's Straits. Far as the eye could pierce the gathering gloom in every direction lay the barren steppe, like a boundless ocean of snow, blown into long wave-like ridges

by previous storms. There was not a tree, nor a bush, nor any sign of animal or vegetable life, to show that we were not travelling on a frozen ocean. All was silence and desolation. The country seemed abandoned by God and man to the Arctic Spirit, whose trembling banners of auroral light flared out fitfully in the north in token of his conquest and dominion. About eight o'clock the full moon rose huge and red in the east, casting a lurid glare over the vast field of snow; but, as if it too were under the control of the Arctic Spirit, it was nothing more than the mockery of a moon, and was constantly assuming the most fantastic and varied shapes. Now it extended itself laterally into a long ellipse, then gathered itself up again into the semblance of a huge red urn, lengthened out to a long, perpendicular bar with rounded ends, and finally became triangular. It can hardly be imagined what added wildness and strangeness this blood-red distorted moon gave to a scene already wild and strange. We seemed to have entered upon some frozen, abandoned world, where all the ordinary laws and phenomena of nature were suspended, where animal and vegetable life were extinct, and from which even the favor of the Creator had been withdrawn. The intense cold, the solitude, the oppressive silence, and the red, gloomy moonlight, like the glare of a distant but mighty conflagration, all united to excite in the mind feelings of awe, which were perhaps intensified by the consciousness that never before had any human being, save a few Wandering Chookchees, ventured in winter upon these domains of the Frost King. There was none of the singing, joking, and hallooing with which our drivers were wont to enliven a night-journey. Stolid and unimpressible though they might be, there was something in the scene which even *they* felt and were silent. Hour after hour wore slowly and wearily away until midnight.

We had passed by more than twenty miles the point on the river where the party of Americans was supposed to be; but no sign had been found of the subterranean house or its projecting stove-pipe, and the great steppe still stretched away before us, white, ghastly, and illimitable as ever. For nearly twenty-four hours we had travelled without a single stop, night or day, except one at sunrise to rest our tired dogs; and the intense cold, fatigue, anxiety, and lack of warm food began at last to tell upon our silent but suffering men. We realized for the first time the hazardous nature of the adventure in which we were engaged, and the almost absolute hopelessness of the search which we were making for the lost American party. We had not one chance in a hundred of finding at midnight on that vast waste of snow a little buried hut, whose location we did not know within fifty miles, and of whose very existence we were by no means certain. Who could tell whether the Americans had not abandoned their subterranean house two months before, and removed with some friendly natives to a more comfortable and sheltered situation? We had heard nothing from them later than December 1, and it was now February. They might in that time have gone a hundred miles down the coast looking for a settlement, or have wandered far back into the interior with a band of Reindeer Chookchees. It was not probable that they would have spent four months in that dreary, desolate region without making an effort to escape. Even if they were still in their old camp, however, how were we to find them? We might have passed their little underground hut unobserved hours before, and might now be going farther and farther away from it, from wood, and from shelter. It had seemed a very easy thing, before we left Anadyrsk, to simply go down the river until we came to a house on the bank or saw a stove-pipe sticking out

of a snow-drift ; but now, two hundred and fifty or three hundred miles from the settlement, in a temperature of fifty degrees below zero, when our lives perhaps depended upon finding that little buried hut, we realized how wild had been our anticipations and how faint were our prospects of success. The nearest wood was more than fifty miles behind us, and in our chilled and exhausted condition we dared not camp without a fire. We must go either forward or back,—find the hut within four hours, or abandon the search and return as rapidly as possible to the nearest wood. Our dogs were beginning already to show unmistakable signs of exhaustion, and their feet, swollen with long travel, had cracked open between the toes and were now spotting the white snow with blood at every step. Unwilling to give up the search while there remained any hope, we still went on to the eastward, along the edges of high, bare bluffs skirting the river, separating our sledges as widely as possible, and extending our line so as to cover a greater extent of ground. A full moon, now high in the heavens, lighted up the vast, lonely plain on the north side of the river as brilliantly as day ; but its whiteness was unbroken by any dark object, save here and there little hillocks of moss and swamp grass from which the snow had been swept by furious winds.

We were all suffering severely from cold, and our fur hoods and the breasts of our fur coats were masses of white frost which had been formed by our breaths. I had put on two heavy reindeer-skin kookhlánkas, weighing in the aggregate about thirty pounds, belted them tightly about the waist with a sash, drawn their thick hoods up over my head and covered my face with a squirrel-skin mask, but, in spite of all, I could only keep from freezing by running beside my sledge. Dodd said nothing, but was evidently disheartened and half frozen ; while the

natives sat silently upon their sledges, as if they expected nothing and hoped for nothing. Only Gregorie and an old Chookchee whom we had brought with us as a guide showed any energy or seemed to have any confidence in the ultimate discovery of the party. They went on in advance, digging everywhere in the snow for wood, examining carefully the banks of the river, and making occasional détours into the snowy plain to the northward. At last Dodd, without saying anything to me, gave his spiked stick to one of the natives, drew his head and arms into the body of his fur coat, and lay down upon his sledge to sleep, regardless of my remonstrances, and paying no attention whatever to my questions. He was evidently becoming stupefied by the deadly chill, which struck through the heaviest furs, and which was constantly making insidious advances from the extremities to the seat of life. He probably would not live through the night unless he could be roused, and might not live two hours. Discouraged by his apparently hopeless condition, and exhausted by the constant struggle to keep warm, I finally lost all hope, and reluctantly decided to abandon the search and camp. By stopping where we were, breaking up one of our sledges for firewood, and boiling a little tea, I thought that Dodd might be revived; but to go on to the eastward seemed to be needlessly risking the lives of all without any apparent prospect of discovering the party or of finding wood. I had just given the order to the natives nearest me to camp, when I thought I heard a faint halloo in the distance. All the blood in my veins suddenly rushed with a great throb to the heart as I threw back my fur hood and listened. Again a faint, long-drawn cry came back through the still atmosphere from the sledges in advance. My dogs pricked up their ears at the startling sound and dashed

eagerly forward, and in a moment I came upon several of our leading drivers gathered in a little group around what seemed to be an old overturned whale-boat which lay half buried in snow by the river's bank. The footprint in the sand was not more suggestive to Robinson Crusoe than was this weather-beaten, abandoned whale-boat to us, for it showed that somewhere in the vicinity there was shelter and life. One of the men a few moments before had driven over some dark, hard object in the snow, which he at first supposed to be a log of drift-wood; but, upon stopping to examine it, he found it to be an American whale-boat. If ever we thanked God from the bottom of our hearts, it was then. Brushing away with my mitten the long fringe of frost which hung to my eyelashes, I looked eagerly around for a house; but Gregorie had been quicker than I, and a joyful shout from a point a little farther down the river announced another discovery. I left my dogs to go where they chose, threw away my spiked stick, and started at a run in the direction of the sound. In a moment I saw Gregorie and the old Chookchee standing beside a low mound of snow, about a hundred yards back from the river-bank, examining some dark object which projected from its smooth white surface. It was the long-talked-of, long-looked-for stove-pipe! The Anadyr River party was found.

The unexpected discovery late at night of this party of countrymen, when we had just given up all hope of shelter, and almost of life, was a godsend to our disheartened spirits, and I hardly knew in my excitement what I did. I remember now walking hastily back and forth in front of the snow-drift, repeating softly to myself at every step, "Thank God! thank God!" but at the time I was not conscious of anything except the great fact of our safety. Dodd, who had been roused from his half-frozen

lethargy by the strong excitement of the discovery, now suggested that we try and find the entrance to the house and get in as quickly as possible, as he was nearly dead with the cold and exhaustion. There was no sound of life in the lonely snow-drift before us, and the inmates, if it had any, were evidently asleep. Seeing no sign anywhere of a door, I walked up on the drift, and shouted down through the stove-pipe, in tremendous tones, "Halloo the house!" A startled voice from under my feet demanded, "Who's there?"

"Come out and see! Where's the door?"

My voice seemed to the astounded Americans inside to come out of the stove,—a phenomenon which was utterly unparalleled in all their previous experience; but they reasoned very correctly that any stove which could ask in good English for the door in the middle of the night had an indubitable right to be answered; and they replied in a hesitating and half-frightened tone that the door was "on the southeast corner." This left us about as wise as before. In the first place, we did not know which way southeast was; and in the second, a snow-drift could not properly be described as having a corner. I started around the stove-pipe, however, in a circle, with the hope of finding some sort of an entrance. The inmates had dug a deep ditch or trench about thirty feet in length for a door-way, and had covered it over with sticks and reindeer-skins to keep out the drifting snow. Stepping incautiously upon this frail roof, I fell through, just as one of the startled men was coming out in his shirt and drawers, holding a candle above his head, and peering through the darkness of the tunnel to see who would enter. The sudden descent through the roof of such an apparition as I knew myself to be, was not calculated to restore the steadiness of startled nerves. I

had on two heavy "kookhlánkas," which swelled out my figure to gigantic proportions, two thick reindeer-skin hoods with long, frosty fringes of black bear-skin were pulled up over my head, a squirrel-skin mask frozen into a sheet of ice concealed my face, and nothing but the eyes peering out through tangled masses of frosty hair showed that the furs contained a human being. The man took two or three frightened steps backward and nearly dropped his candle. I came in such a "questionable shape" that he might well demand "whether my intents were wicked or charitable." As I recognized his face, however, and addressed him again in English, he stopped; and, tearing off my mask and fur hoods, I spoke my name. Never was there such rejoicing as that which then took place in that little underground cellar, as I recognized in the exiled party two of my old comrades and friends, to whom eight months before I had bid good-by as the Olga sailed out of the Golden Gate of San Francisco. I little thought, when I shook hands with Harder and Robinson then, that I should next meet them at night in a little snow-covered cellar on the great lonely steppes of the lower Anadyr.

A SIBERIAN AURORA.

Among the few pleasures which reward the traveller for the hardships and dangers of life in the far north, there are none which are brighter or longer remembered than the magnificent auroral displays which occasionally illumine the darkness of the long polar night and light up with a celestial glory the whole blue vault of heaven. No other natural phenomenon is so grand, so mysterious, so terrible in its unearthly splendor, as this: the veil which conceals from mortal eyes the glory of the eternal throne seems drawn aside, and the awed beholder is lifted

out of the atmosphere of his daily life into the immediate presence of God.

On the 26th of February, while we were all yet living together at Anadyrsk, there occurred one of the grandest displays of the Arctic aurora which had been observed there for more than fifty years, and which exhibited such unusual and extraordinary brilliancy that even the natives were astonished. It was a cold, dark, but clear winter's night, and the sky in the earlier part of the evening showed no signs of the magnificent illumination which was already being prepared. A few streamers wavered now and then in the north, and a faint radiance like that of the rising moon shone above the dark belt of shrubbery which bordered the river; but this was a common occurrence, and it excited no notice or remark. Late in the evening, just as we were preparing to go to bed, Dodd happened to go out of doors for a moment to look after his dogs; but no sooner had he reached the outer door of the entry than he came rushing back, his face ablaze with excitement, shouting, "Kennan! Robinson! Come out, quick!" With a vague impression that the village must be on fire, I sprang up, and, without stopping to put on any furs, ran hastily out, followed closely by Robinson, Harder, and Smith. As we emerged into the open air there burst suddenly upon our startled eyes the grandest exhibition of vivid, dazzling light and color of which the mind can conceive. The whole universe seemed to be on fire. A broad arch of brilliant prismatic colors spanned the heavens from east to west like a gigantic rainbow, with a long fringe of crimson and yellow streamers stretching up from its convex edge to the very zenith. At short intervals of one or two seconds, wide, luminous bands, parallel with the arch, rose suddenly out of the northern horizon and swept with a swift, steady majesty

across the whole heavens, like long breakers of phosphorescent light rolling in from some limitless ocean of space.

Every portion of the vast arch was momentarily wavering, trembling, and changing color, and the brilliant streamers which fringed its edge swept back and forth in great curves, like the fiery sword of the angel at the gate of Eden. In a moment the vast auroral rainbow, with all its wavering streamers, began to move slowly up towards the zenith, and a second arch of equal brilliancy formed directly under it, shooting up another long, serried row of slender colored lances toward the North Star, like a battalion of the celestial host presenting arms to its commanding angel. Every instant the display increased in unearthly grandeur. The luminous bands revolved swiftly, like the spokes of a great wheel of light, across the heavens; the streamers hurried back and forth with swift, tremulous motion from the ends of the arches to the centre, and now and then a great wave of crimson would surge up from the north and fairly deluge the whole sky with color, tingeing the white, snowy earth far and wide with its rosy reflection. But as the words of the prophecy, "And the heavens shall be turned to blood," formed themselves upon my lips, the crimson suddenly vanished, and a lightning flash of vivid orange startled us with its wide, all-pervading glare, which extended even to the southern horizon, as if the whole volume of the atmosphere had suddenly taken fire. I even held my breath a moment, as I listened for the tremendous crash of thunder which it seemed to me must follow this sudden burst of vivid light; but in heaven or earth there was not a sound to break the calm silence of night, save the hastily-muttered prayers of the frightened native at my side, as he crossed himself and kneeled down before the visible majesty of God. I could not imagine any possible addition which

even Almighty power could make to the grandeur of the aurora as it now appeared. The rapid alternations of crimson, blue, green, and yellow in the sky were reflected so vividly from the white surface of the snow that the whole world seemed now steeped in blood, and then quivering in an atmosphere of pale, ghastly green, through which shone the unspeakable glories of the mighty crimson and yellow arches. But the end was not yet. As we watched with upturned faces the swift ebb and flow of these great celestial tides of colored light, the last seal of the glorious revelation was suddenly broken, and both arches were simultaneously shivered into a thousand parallel perpendicular bars, every one of which displayed in regular order, from top to bottom, the seven primary colors of the solar spectrum. From horizon to horizon there now stretched two vast curving bridges of colored bars, across which we almost expected to see, passing and repassing, the bright inhabitants of another world. Amid cries of astonishment and exclamations of "God have mercy!" from the startled natives, these innumerable bars began to move, with a swift dancing motion, back and forth along the whole extent of both arches, passing each other from side to side with such bewildering rapidity that the eye was lost in the attempt to follow them. The whole concave of heaven seemed transformed into one great revolving kaleidoscope of shattered rainbows. Never had I even dreamed of such an aurora as this; and I am not ashamed to confess that its magnificence at that moment overawed and frightened me. The whole sky, from zenith to horizon, was "one molten mantling sea of color and fire, crimson and purple, and scarlet and green, and colors for which there are no words in language and no ideas in the mind,—things which can only be conceived while they are visible." The "signs and portents" in the

heavens were grand enough to herald the destruction of a world: flashes of rich, quivering color, covering half the sky for an instant and then vanishing like summer lightning; brilliant green streamers shooting swiftly but silently up across the zenith; thousands of variegated bars sweeping past each other in two magnificent arches, and great luminous waves rolling in from the interplanetary spaces and breaking in long lines of radiant glory upon the shallow atmosphere of a darkened world.

With the separation of the two arches into component bars it reached its utmost magnificence, and from that time its supernatural beauty slowly but steadily faded. The first arch broke up, and soon after it the second; the flashes of color appeared less and less frequently; the luminous bands ceased to revolve across the zenith; and in an hour nothing remained in the dark starry heavens to remind us of the aurora, except a few faint Magellan clouds of luminous vapor.

I am painfully conscious of my inability to describe as they should be described the splendid phenomena of a great polar aurora; but such magnificent effects cannot be expressed in a mathematical formula, nor can an inexperienced artist reproduce with a piece of charcoal the brilliant coloring of a Turner landscape. I have given only faint hints, which the imagination of the reader must fill up. But be assured that no description, however faithful, no flight of the imagination, however exalted, can begin to do justice to a spectacle of such unearthly grandeur. Until man drops his vesture of flesh and stands in the presence of Deity, he will see no more striking manifestation of the "glory of the Lord, which is terrible," than that presented by a brilliant exhibition of the Arctic aurora.

THE BLUEBIRD.

ALEXANDER WILSON.

[Alexander Wilson, the father of American ornithology, was born at Paisley, Scotland, in 1766. He acquired some reputation in his native land as a poet, before coming to America in 1794. His first employment in this country was as a weaver, and afterwards as a school-teacher, near Philadelphia. The advice and instruction of William Bartram the botanist induced him to study the birds of America. In this pursuit he made a pedestrian tour through Western New York, then a primeval wilderness. This tour was described by him in a lively poem entitled "The Foresters." The result of his labors was a valuable work on ornithology, issued by him in seven volumes, which was completed in 1813. It was admirably done, the birds being pictured with great care and exactness, and was the true pioneer of Audubon's later and magnificent work. Worn out with his excessive labor, Wilson died in 1813. Two additional volumes of his work were edited after his death. His descriptive passages are written in a lively and imaginative style, and possess value from the close observation of nature which they manifest. In his mind the instincts of the poet and the man of science were united.]

THE pleasing manners and sociable disposition of this little bird entitle him to particular notice. As one of the first messengers of spring, bringing the charming tidings to our very doors, he bears his own recommendation always along with him, and meets with a hearty welcome from everybody.

Though generally accounted a bird of passage, yet so early as the middle of February, if the weather be open, he usually makes his appearance about his old haunts, the barn, orchard, and fence-posts. Storms and deep snows sometimes succeeding, he disappears for a time, but about the middle of March is again seen, accompanied by his mate, visiting the box in the garden, or the hole in

the old apple-tree, the cradle of some generations of his ancestors. "When he first begins his amours," says a curious and correct observer, "it is pleasing to behold his courtship, his solicitude to please and to secure the favor of his beloved female. He uses the tenderest expressions, sits close by her, caresses and sings to her his most endearing warblings. When seated together, if he espies an insect delicious to her taste, he takes it up, flies with it to her, spreads his wing over her, and puts it in her mouth." If a rival makes his appearance,—for they are ardent in their loves,—he quits her in a moment, attacks and pursues the intruder as he shifts from place to place, in tones that bespeak the jealousy of his affection, conducts him, with many reproofs, beyond the extremities of his territory, and returns to warble out his transports of triumph beside his beloved mate. The preliminaries being thus settled, and the spot fixed on, they begin to clean out the old nest and the rubbish of the former year, and to prepare for the reception of their future offspring. Soon after this, another sociable little pilgrim (*Motacilla domestica*, house wren) also arrives from the south, and, finding such a snug berth preoccupied, shows his spite by watching a convenient opportunity and, in the absence of the owner, popping in and pulling out sticks, but takes special care to make off as fast as possible.

The female lays five, and sometimes six, eggs, of a pale blue color, and raises two, and sometimes three, broods in a season; the male taking the youngest under his particular care while the female is again sitting. Their principal food are insects, particularly large beetles, and others of the coleopterous kinds that lurk among old, dead, and decaying trees. Spiders are also a favorite repast with them. In fall they occasionally regale themselves on the berries of the sour gum, and, as winter approaches, on

those of the red cedar, and on the fruit of a rough, hairy vine that runs up and cleaves fast to the trunks of trees. Ripe persimmons is another of their favorite dishes; and many other fruits and seeds which I have found in their stomachs at that season, which, being no botanist, I am unable to particularize. They are frequently pestered with a species of tape-worm, some of which I have taken from their intestines of an extraordinary size, and, in some cases, in great numbers. Most other birds are also plagued with these vermin; but the bluebird seems more subject to them than any I know, except the woodcock. An account of the different species of vermin, many of which, I doubt not, are nondescripts, that infest the plumage and intestines of our birds, would of itself form an interesting publication; but, as this belongs more properly to the entomologist, I shall only, in the course of this work, take notice of some of the most remarkable, and occasionally represent them on the same plate with those birds upon which they are usually found.

The usual spring and summer song of the bluebird is a soft, agreeable, and oft-repeated warble, uttered with open, quivering wings, and is extremely pleasing. In his motions and general character he has great resemblance to the robin-redbreast of Britain, and had he the brown olive of that bird, instead of his own blue, could scarcely be distinguished from him. Like him, he is known to almost every child, and shows as much confidence in man by associating with him in summer, as the other by his familiarity in winter. He is also of a mild and peaceful disposition, seldom fighting or quarrelling with other birds. His society is courted by the inhabitants of the country, and few farmers neglect to provide for him, in some suitable place, a snug little summer-house, ready fitted and rent-free. For this he more than sufficiently

repays them by the cheerfulness of his song and the multitude of injurious insects which he daily destroys. Towards fall—that is, in the month of October—his song changes to a single plaintive note, as he passes over the yellow, many-colored woods; and its melancholy air recalls to our minds the approaching decay of the face of nature. Even after the trees are stripped of their leaves, he still lingers over his native fields, as if loath to leave them. About the middle or end of November few or none of them are seen; but with every return of mild and open weather we hear his plaintive note amidst the fields, or in the air, seeming to deplore the devastations of winter. Indeed, he appears scarcely ever totally to forsake us, but to follow fair weather through all its journeyings till the return of spring. . . .

The bluebird is six inches and three-quarters in length, the wings remarkably full and broad; the whole upper parts are of a rich sky-blue, with purple reflections; the bill and legs are black; inside of the mouth, and soles of the feet, yellow, resembling the color of a ripe persimmon; the shafts of all the wing- and tail-feathers are black; throat, neck, breast, and sides, partially under the wings, chestnut; wings, dusky black at the tips; belly and vent, white; sometimes the secondaries are exteriorly light brown, but the bird has in that case not arrived at his full color. The female is easily distinguished by the duller cast of the back, the plumage of which is skirted with light brown, and by the red on the breast being much fainter, and not descending nearly so low as in the male; the secondaries are also more dusky. This species is found over the whole United States; in the Bahama Islands, where many of them winter; as also in Mexico, Brazil, and Guiana.

Mr. Edwards mentions that the specimen of this bird

which he was favored with was sent from the Bermudas; and, as these islands abound with the cedar, it is highly probable that many of those birds pass from our continent thence, at the commencement of winter, to enjoy the mildness of that climate as well as their favorite food.

As the bluebird is so regularly seen in winter after the continuance of a few days of mild and open weather, it has given rise to various conjectures as to the place of his retreat; some supposing it to be in close, sheltered thickets lying to the sun; others the neighborhood of the sea, where the air is supposed to be more temperate, and where the matters thrown up by the waves furnish him with a constant and plentiful supply of food. Others trace him to the dark recesses of hollow trees and subterraneous caverns, where they suppose he dozes away the winter, making, like Robinson Crusoe, occasional reconnoitring excursions from his castle whenever the weather happens to be favorable. But amidst the snows and severities of winter I have sought for him in vain in the most favorable sheltered situations of the Middle States, and not only in the neighborhood of the sea, but on both sides of the mountains. I have never, indeed, explored the depths of caverns in search of him, because I would as soon expect to meet with tulips and butterflies there, as bluebirds; but among hundreds of woodmen, who have cut down trees of all sorts and at all seasons, I have never heard one instance of these birds being found so immured in winter; while in the whole of the Middle and Eastern States the same general observation seems to prevail, that the bluebird always makes his appearance in winter after a few days of mild and open weather. On the other hand, I have myself found them numerous in the woods of North and South Carolina in the depth of winter, and I have also been assured by different gentlemen of respectability,

who have resided in the islands of Jamaica, Cuba, and the Bahamas and Bermudas, that this very bird is common there in winter. We also find, from the works of Hernandez, Piso, and others, that it is well known in Mexico, Guiana, and Brazil; and, if so, the place of its winter retreat is easily ascertained, without having recourse to all the trumpery of holes and caverns, torpidity, hibernation, and such ridiculous improbabilities.

Nothing is more common in Pennsylvania than to see large flocks of these birds, in spring and fall, passing at considerable heights in the air,—from the south in the former and from the north in the latter season. I have seen, in the month of October, about an hour after sunrise, ten or fifteen of them descend from a great height and settle on the top of a tall detached tree, appearing, from their silence and sedateness, to be strangers, and fatigued. After a pause of a few minutes, they began to dress and arrange their plumage, and continued so employed for ten or fifteen minutes more; then, on a few warning notes being given, perhaps by the leader of the party, the whole remounted to a vast height, steering in a direct line for the southwest. In passing along the chain of the Bahamas towards the West Indies, no great difficulty can occur, from the frequency of these islands; nor even to the Bermudas, which are said to be six hundred miles from the nearest part of the continent. This may seem an extraordinary flight for so small a bird; but it is nevertheless a fact that it is performed. If we suppose the bluebird in this case to fly only at the rate of a mile per minute, which is less than I have actually ascertained him to do overland, ten or eleven hours would be sufficient to accomplish the journey, besides the chances he would have of resting-places by the way, from the number of vessels that generally navigate those seas. In like manner, two

days at most, allowing for numerous stages for rest, would conduct him from the remotest regions of Mexico to any part of the Atlantic States. When the natural history of that part of the continent and its adjacent isles is better known, and the period at which its birds of passage arrive and depart are truly ascertained, I have no doubt but these suppositions will be fully corroborated.

A SOJOURN IN ARCADY.

ABBA G. WOOLSON.

[Abba Goold Woolson was born at Windham, Maine, in 1838. She has lectured on English literature, and is the author of "Woman in American Society," "Dress Reform," "Browsings among Books," etc. We offer a characteristic selection from the first-named of these works. Its vein of humor is an agreeable addition to the good sense with which the whole book is replete.]

WHEN the ornamental young lady leaves her city home to indulge for a while in the sweets of a country life, she is in a fair way to study one phase of American society hitherto unknown to her, and to learn from it a few prosaic truths. Poets and romancers have made her familiar with the scenery of their pastorals; and though she has no hope of finding the hill-sides of her new resort sprinkled with coy little shepherdesses, who sit with crooks and garlanded hats amid flocks of sleepy sheep, while love-sick swains blow oaten pipes at their feet, yet she does fancy that something not altogether alien to the pretty, idyllic existence that had got into books will be possible to her there.

After a few weeks she will realize that nowhere are the

hard, bare facts of material life so squarely faced as in our own country towns, where not only the beauty of poetry and art, but even the charms of Nature herself, find little or no recognition. She will learn, too, that between her own occupation and amusements and those of her country sisters there is scarcely more correspondence than if she had been born on the opposite side of the globe.

These thoughts could not but arise when my friend Madge came in this morning to bid us good-by. She is off to-day for her summer campaign; this time neither to the sea-side, the Springs, nor the White Hills, but to an old-fashioned farm-house somewhere in Vermont. The town is charming and retired, she tells me; the house a roomy old mansion, neat and quiet, and embowered under great elms; and the family an independent farmer and wife, who never had a boarder before, and who consent to take her only as a favor. It promises a novel existence to this city maiden, who has spent her summer days among the crowds at fashionable watering-places; and she is enchanted at the prospect of so complete a change.

In a burst of friendly confidence, she declared herself sick of the world,—this poor little nun, just turned of eighteen, and as fine a butterfly as one would wish to see. Great hotels have become to her stupid abodes, where there is nothing to be done, from morning till night, but to dress, and eat, and drift about the piazzas. Flirting—to which, I grieve to say, she is not averse—she asserts to be impossible in such places, for there is not a young man to be met there nowadays, at least nobody worth killing. And so it is that she decides to turn her back upon all vain pomps and vanities, and betake herself to utter seclusion; though, in spite of her sighs, she intends, no doubt, to emerge in time for next winter's round of parties and balls.

You should have heard her rhapsodize so gloriously over the delights she is to find in this new retreat. Such feasting on fruits and berries and cream, such rambles through wood and meadow, such sound, refreshing slumber at night, and such siestas at noonday! One would think she was to live, like the butterflies, by sipping nectar from flower-cups and sleeping in the cool, rocking tents of the lilies. Especially was she rejoiced that she would not have to spend her days in dressing and adorning herself,—as if there were a place where Madge would not do that! Were she to be cast away on a desert island, she could no more keep from braiding her crimps and looping up her overskirts in the latest style than a bird could keep from singing in a wilderness. Wherever she goes she must take her finery and her fashions. Trains of vaporous muslin will float over the sanded floors of that old farm-house, crisp, pale silks rustle in the rush-bottomed chairs, and the prim front chamber be turned into a bewildered boudoir, with French gewgaws running riot over the tall bureau-tops, and bournous and Indian mantles littering the straight tables. Somewhere among the hay-makers will wander a jaunty hat and a scarlet cloak; for it is much to be feared lest this pretty charmer may seek to astound the natives with her gay adornments, and even to get up desperate flirtations with the farmers' sons, if only, like Lady Clara Vere de Vere, "to break a country heart for pastime, ere she goes to town."

Now that my friend is gone, and her pleasant laugh and merry stories will be heard no more for so many weeks, I fall to dreaming over all that she has said. She is a winsome little body, and one would fain believe that she is to walk straight into the lovely Arcady that she has pictured for herself. It would have been cruel to

throw even a sprinkle of cold water over her rosy expectations; though countless fears beset me when she averred that this worthy couple knew nothing of boarders and took her only out of kindness. And their farm-house may prove, after all, the abode of a neat-handed Phyllis and an obliging Corydon, who shall consult her city tastes and provide all things her soul can desire.

It is to be hoped that Madge will have her feasting, at least; she is so weary of sherbets and ices and oyster-pies, and had such glowing visions of her country fare. She was to breakfast, she said, on fresh eggs and broiled chicken; revel, at dinner, on half a dozen kinds of vegetables just pulled from the vines; and sup on great bowls of cream and dishes of berries, cooler and sweeter than any she ever ate before. Stamped cakes of butter, hard as stone and yellow as gold, loomed vaguely in her talk; there was to be bread, light and snowy and piled in wafer slices; sugary cakes filled with caraway-seeds; custards and jellies, and curds of new cheese. All this she was to eat in some breezy room, looking out under vine-sprays upon a blossoming garden.

But, oh, what if Phyllis gives her fried steak for breakfast, as no doubt Phyllis will, and not sirloin at that, and would no more think of broiling a chicken, nor of broiling anything, than if such a mode of cooking was never invented? What if the eggs be sent to market; and omelettes unknown; and the cream skimmed off for churning; and the bread heavy and green and odorous with saleratus? What if fried pork be served for her dinner; and fish never seen; and vegetables and berries be few, for lack of fingers to pick them; and dried cake and underdone pies hold the places of honor at the rural teas? What if ice is a myth; and the butter melts with fervent heat; and water simmers in the pitcher? What

if Corydon sits down to table in his shirt-sleeves, never dreaming that he thus commits the unpardonable sin; and the blinds be shut close in the face of the flies, so that no glimpse of leaf or garden can be had? Such things have been; but it would be cruel for Madge to find them in the paradise of her dreams.

What visions she conjured up of sound, unbroken sleep the whole night long! for she was "to rise with the lark and with the lark to bed," as she told us in her pretty bravura, and was sure she should sleep like a top. Just how a top sleeps, or what precise hours the larks keep, she would be puzzled to tell; but it is plain she means to atone thoroughly for last winter's revelries. A cricket on the hearth was to sing her to sleep; and she revealed a dim notion that the sheets were to smell of lavender, like those in the inn where Ik. Walton lodged so comfortably when he went a-fishing. Madge thinks that all the world goes to bed by gaslight, reposes on hair mattresses under fleecy blankets, and has an exhaustless supply of fresh water pouring into marble basins. But in that best chamber there is a bed of live geese-feathers, the pride of Phyllis's heart; and over that a layer of cotton coverlets, and pillows so small that she must set them on end to keep her head on a breathing-level. In place of her bath-room, one pitcher of water holds the odor of a decayed cistern in its yellow depths; and towels are limited in supply, and fine as cambric handkerchiefs. She thought to lean on her window-sill after twilight, gazing at the midsummer moon and inhaling the dewy fragrance of the fields; but that window goes up with a jerk, and stops midway where no button exists to hold it; and a full canopy of cloth enshrouds its panes, and sends its fringed edges flapping into her eyes. Then a shade of green paper—most unmanageable of things that be—rattles

under it at every wind-stir, and submits to be rolled up only after Madge has resolved never to succumb.

Vexations, indeed, abound; but it is not her part to complain, nor to give orders to a hostess who does not suspect that there can be a change for the better in any part of her house. So, when the kerosene lamp which Madge takes to her room has gone through all its amiable tricks of smoking fiercely against the chimney, exhaling pestiferous odors, and finally succumbing altogether to a sudden whiff of air, she will pick her way about by starlight, like a little owl, or will secretly purloin a tallow candle, and set it ablaze before the mirror where she braids her tresses. And this mirror must be reckoned among her troubles, for it is fixed to the wall so that it cannot be swung, and deigns to reveal only the tops of her crimps to her upturned gaze.

Moreover, Madge likes to sleep in the morning as long as she pleases, and is wont to indulge in delicious naps after the rest of her city household are astir. This reprehensible habit will find no countenance in the new abode. No one calls her, to be sure; but, at what seems the middle of the night, robins begin noisy chatterings in the great elms, so that she is wide awake before dawn. A little later, and all the chickens, ducks, and geese gather for a parade under her window and clamor for their rations. Stealing up from the kitchen comes a clatter of pots and pans, dread forewarnings of breakfast at hand; and the adjoining yard resounds with the whetting of Corydon's scythes. Sound sleeping in Arcady after day-break Madge finds to be an impossible thing.

But nothing deprives her of her delightful rambles; though she is aware that strolling about is not a favorite pastime in that region, and that scaling stone walls is regarded as highly unbecoming in a young lady. She

discovers, also, that her raptures over the beauty of whiteweed, clover, and potato-blossoms are looked upon as evidences of a disordered mind; but she ties them into bouquets for the tea-table, nevertheless, and is fond of arranging them in her hair. Corydon is too kind to tell her that she treads down his tall grass most wofully when she hunts for strawberries, and that he would rather have a hail-storm lodge in his wheat than to see her wandering through it; so she roams everywhere at will. All other exercise is denied her; for no one has any time to spend in driving about for sight-seeing, and as for riding horse-back, there is not a lady's saddle to be found in the town.

Madge considers the best parlor a dark and gloomy cave; and she makes a sitting-room of the steps of the piazza, in the shade of the lilac-trees, much to the surprise of Phyllis, who never sits down outside the four walls of her domain. As the little gypsy leans her head back against the clapboards of the house, and looks up into the great horse-chestnut before her, she sees, in her mind's eye, a light hammock swinging within the shade and the coolness, and she fancies how entrancing it would be to lie there and read her novel, with the sweet breeze stirring the leaves.

But she has an instinctive sense that it would not do to mention this dream, and that such indolence with malice prepense would meet with little favor here. For the first time in her life she feels that she is an incongruity amid her surroundings. It seems, somehow, to be a crime for her to have journeyed hither only to be idle and to enjoy herself. She does imagine, however, that the young hay-maker who comes up to dinner with Corydon, and who blushes so violently when she passes him the butter, must be wonder-struck and delighted by her delicate beauty and strange, rich attire. And that he surely ought to be

When he finds himself served by such a wondrous little goddess, with speech more silvery and courteous than he ever heard before, he should feel tempted to go down on his knees before her, mentally at least, and be willing to prove himself her abject slave. Her crimped tresses should be threads of spun gold to his dazed vision, her eyes soft, luminous stars, her Greek brow and chin—for Madge has a Greek brow and chin—should set him to thinking of that divine stranger whom Æneas and his comrade met in the woods beyond Carthage.

But, alas! the young haymaker never read the poets, ancient or modern; and he entertains no chivalric nonsense about woman. He regards her as a wise provision of nature for getting dinners ready when men are hungry and for taking care of the house when they are gone; and, provided she can put a meal of victuals upon the table in good shape when the clock strikes twelve, do a smart churning before breakfast, have the family wash out on the line in advance of her neighbors, knit blue woollen stockings in the evening without a waste of kerosene, and spend no time in gadding or gossiping, he has nothing to say against her, anyhow. But our Madge does not know how to do anything like this; she is, at best, but one of the idle lilies that neither toil nor spin. And such beings, though they may embarrass him with their finery and manners, appear to him useless drones. It is to be feared that he even calls her a lazy loungee, good for nothing but to spend money and to make folks wait upon her. So, when she crosses the field in her white morning-dress, with its fluted ruffles and bright, flying sash-ends, it is well that she does not hear what the young haymaker is saying, as he stands there wiping his scythe with grass, for it is not at all gallant or complimentary.

Madge is on her way to the wood when she passes the

field; and she means to find there a pleasant spot for reading the novel she has under her arm. I see her making off toward the hill in the hot sun, and even hear the pale, silvery lichens crunch beneath her footsteps. Startled sheep bound away before the apparition of this gorgeous little fairy, as she heaves into sight over the pasture-hill; and long branches bend and rustle behind her, as she disappears within the wood, into the realm of ferns and cool mosses. There are snakes sometimes in those woods; their glassy eyes watch her now from under damp leaves, and her skirt-hem almost brushes against their forked tongues as she moves along. Overhead, bead-like eyes look down upon her, in hushed observance, from silent boughs. She seats herself within the spreading roots of an old tree, and thinks she has at last realized one of her dreams. Leaf-shadows shimmer over the pages that she spreads before her; and the trickle of the brook near by sounds infinitely sweet. Through half-shut eyes she takes in the full beauty of the scene, and then turns to her book, and is lost to all but the adventures of Angelina and her noble knight. The inhabitants of the wood dare to breathe and to move about as before. Birds twitter faintly from the boughs; a couple of daddy-long-legs start out on a race around the broad brim of her Leghorn hat; and sundry strange bugs go prospecting over the folds of her flowing skirt. Soon a grasshopper climbs to her shoulder, to wink his long horns under her very eyes; and a score of mosquitoes begin their mazy dance before her face. A little jewelled hand waves them away, and finally plucks a fern-leaf to beat about in self-defence.

Just then Madge starts to hear a great rustling and trampling behind her, and the near breathing of some dreadful creature whom she does not stop to see. Had she turned, she would have beheld only a pair of soft,

liquid eyes peering through the bushes,—such eyes as Juno herself was said to have,—and a pair of budding horns amid the leaves; for a young heifer has come upon the scene of action, and is wondering who this visitor may be. But Madge does chance to discern the snake in his covert; and fearful is the smothered cry and sudden the plunges with which she departs headlong from her paradise. She snatches the Leghorn hat by its ribbon, thereby finishing the race of the daddy-long-legs at the second heat, and bringing the explorations of insect scouting-parties to an untimely end. The birds, the heifer, the bugs, the mosquitoes, the snakes, all pause to stare once more as she departs; and once more the scarlet-cloaked fairy is seen upon the top of the pasture-hill. Rough scrambling it has proved for the French slippers; their rosettes are filled with sticks and grasses; and the train of vaporous muslin has caught on a tree-stump, and its hem is rent in twain. Madge will never again venture within that wood; it is to her, ever after, the fearsome home of snakes and goblins; an enchanted forest, haunted by shapes upon which she dares not look.

Will Madge tell us of these her troubles in Arcady when she returns in the fall, and we are so glad to look once more into her face and to hear the cheery carol of her greeting? Whatever her sorrows may be,—and they shall be heard with decorous patience,—it will delight us to behold that in spite of them all she has grown to be a full-faced, nut-brown maid, with a fresh sparkle in her eyes and a stronger love of home in her heart.

SUNSHINE AND HOPE.

The brightness and the shadow of life, the hopes that beacon us onward with their rainbowed light, and the griefs that cloud the pathway of our years, have alike given inspiration to the poet, whose song now sparkles with gayety, now touches our hearts with its affecting pathos. It is our present purpose to group some of the light-hearted and hopeful strains, which we may follow, farther on, with a similar cluster of songs of the shadow-land. The opening stanzas of Lowell's "Ode to Happiness" will serve as a fitting introduction to our theme.

SPIRIT, that rarely comest now,
And only to contrast my gloom,
Like rainbow-feathered birds that bloom
A moment on some autumn bough
That, with the spurn of their farewell,
Sheds its last leaves,—thou once didst dwell
With me year-long, and make intense
To boyhood's wisely vacant days
Their fleet but all-sufficing grace
Of trustful inexperience
While soul could still transfigure sense,
And thrill, as with love's first caress
At life's mere unexpectedness.
Days when my blood would leap and run,
As full of sunshine as a breeze,
Or spray tossed up by summer seas
That doubts if it be sea or sun;
Days that flew swiftly, like the band
That played in Grecian games at strife
And passed from eager hand to hand
The onward-dancing torch of life.

Wing-footed ! thou abid'st with him
Who asks it not ; but he who hath
Watched o'er the waves thy waning path
Shall nevermore behold returning
Thy high-heaped canvas shoreward yearning !
Thou first reveal'st to us thy face
Turned o'er the shoulder's parting grace,
A moment glimpsed, then seen no more,—
Thou whose swift footsteps we can trace
Away from every mortal door.

Nymph of the unreturning feet,
How may I win thee back ? But no,
I do thee wrong to call thee so ;
'Tis I am changed, not thou art fleet :
The man thy presence feels again,
Not in the blood, but in the brain,
Spirit, that lov'st the upper air,
Serene and passionless and rare,
Such as on mountain-heights we find
And wide-viewed uplands of the mind,
Or such as scorns to coil and sing
Round any but the eagle's wing
Of souls that with long upward beat
Have won an undisturbed retreat,
Where, poised like wingéd victories,
They mirror in relentless eyes
The life broad-basking 'neath their feet,—
Man ever with his Now at strife,
Pained with first gasps of earthly air,
Then praying Death the last to spare,
Still fearful of the ampler life.

Memory is an essential element of the happiness of mature life, as hope is of our youthful joys, and we look back to boyhood with eyes

that lose sight of its griefs and regret its vanished pleasures. This feeling has been charmingly expressed by Washington Allston, the artist-poet.

Ah! then how sweetly closed those crowded days,
The minutes parting one by one like rays
That fade upon a summer's eve!
But oh! what charm, or magic numbers,
Can give me back the gentle slumbers
Those weary, happy days did leave,
When by my bed I saw my mother kneel,
And with her blessing took her nightly kiss?
Whatever Time destroys, he cannot this:
E'en now that nameless kiss I feel.

The sunshine of the outer world beautifully illustrates the sunshine of the heart in the "Betrothed Anew" of Edmund Clarence Stedman.

The sunlight fills the trembling air,
And balmy days their guerdons bring;
The Earth again is young and fair,
And amorous with musky spring.

The golden nurslings of the May
In splendor strew the spangled green,
And hues of tender beauty play,
Entangled where the willows lean.

Mark how the rippled currents flow;
What lustres on the meadows lie!
And, hark! the songsters come and go,
And trill between the earth and sky.

Who told us that the years had fled,
Or borne afar our blissful youth?

Such joys are all about us spread,
We know the whisper was not truth.

The birds that break from grass and grove
Sing every carol that they sung
When first our veins were rich with love
And May her mantle round us flung.

O fresh-lit dawn ! immortal life !
O Earth's betrothal, sweet and true,
With whose delights our souls are rife,
And aye their vernal vows renew !

Then, darling, walk with me this morn ;
Let your brown tresses drink its sheen ;
These violets, within them worn,
Of floral fays shall make you queen.

What though there comes a time of pain
When autumn winds forebode decay ?
The days of love are born again ;
That fabled time is far away !

And never seemed the land so fair
As now, nor birds such notes to sing,
Since first within your shining hair
I wove the blossoms of the spring.

The flowing gayety of the following song must serve as excuse for its praise of the wine-cup, happily no longer one of the essentials of joyous occasions.

Sparkling and bright in liquid light
Does the wine our goblets gleam in,

With hue as red as the rosy bed
Which a bee would choose to dream in.
Then fill to-night, with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim
And break on the lips while meeting.

Oh, if Mirth might arrest the flight
Of Time through Life's dominions,
We here awhile would now beguile
The graybeard of his pinions,
To drink to-night, with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim
And break on the lips while meeting.

But since Delight can't tempt the wight,
Nor fond Regret delay him,
Nor Love himself can hold the elf,
Nor sober Friendship stay him,
We'll drink to-night, with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim
And break on the lips while meeting.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

We may offer as antidote to the subtle poison of the preceding strain
"The Toast" of Mary Kyle Dallas.

Pop! went the gay cork flying,
Sparkled the gay champagne;
By the light of a day that was dying
He filled up their goblets again.
"Let the last, best toast be 'Woman,—
Woman, dear woman!'" said he:

"Empty your glass, my darling,
When you drink to your sex with me."

But she caught his strong brown fingers,
And held them tight as in fear,
And through the gathering twilight
Her voice fell on his ear:

"Nay, ere you drink, I implore you,
By all that you hold divine,
Pledge a woman in tear-drops
Rather by far than in wine!

"By the woes of the drunkard's mother,
By his children who beg for bread,
By the fate of her whose beloved one
Looks on the wine when 'tis red,
By the kisses changed to curses,
By the tears more bitter than brine,
By many a fond heart broken,—
Pledge no woman in wine."

From the joy of sunshine, hope, love, and wine, we come to that of blissful laziness, under skies without a cloud, and with a heart empty of care, other than that the sun may always shine. The utter idleness of the Italian *dolce far niente* is thus neatly paraphrased by Charles G. Halpine, the "Miles O'Reilly" of war times.

My friend, my chum, my trusty crony,
We were designed, it seems to me,
To be two happy lazzaroni,
On sunshine fed and macaroni,
Far off by some Sicilian sea.

From dawn to eve in the happy land
No duty on us but to lie

Straw-hatted on the shining sand,
With bronzing chest and arm and hand,
Beneath the blue Italian sky.

There, with the mountains idly glassing
Their purple splendors in the sea,
To watch the white-winged vessels passing
(Fortunes for busier fools amassing),—
This were a heaven to you and me ;

Our meerschaums coloring cloudy brown,
Two young girls coloring with a blush,
The blue waves with a silver crown,
The mountain-shadows dropping down,
And all the air in perfect hush :

Thus should we lie in the happy land,
Nor fame, nor power, nor fortune miss,
Straw-hatted on the shining sand,
With bronzing chest and arm and hand,—
Two loafers couched in perfect bliss.

Halpine's picture of the *dolce far niente* of the body may be fitly followed by a peculiarly original poetic rendering of the "sweet doing nothing" of the soul, by an unknown writer.

My soul lies out like a basking hound,
A hound that dreams and dozes ;
Along my life my length I lay,
I fill to-morrow and yesterday,
I am warm with the suns that have long since set,
I am warm with the summers that are not yet,
And like one that dreams and dozes,
Softly afloat on a sunny sea,
Two worlds are whispering over me,

And there blows a wind of roses
From the backward shore to the shore before,
From the shore before to the backward shore,
And, like two clouds that meet and pour
Each through each, till core in core
A single self reposes,
The nevermore and evermore
Above me mingles and closes ;
As my soul lies out like a basking hound,
And wherever it lies seems happy ground,
And when, awakened by some sweet sound,
A dreamy eye uncloses,
I see a blooming world around,
And lie amid primroses,—
Years of sweet primroses,
Springs to be, and springs for me,
Of distant dim primroses.

With the following verses from another anonymous author, to whom the sunshine of life is a more vital and persistent element than its shadow, we close this poetic symposium.

SUNSHINE.

Our griefs are soon forgot ;
They were, and they are not,
And the happy-hearted world little cares for vanished
pains ;
But we fill the cup of pleasure
To so deep and brimming measure
That the subtle overflowing spirit all our being stains.

E'en perils dark and frightful
Yield memories delightful,—
From the granite cliffs of trouble golden grains of pleas-
ure won ;

Through life's midnight we grope
Unto many a starry hope,
And the deepest, drearest shadow hides the glad beams
of the sun.

In passionate ebb and flow
The sullen waves of woe
Gushing on us in a torrent sweep our warm hearts bare
of love,
But on the deepest tide
The ark of hope will ride,
And an earth green through the deluge greets the white
wings of our dove.

With tender lips, relief
Smiles down the pang of grief;
On a mist of falling tear-drops is our bow of promise
built;
And the cruel hand of death
Unto Eden openeth,
Heaven drinks the rare rich wine of life from Earth's
rent goblet spilt.

Lapt in a sunny dream
We float adown life's stream,
Though the chilling winter winds blow across a dismal
wold;
Summer fancies swim and dart
Through the sunshine of the heart,
While the world without us shivers in the bleak December
cold.

A SUCCESSFUL RUSE.

JOHN P. KENNEDY.

[Among the novels of the last generation those of John Pendleton Kennedy occupied an important place in public favor, from the liveliness of their descriptions and their historical accuracy. Of these we may name "Swallow Barn," "Rob of the Bowl," and "Horse Shoe Robinson," from the latter of which we make our extract. The author was born in Baltimore, in 1795. He served in the war of 1812, and was afterwards a member of the Maryland legislature, and of the United States House of Representatives. He was made Secretary of the Navy in 1852, and died in August, 1870.]

ON the morning that succeeded the night in which Horse Shoe Robinson arrived at Musgrove's, the stout and honest sergeant might have been seen, about eight o'clock, leaving the main road from Ninety-Six at the point where that leading to David Ramsay's separated from it, and cautiously urging his way into the deep forest by the more private path into which he had entered. The knowledge that Innis was encamped along the Ennoree, within a short distance of the mill, had compelled him to make an extensive circuit to reach Ramsay's dwelling, whither he was now bent; and he had experienced considerable delay in his morning journey, by finding himself frequently in the neighborhood of small foraging-parties of Tories, whose motions he was obliged to watch for fear of an encounter. He had once already been compelled to use his horse's heels in what he called "fair flight," and once to ensconce himself a full half-hour under cover of the thicket afforded him by a swamp. He now, therefore, according to his own phrase, "dived into the little road that scrambled down through the woods towards Ramsay's, with all his eyes about him, looking

out as sharply as a fox on a foggy morning;" and, with this circumspection, he was not long in arriving within view of Ramsay's house. Like a practised soldier, whom frequent frays have taught wisdom, he resolved to reconnoitre before he advanced upon a post that might be in possession of an enemy. He therefore dismounted, fastened his horse in a fence-corner, where a field of corn concealed him from notice, and then stealthily crept forward until he came immediately behind one of the out-houses.

The barking of a house-dog brought out a negro boy, to whom Robinson instantly addressed the query,—

"Is your master at home?"

"No, sir. He's got his horse, and gone off more than an hour ago."

"Where is your mistress?"

"Shelling beans, sir."

"I didn't ask you," said the sergeant, "what she is doing, but where she is."

"In course, she is in the house, sir," replied the negro, with a grin.

"Any strangers there?"

"There was plenty on 'em a little while ago, but they've been gone a good bit."

Robinson, having thus satisfied himself as to the safety of his visit, directed the boy to take his horse and lead him up to the door. He then entered the dwelling.

"Mistress Ramsay," said he, walking up to the dame, who was occupied at a table, with a large trencher before her, in which she was plying that household thrift which the negro described, "luck to you, ma'am, and all your house! I hope you haven't none of these clinking and clattering bullies about you, that are as thick over this country as the frogs in the kneading-troughs, that they tell of."

"Good lack, Mr. Horse Shoe Robinson!" exclaimed the

matron, offering the sergeant her hand. "What has brought you here? What news? Who are with you? For patience' sake, tell me!"

"I am alone," said Robinson, "and a little wettish, mistress," he added, as he took off his hat and shook the water from it; "it has just soted up a rain, and looks as if it was going to give us enough on't. You don't mind doing a little dinner-work of a Sunday, I see: shelling of beans, I s'pose, is tantamount to dragging a sheep out of a pond, as the preachers allow on the Sabbath,—ha, ha! Where's Davy?"

"He's gone over to the meeting-house on Ennoree, hoping to hear something of the army at Camden. Perhaps you can tell us the news from that quarter?"

"Faith, that's a mistake, Mistress Ramsay. Though I don't doubt that they are hard upon the scratches by this time. But at this present speaking I command the flying artillery. We have but one man in the corps,—and that's myself; and all the guns we have got is this piece of ordnance that hangs in this old belt by my side" (pointing to his sword), "and that I captured from the enemy at Blackstock's. I was hoping I mought find John Ramsay at home: I have need of him as a recruit."

"Ah, Mr. Robinson, John has a heavy life of it over there with Sumter. The boy is often without his natural rest or a meal's victuals; and the general thinks so much of him that he can't spare him to come home. I haven't the heart to complain, as long as John's service is of any use, but it does seem, Mr. Robinson, like needless tempting of the mercies of Providence. We thought that he might have been here to-day; yet I am glad he didn't come, for he would have been certain to get into trouble. Who should come in this morning, just after my husband had cleverly got away on his horse, but a young cock-a-

whoop ensign that belongs to Ninety-Six, and four great Scotchmen with him, all in red coats; they had been out thieving, I warrant, and were now going home again. And who but they! Here they were, swaggering all about my house, and calling for this and calling for that, as if they owned the fee-simple of everything on the plantation. And it made my blood rise, Mr. Horse Shoe, to see them run out in the yard and catch up my chickens and ducks and kill as many as they could string about them, and I not daring to say a word: though I did give them a piece of my mind, too."

"Who is at home with you?" inquired the sergeant, eagerly.

"Nobody but my youngest boy, Andrew," answered the dame. "And then the filthy toping rioters——" she continued, exalting her voice.

"What arms have you in the house?" asked Robinson, without heeding the dame's rising anger.

"We have a rifle, and a horseman's pistol that belongs to John. They must call for drink, too, and turn my house, of a Sunday morning, into a tavern——"

"They took the route towards Ninety-Six, you said, Mistress Ramsay?"

"Yes, they went straight forward upon the road. But, look you, Mr. Horse Shoe, you're not thinking of going after them?"

"Isn't there an old field, about a mile from this, on that road?" inquired the sergeant, still intent upon his own thoughts.

"There is," replied the dame,—“with the old school house upon it.”

"A lop-sided, rickety log cabin in the middle of the field. Am I right, good woman?"

"Yes."

"And nobody lives in it? It has no door to it?"

"There ha'n't been anybody in it these seven years."

"I know the place very well," said the sergeant, thoughtfully: "there is woods just on this side of it."

"That's true," replied the dame. "But what is it you are thinking about, Mr. Robinson?"

"How long before this rain began was it that they quitted this house?"

"Not above fifteen minutes."

"Mistress Ramsay, bring me the rifle and pistol, both,—and the powder-horn and bullets."

"As you say, Mr. Horse Shoe," answered the dame, as she turned round to leave the room; "but I am sure I can't suspicion what you mean to do."

In a few moments the woman returned with the weapons, and gave them to the sergeant.

"Where is Andy?" asked Horse Shoe.

The hostess went to the door and called her son; and almost immediately afterwards a sturdy boy, of about twelve or fourteen years of age, entered the apartment, his clothes dripping with rain. He modestly and shyly seated himself on a chair near the door, with his soaked hat flapping down over a face full of freckles, and not less rife with the expression of an open, dauntless hardihood of character.

"How would you like a scrummage, Andy, with them Scotchmen that stole your mother's chickens this morning?" asked Horse Shoe.

"I'm agreed," replied the boy, "if you will tell me what to do."

"You are not going to take the boy out on any of your desperate projects, Mr. Horse Shoe?" said the mother, with the tears starting instantly into her eyes. "You wouldn't take such a child as that into danger!"

"Bless your soul, Mistress Ramsay, there aren't no danger about it! Don't take on so. It's a thing that is either done at a blow, or not done; and there's an end of it. I want the lad only to bring home the prisoners for me, after I have took them."

"Ah, Mr. Robinson, I have one son already in these wars,—God protect him!—and you men don't know how a mother's heart yearns for her children in these times. I cannot give another," she added, as she threw her arms over the shoulders of the youth and drew him to her bosom.

"Oh, it ain't nothing," said Andrew, in a sprightly tone. "It's only snapping of a pistol, mother. Pooh! If I'm not afraid, you oughtn't to be."

"I give you my honor, Mistress Ramsay," said Robinson, "that I will bring or send your son safe back in one hour, and that he shan't be put in any sort of danger whatsomedever. Come, that's a good woman!"

"You are not deceiving me, Mr. Robinson?" asked the matron, wiping away a tear. "You wouldn't mock the sufferings of a weak woman in such a thing as this?"

"On the honesty of a sodger, ma'am," replied Horse Shoe, "the lad shall be in no danger, as I said before,—whatsomedever."

"Then I will say no more," answered the mother. "But, Andy, my child, be sure to let Mr. Robinson keep before you."

Horse Shoe now loaded the fire-arms, and, having slung the pouch across his body, he put the pistol into the hands of the boy; then, shouldering his rifle, he and his young ally left the room. Even on this occasion, serious as it might be deemed, the sergeant did not depart without giving some manifestation of that light-heartedness which no difficulties ever seemed to have the power to conquer.

He thrust his head back into the room, after he had crossed the threshold, and said, with an encouraging laugh, "Andy and me will teach them, Mistress Ramsay, Pat's point of war: we will *surround* the ragamuffins."

"Now, Andy, my lad," said Horse Shoe, after he had mounted Captain Peter, "you must get up behind me. Turn the lock of your pistol down," he continued, as the boy sprang upon the horse's rump, "and cover it with the flap of your jacket, to keep the rain off. It won't do to hang fire at such a time as this."

The lad did as he was directed, and Horse Shoe, having secured his rifle in the same way, put his horse up to a gallop and took the road in the direction that had been pursued by the soldiers.

As soon as our adventurers had gained a wood, at the distance of about half a mile, the sergeant relaxed his speed and advanced at a pace a little above a walk.

"Andy," he said, "we have got rather a ticklish sort of a job before us: so I must give you your lesson, which you will understand better by knowing something of my plan. As soon as your mother told me that these thieving villains had left her house about fifteen minutes before the rain came on, and that they had gone along upon this road, I remembered the old field up here and the little log hut in the middle of it; and it was natural to suppose that they had just got about near that hut when this rain came up; and then it was the most supposable case in the world that they would naturally go into it, as the driest place they could find. So now you see it's my calculation that the whole batch is there at this very point of time. We will go slowly along until we get to the other end of this wood, in sight of the old field; and then, if there is no one on the lookout, we will open our first trench: you know what that means, Andy?"

"It means, I s'pose, that we'll go right smack at them," replied Andrew.

"Pretty exactly," said the sergeant. "But listen to me. Just at the edge of the woods you will have to get down and put yourself behind a tree. I'll ride forward, as if I had a whole troop at my heels; and if I catch them, as I expect, they will have a little fire kindled, and, as likely as not, they'll be cooking some of your mother's fowls."

"Yes, I understand," said the boy, eagerly.

"No, you don't," replied Horse Shoe; "but you will when you hear what I am going to say. If I get at them onawares they'll be mighty apt to think they are surrounded, and will bellow like fine fellows for quarters. And thereupon, Andy, I'll cry out, 'Stand fast!' as if I was speaking to my own men; and when you hear that, you must come up full tilt,—because it will be a signal to you that the enemy has surrendered. Then it will be your business to run into the house and bring out the muskets as quick as a rat runs through a kitchen; and when you have done that,—why, all's done. But if you should hear any popping of fire-arms,—that is, more than one shot, which I may chance to let off,—do you take that for a bad sign, and get away as fast as you can heel it. You comprehend?"

"Oh, yes," replied the lad, "and I'll do what you want,—and more too, maybe, Mr. Robinson."

"*Captain Robinson*, remember, Andy: you must call me captain, in the hearing of these Scotsmen."

"I'll not forget that, neither," answered Andrew.

By the time that these instructions were fully impressed upon the boy, our adventurous forlorn hope, as it may fitly be called, had arrived at the place which Horse Shoe had designated for the commencement of active operations.

They had a clear view of the old field; and it afforded them a strong assurance that the enemy was exactly where they wished him to be, when they discovered smoke arising from the chimney of the hovel. Andrew was soon posted behind a tree, and Robinson only tarried a moment to make the boy repeat the signals agreed on, in order to ascertain that he had them correctly in his memory. Being satisfied from this experiment that the intelligence of his young companion might be depended upon, he galloped across the intervening space, and in a few seconds abruptly reined up his steed in the very door-way of the hut. The party within was gathered around a fire at the further end; and in the corner near the door were four muskets thrown together against the wall. To spring from his saddle and thrust himself one pace inside of the door was a movement which the sergeant executed in an instant, shouting at the same time,—

“Halt! File off right and left to both sides of the house, and wait orders. I demand the surrender of all here,” he said, as he planted himself between the party and their weapons. “I will shoot down the first man who budges a foot.”

“Leap to your arms!” cried the young officer who commanded the little party inside of the house. “Why do you stand?”

“I don’t want to do you or your men any harm, young man,” said Robinson, as he brought his rifle to a level, “but, by my father’s son, I will not leave one of you to be put upon a muster-roll, if you raise a hand at this moment!”

Both parties now stood for a brief space eying each other, in a fearful suspense, during which there was an expression of doubt and irresolution visible on the countenances of the soldiers as they surveyed the broad

proportion, and met the stern glance of the sergeant; whilst the delay, also, began to raise an apprehension in the mind of Robinson that his stratagem would be discovered.

"Shall I let loose upon them, captain?" said Andrew Ramsay, now appearing, most unexpectedly to Robinson, at the door of the hut. "Come on, boys!" he shouted, as he turned his face towards the field.

"Keep them outside of the door. Stand fast!" cried the doughty sergeant, with admirable promptitude, in the new and sudden posture of his affairs caused by this opportune appearance of the boy. "Sir, you see that it's not worth while fighting five to one; and I should be sorry to be the death of any of your brave fellows: so take my advice, and surrender to the Continental Congress and this scrap of its army which I command."

During this appeal the sergeant was ably seconded by the lad outside, who was calling out first on one name and then on another, as if in the presence of a troop. The device succeeded, and the officer within, believing the forbearance of Robinson to be real, at length said,—

"Lower your rifle, sir. In the presence of a superior force, taken by surprise and without arms, it is my duty to save bloodshed. With the promise of fair usage and the rights of prisoners of war, I surrender this little foraging-party under my command."

"I'll make the terms agreeable," replied the sergeant. "Never doubt me, sir. Right-hand file, advance, and receive the arms of the prisoners!"

"I'm here, captain," said Andrew, in a conceited tone, as if it were a mere occasion of merriment; and the lad quickly entered the house and secured the weapons, retreating with them some paces from the door.

"Now, sir," said Horse Shoe to the ensign, "your sword,

and whatever else you mought have about you of the ammunitions of war!"

The officer delivered up his sword and a pair of pocket-pistols.

As Horse Shoe received these tokens of victory, he asked, with a lambent smile, and what he intended to be an elegant and condescending composure, "Your name?—if I mought take the freedom."

"Ensign St. Jermyn, of his majesty's seventy-first regiment of light infantry."

"Ensign, your sarvent," added Horse Shoe, still preserving this unusual exhibition of politeness. "You have defended your post like an old sodger, although you ha'n't much beard on your chin; but, seeing you have given up, you shall be treated like a man who has done his duty. You will walk out now, and form yourselves in line at the door. I'll engage my men shall do you no harm: they are of a marcifful breed."

When the little squad of prisoners submitted to this command, and came to the door, they were stricken with equal astonishment and mortification to find, in place of the detachment of cavalry which they expected to see, nothing but a man, a boy, and a horse. Their first emotions were expressed in curses, which were even succeeded by laughter from one or two of the number. There seemed to be a disposition, on the part of some, to resist the authority that now controlled them, and sundry glances were exchanged which indicated a purpose to turn upon their captors. The sergeant no sooner perceived this than he halted, raised his rifle to his breast, and at the same instant gave Andrew Ramsay an order to retire a few paces and to fire one of the captured pieces at the first man who opened his lips.

"By my hand," he said, "if I find any trouble in taking

you, all five, safe away from this here house, I will thin your numbers with your own muskets! And that's as good as if I had sworn to it."

"You have my word, sir," said the ensign. "Lead on."

"By your leave, my pretty gentleman, you will lead, and I'll follow," replied Horse Shoe. "It may be a new piece of drill to you, but the custom is to give the prisoners the post of honor."

"As you please, sir," answered the ensign. "Where do you take us to?"

"You will march back by the road you came," said the sergeant.

Finding the conqueror determined to execute summary martial law upon the first who should mutiny, the prisoners submitted, and marched in double file from the hut back towards Ramsay's,—Horse Shoe, with Captain Peter's bridle dangling over his arm, and his gallant young auxiliary, Andrew, laden with double the burden of Robinson Crusoe (having all the fire-arms packed upon his shoulders), bringing up the rear. In this order victors and vanquished returned to David Ramsay's.

"Well, I have brought you your ducks and chickens back, mistress," said the sergeant, as he halted the prisoners at the door, "and, what's more, I have brought home a young sodger that's worth his weight in gold."

"Heaven bless my child! my boy, my brave boy!" cried the mother, seizing the lad in her arms, and unheeding anything else in the present perturbation of her feelings. "I feared ill would come of it; but Heaven has preserved him. Did he behave handsomely, Mr. Robinson? But I am sure he did."

"A little more venturesome, ma'am, than I wanted him to be," replied Horse Shoe. "But he did excellent sarvice. These are his prisoners, Mistress Ramsay: I should never

have got them if it hadn't been for Andy. In these drumming and fifeing times the babies suck in quarrel with their mothers' milk. Show me another boy in America that's made more prisoners than there was men to fight them with,—that's all!"

THE MOON IN THE MILL-POND.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

[The "Uncle Remus" sketches of Joel C. Harris opened up a new field in American literature, which has been thoroughly worked by its first discoverer. Until these sketches were published, no idea was entertained of the rich stores of folk-lore among the negroes of the South. These stories undoubtedly owe something to their editor, and Uncle Remus himself is a unique creation. Yet no one questions that they are in the main due to the negro imagination. And it is of interest, in this connection, to find that the fox of European folk-lore is here replaced by Brother Rabbit, who acts as the cunning mischief-maker throughout this whole range of fable-literature.]

ONE night when the little boy made his usual visit to Uncle Remus, he found the old man sitting up in his chair fast asleep. The child said nothing. He was prepared to exercise a good deal of patience upon occasion, and the occasion was when he wanted to hear a story. But, in making himself comfortable, he aroused Uncle Remus from his nap.

"I let you know, honey," said the old man, adjusting his spectacles, and laughing rather sheepishly,—*"I let you know, honey, w'en I gits my head r'ar'd back dat away, en my eyeleds shot, en my mouf open, en my chin p'intin' at de rafters, den dey's some mighty quare gwines-on in my min'. Dey is dat, des ez sho ez youer settin' dar. W'en I fus year you comin' down de paf,"* Uncle Remus

continued, rubbing his beard thoughtfully, "I 'uz sorter fear'd you mought 'spicion dat I done gone off on my journeys fer ter see ole man Nod."

This was accompanied by a glance of inquiry, to which the little boy thought it best to respond.

"Well, Uncle Remus," he said, "I did think I heard you snoring when I came in."

"Now you see dat!" exclaimed Uncle Remus, in a tone of grieved astonishment; "you see dat! Man can't lean hisse'f 'pun his 'membunce, 'ceppin' dey's some un fer ter come high-primin' roun' en 'lowin' dat he done gone ter sleep. *Shoo!* W'en you stept in dat do' dar I 'uz right in 'mungs some mighty quare notions,—mighty quare notions. Dey ain't no two ways; ef I 'uz ter up en let on 'bout all de notions w'at I gits in 'mungs, folks 'ud hatter come en kyar me off ter de place where dey puts 'stracted people.

"Atter I sop up my supper," Uncle Remus went on, "I tuck'n year some flutterments up dar 'mungs de rafters, en I look up, en dar wuz a Bat sailin' 'roun'. 'Roun' en 'roun', en 'roun' she go,—und' de rafters, 'bove de rafters,—en ez she sail she make noise lak she grittin' 'er toofies. Now, w'at dat Bat atter, I be bless ef I kin tell you, but dar she wuz; 'roun' en 'roun', over en under. I ax 'er w'at do she want up dar, but she ain't got no time fer ter tell; 'roun' en 'roun', en over en under. En bimeby, out she flip, en I boun' she grittin' 'er toofies en gwine 'roun' en 'roun' out dar, en dodgin' en flippin' des lak de elements wuz full er rafters en cobwebs.

"W'en she flip out I le'nt my head back, I did, en 'twa'n't no time 'fo' I git mix up wid my notions. Dat Bat wings so limber en 'er will so good dat she done done 'er day's work dar 'fo' you could 'er run ter de big house en back. De Bat put me in min' er folks," continued

Uncle Remus, settling himself back in his chair, "en folks put me in min' er de creeturs."

Immediately the little boy was all attention.

"Dey wuz times," said the old man, with something like a sigh, "w'en de creeturs 'ud segashuate tergedder des like dey ain't had no fallin' out. Dem wuz de times w'en old Brer Rabbit 'ud 'ten' lak he gwine quit he 'havishness, en dey'd all go 'roun' des lak dey b'long ter de same fambly connection.

"One time atter dey bin gwine in cohoots dis away, Brer Rabbit 'gun ter feel his fat, he did, en dis make 'im git projecky terreckly. De mo' peace w'at dey had, de mo' wuss Brer Rabbit feel, twel bimeby he git restless in de min'. W'en de sun shine he'd go en lay off in de grass en kick at de gnats, en nibble at de mullen-stalk, en waller in de san'. One night atter supper, w'iles he 'uz romancin' 'roun', he run up wid ole Brer Tarrypin, en atter dey shuck han's dey sot down on de side er de road en run on 'bout ole times. Dey talk en dey talk, dey did, en bimeby Brer Rabbit say it done come ter dat pass whar he bleedz ter have some fun, en Brer Tarrypin 'low dat Brer Rabbit des de ve'y man he bin lookin' fer.

"Well, den,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'we'll des put Brer Fox, en Brer Wolf, en Brer B'ar on notice, en tomorrow night we'll meet down by de mill-pon' en have a little fishin'-frolic. I'll do de talkin',' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'en you kin set back en say *yea*,' sezee.

"Brer Tarrypin laugh.

"Ef I ain't dar,' sezee, 'den you may know de grasshopper done fly 'way wid me,' sezee.

"En you neenter bring no fiddle, n'er,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'kaze dey ain't gwine ter be no dancin' dar,' sezee.

"Wid dat," continued Uncle Remus, "Brer Rabbit put out fer home, en went ter bed, en Brer Tarrypin bruise

'roun' en make his way todes de place so he kin be dar 'gin de 'p'inted time.

"Nex' day Brer Rabbit sont wud ter de yuther creeturs, en dey all make great 'miration, kaze dey ain't think 'bout dis deyse'f. Brer Fox he 'low, he did, dat he gwine atter Miss Meadows en Miss Motts, en de yuther gals.

"Sho nuff, w'en de time come dey wuz all dar. Brer B'ar he fotch a hook en line; Brer Wolf he fotch a hook en line; Brer Fox he fotch a dip-net; en Brer Tarrypin, not ter be outdone, he fotch de bait."

"What did Miss Meadows and Miss Motts bring?" the little boy asked.

Uncle Remus dropped his head slightly to one side, and looked over his spectacles at the little boy.

"Miss Meadows en Miss Motts," he continued, "dey tuck'n stan' way back fum de aidge er de pon' en squeal eve'y time Brer Tarrypin shuck de box' er bait at um. Brer B'ar 'low he gwine ter fish fer mud-cats; Brer Wolf 'low he gwine ter fish fer horneyheads; Brer Fox 'low he gwine ter fish fer peech fer de ladies; Brer Tarrypin 'low he gwine ter fish fer minners; en Brer Rabbit wink at Brer Tarrypin' en 'low he gwine ter fish fer suckers.

"Dey all git ready, dey did, en Brer Rabbit march up 'ter de pon' en make fer ter th'ow he hook in de water, but des 'bout dat time hit seem lak he see sump'n. De t'er creeturs, dey stop en watch his motions. Brer Rabbit he drap he pole, he did, en he stan' dar scratchin' he head en lookin' down in de water.

"De gals dey 'gun ter git oneasy w'en dey see dis, en Miss Meadows she up en holler out, she did,—

"'Law, Brer Rabbit, w'at de name er goodness de marter in dar?"

"Brer Rabbit scratch he head an look in de water. Miss Motts she hilt up 'er petticoats, she did, en 'low she

monstus fear'd er snakes. Brer Rabbit keep on scratchin' en lookin'.

"Bimeby he fetch a long bref, he did, en he 'low,—

"‘Ladies en gentermuns all, we des might ez well make tracks fum dish yer place, kaze dey ain't no fishin' in dat pon' fer none er dish yer crowd.'

"Wid dat, Brer Tarrypin he scramble up ter de aidge en look over, en he shake he head, en 'low,—

"‘Tooby sho',—tooby sho'! Tut-tut-tut!' en den he crawl back, he did, en do lak he wukkin' he min.'

"‘Don't be skeert, ladies, kaze we'er boun' ter take keer un you, let come w'at will, let go w'at mus', sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. 'Accidents got ter happen unter we all, des same ez dey is unter yuther folks; en dey ain't nuthin' much de marter, 'ceppin' dat de Moon done drap in de water. Ef you don't b'leeve me you kin look fer yo'se'f,' sezee.

"Wid dat dey all went ter de bank en lookt in; en, sho' nuff, dar lay de Moon, a-swingin' en a-swayin' at de bottom er de pon'."

The little boy laughed. He had often seen the reflection of the sky in shallow pools of water, and the startling depths that seemed to lie at his feet had caused him to draw back with a shudder.

"Brer Fox he look in, he did, en he 'low, 'Well, well, well!' Brer Wolf he look in, en he 'low, 'Mighty bad, mighty bad!' Brer B'ar he look in, en he 'low, 'Tum, tum, tum!' De ladies dey look in, en Miss Meadows she squall out, 'Ain't dat too much?' Brer Rabbit he look in ag'in, en he up en 'low, he did,—

"‘Ladies en gentermuns, you all kin hum en haw, but less'n we gits dat Moon out er de pon' dey ain't no fish kin be ketch 'roun' yer dis night; en ef you'll ax Brer Tarrypin he'll tell you de same.'

"Den dey ax how kin dey git de Moon out er dar, en Brer Tarrypin 'low dey better lef' dat wid Brer Rabbit. Brer Rabbit he shot he eyes, he did, en make lak he wuk-kin he min'. Bimeby he up 'n' 'low,—

"'De nighes' way out'n dish yer diffikil is fer ter sen' roun' yer too ole Mr. Mud-Turkle en borry his sane, en drag dat Moon up fum dar,' sezee.

"'I 'clar ter gracious I mighty glad you mention dat,' says Brer Tarrypin, sezee. 'Mr. Mud-Turkle is setch clos't kin ter me dat I calls 'im Unk Muck, en I lay ef you sen' dar atter dat sane you won't fine Unk Muck so mighty disaccommerdatin.'

"Well," continued Uncle Remus, after one of his tantalizing pauses, "dey sont atter de sane, en w'iles Brer Rabbit wuz gone, Brer Tarrypin he 'low dat he done year tell time en time ag'in dat dem w'at fine de Moon in de water en fetch 'im out, lakwise dey ull fetch out a pot er money. Dis make Brer Fox, en Brer Wolf, en Brer B'ar feel mighty good, en dey 'low, dey did, dat long ez Brer Rabbit been so good ez ter run atter de sane, dey ull do de sanein'.

"Time Brer Rabbit git back, he see how de lan' lay, en he make lak he wanter go in atter de Moon. He pull off he coat, en he 'uz fixin' fer ter shuck he wescut, but de yuther creeters dey 'low dey wan't gwine ter let dry-foot man lak Brer Rabbit go in de water. So Brer Fox he tuck holt er one staff er de sane, Brer Wolf he tuck holt er de yuther staff, en Brer B'ar he wade 'long behime fer ter lif' de sane 'cross lōgs en snags.

"Dey make one haul—no Moon; n'er haul—no Moon; n'er haul—no Moon. Den bimeby dey git out funder fum de bank. Water run in Brer Fox year, he shake he head; water run in Brer Wolf year, he shake he head; water run in Brer B'ar year, he shake he head. En de fus news

you know, w'iles dey wuz a-shakin', dey come to whar de bottom shelfed off. Brer Fox he step off en duck hisse'f; den Brer Wolf duck hisse'f; en Brer B'ar he make a splunge en duck hisse'f; en, bless gracious, dey kick en splatter twel it look lak dey 'uz gwine ter slosh all de water outer de mill-pon'.

"W'en dey come out, de gals 'uz all a-snickerin' en a-gigglin', en dey well mought, 'kaze, go whar you would, dey wan't no wuss-lookin' creeturs dan dem; en Brer Rabbit he holler, sezee,—

"'I speck you all, gents, better go home en git some dry duds, en n'er time we'll be in better luck,' sezee. 'I hear talk dat de Moon'll bite at a hook ef you take fools fer baits, en I lay dat's de onliest way fer ter ketch 'er,' sezee.

"Brer Fox en Brer Wolf en Brer B'ar went drippin' off, en Brer Rabbit en Brer Tarrypin dey went home wid de gals."

LIFE AND SCENERY ON THE CONGO.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

[Among the numerous adventurous explorers of modern times it would be difficult to find one with so interesting a personal history, and with such indomitable perseverance and ready shrewdness and energy, as Henry M. Stanley. He was born in Wales in 1840, reared in a poor-house, and went to sea at fifteen. Reaching New Orleans, he changed his original name of John Rowlands for that of a gentleman who had befriended him. During the war he entered the Confederate service, was taken prisoner, and afterwards served in the United States navy. He accompanied the British army to Abyssinia in 1867 as correspondent of the *New York Herald*, penetrated Africa in search of Livingstone in 1871-72, and crossed the continent in the

the region of the Congo from 1874 to 1878. His work on "The Congo," from which we select, is the result of a later expedition to that region, undertaken in the interests of commerce and civilization, and as agent of the African International Association and of the King of Belgium.]

BEYOND the village was low forested land, which either came in dense black towering masses of impenetrable vegetation to the water-side, or else ran in great semi-circles half enclosing grassy flats, whereon the hippopotami fed at night-time.

The Congo was now enormously wide; from five to eight channels separated one from another by as many lines of islets (some of which were miles in length), on which the *Landolfia florida*, or rubber-plant, flourished, of the value of which the natives as yet know nothing. Tamarinds, baobab, bombax, redwood, *Elaeis guineënsis*, palm-tree, wild date-palm, *Calamus indicus*, with the hardy stink-wood, made up a dense mass of trees and creepers of such formidable thickness that no one was even inspired to examine what treasures of plants might be revealed by a closer investigation of the vegetable life thriving on these humps of dark alluvium in mid-Congo.

Few could imagine that a slow ascent up the Congo in steamers going only two and a half knots against the current of the great river could be otherwise than monotonous. Taken as a whole, the scenery of the Upper Congo is uninteresting; perhaps the very slow rate of ascent has left that impression. But we were also tired of the highland scenery in the Lower Congo. We declared ourselves tired of looking at naked rock cliffs, and rufous ragged slopes six hundred feet in height. Before we were through the circular enlargement of the Congo at Stanley Pool we also confessed ourselves wearied; when we voyaged up along the base of the massive mountain-lines above it to Chumbiri we sighed for a change; and

now, when we have a month's journey by islets, low shores, of grassy levels, and banks of thick vegetation and forest, we are menaced with the same *ennui*. But let us be just. Our feeling of weariness arises from the fact that our accommodations are so limited that we are obliged to sit down or stand up all the long way. The eyes, the only organs exercised, are easily sated. The weariness is only created by our compulsory inactivity. Our eyes are feasting continually upon petty details, of the nature of which we are scarcely conscious. The flitting of a tiny sun-bird; the chirping weavers at their nests; the despondent droop of a long *calamus* which cannot find support, and which, like the woodbine, flourishes best when it has a tall stem to cling to; the bamboo-like reeds; the swaying tufted head of an overgrown papyrus; the floating by of a *Pistia stratiotes*; a flock of screeching parrots hurrying by overhead; that great yawning hippopotamus lazily preparing for a plunge into his watery bed; that log-like form of the crocodile, roused from his meditations, loath to go, but compelled by the whirr of paddle-wheels to submerge himself; those springing monkeys, skurrying in their leafy homes away from the increasing noise; that white-collared fish-eagle outspreading his wings for flight; that darting diver and little kingfisher hurrying ahead, heralding our approach; yonder flock of black ibis alarmingly screaming their harsh cries; that little blue-throated fantail which has just hopped away from the yellow-blossomed acacia-bush; those little industrious wagtails pecking away so briskly on the sandy strip by the edge of the forest; there is a jay which has just fled into the woods; look at those long-legged flamingoes at that spit of land; and—but the details are endless, for every minute of time has its incident. As for your own fancies, during this day-trance,

created mainly by what you see as the banks glide steadily past, who will dare to fathom them? They come in rapid succession on the mind, in various shapes, rank after rank. Unsteadfast as the gray clouds which you see to the westward, they pile into cities, and towns, and mountains, growing ever larger, more intense, but still ever wavering and undergoing quick transitions of form. The flowing river; the vast dome of sky; the aspiring clouds on the horizon; the purpling blue, as well as the dark spectral isles of the stream; the sepulchral gloom beneath the impervious forest foliage; those swaying reeds; that expanse of sere-colored grassy plain; that gray clay bank, speckled with the red roots of some shrub; that narrow pathway through the forest—all suggest some new thought, some fancy which cannot be long pursued, since it is constantly supplanted by other ideas suggested by something new, which itself is but a momentary flash.

But supposing that a steamer similar to those we have on the Mississippi bore you up the Congo, rushing upstream at the rate of twelve knots an hour against the current, while you could travel up and down a long, broad deck protected by a sun-proof awning, with luxurious board and lodging at your command, your view of the Congo would be very different. I do believe you would express a preference for it to any river known to you. You would naturally think of comparisons. The Rhine? Why, the Rhine, even including its most picturesque parts, is only a microscopic miniature of the Lower Congo; but we must have the Rhine steamer, and its wine and food and accommodations, to be able to see it properly. The Mississippi? The Congo is one and a half times larger than the Mississippi, and certainly from eight to ten times broader. You may take your choice

of nearly a dozen channels, and you will see more beautiful vegetation on the Congo than on the American river. The latter lacks the palm and the calamus, while the former has a dozen varieties of the palm. Besides, it possesses herds of hippopotami, crocodiles innumerable; monkeys are gleefully romping on the islands and the main; elephants are standing sentry-like in the twilight of the dark forests by the river-side; buffaloes red and black are grazing on the rich grass-plains; there are flocks of ibis, black and white parrots, paroquets, and guinea-fowl. The Mississippi is a decent grayish-colored stream, confined between two low banks, with here and there a town of frame houses and brick. The Congo is of a tea-color on its left half, and on its right half it is nearly chalky white. You take your choice, tea or milk, red or Rhine wine. And as for the towns, why, I hope the all-gracious Providence will bless our labor, and they will come by and by: meantime there is room enough, and to spare, to stow the half of Europe comfortably on its spacious borders. The Nile? Ask any of those gallant English soldiers who have tugged their way among the Nile cataracts, what they think of the Nile to spend a holiday upon. The Danube? Ah, it is not to be mentioned with the Congo for scenery. The Volga? Still worse. The Amazon? By no means. You will have to ascend very far up the Amazon before you will see anything approaching Congo scenery.

Well, you must admit, then, that if the Congo could be seen from the deck of a commodious steamer, this feeling of weariness which we have to contend against now while ascending at this snail's pace against the current, because we have no room to move about, would be replaced by a more grateful and a cheerier mood.

At 5 P.M. we generally camp, after an advance of from

twenty to thirty miles up river. Thirty miles would be unusually good progress, because there is fuel to be cut with axes and saws, and it will take till nine o'clock at night to cut sufficient for next day's steaming. From 5 to 6.30 P.M. all hands excepting the cooks are engaged in gathering wood, half-dead logs, or dead trees, which have to be cut into portable sizes for transport to the camp. When darkness falls, a great fire is lit, under the light of which the wood-choppers fall to and cut the logs into foot lengths for the boilers. The sound of smiting axes rings through the dark grove, to be re-echoed by the opposite forest and borne along the face of the river to a great distance. It is varied by the woodman's chant; a chorus is struck up, and under its stirring vocal notes a new impetus is given, and the axes are struck stirringly rapid. What a moral lesson for vapid-minded white men might be drawn from these efforts of untutored blacks to get through their tasks!

Meantime, at dusk, each steamer's crew of white officers and passengers will be found around their dinner-tables on deck, or on the bank if the camp has permitted it,—the lamplight tingeing their faces with a rosier hue than the sallow complexion which the sun has bestowed on them.

Of food there is abundance, but not much variety. It may comprise soup of beans or vegetables, followed by toasted chikwanga (cassava bread), fried or stewed fowl, a roast fowl, or a roast leg of goat-meat, a dish of desiccated potatoes, and, if we have been fortunate in our purchases, some sweet potatoes, or yams, roast bananas, boiled beans, rice and curry, or rice with honey, or rice and milk, finishing with tea, or coffee, or palm-wine.

It is insipid food for breakfast and dinner throughout a term of three years. A few months of this diet makes

the European sigh for his *petit verre*, Astrachan caviar, mock-turtle, salmon,—with sauce Hollandaise,—*filet de bœuf*, with perhaps a *pastete* and *poularde mit compote und salat*. For, if a German, how ever can he live without his dear *compote*? Then, how nice, he thinks, would fruit, cheese, and dessert be on the Congo! How glorious a view of Congo life one could take when exhilarated by half a pint of champagne!

I think, indeed, that the eternal “fowl” of the Congo, and the unvarying slices of chikwanga, with which our young officers are fed, deserve three-fourths of the blame now lavished on “murderous Africa.” It is only a grand moral manhood like Livingstone’s that rises above these petty vanities of a continental stomach. Think of his thirty-two years’ life in Africa, and of the unsophisticated manikins who to-day are digging their eyes out with weeping at the memories of a European restaurant before they have been scarcely three months out!

There is not much to converse about on the Congo after our stomachs are full of the heavy chikwanga, and, as we all know that

“The time of life is short;
To spend that little basely were too long,”

we retire early, to spend it well in sleeping, that we may be better fitted for the next day’s weary voyaging up the great African river.

Ungende was our first night’s camp above Bolobo. The By-yanzi were very friendly at first, but at sunset their fears made them hostile, and they were not quieted until all our people were ordered to make their reedy couches near the steamers.

The next day we travelled up by very pleasant hills. We passed villages, banana-groves, palmy groups, and

deep-green forest in agreeable alternations. These are the Levy Hills, and end at the magnificent and airy red bluffs of Iyumbi. The people looked out upon us in stupid wonder from under the shade of their bananas, seemingly saying, "What curious phase of existence have we entered upon now? Verily, an epoch has dawned upon our lives; but what it signifies let those answer who can!"

And we, looking out from under our awnings, appear to say, "Ay, gaze, O men and women, upon these three symbols of civilization. Ye see things to-day which the oldest and wisest inhabitant of your land never heard or dreamed of; and yet they are but tiny types of self-moving leviathans that plough the raging sea by night as well as by day!"

Two hours above Iyumbi we lost our way. The channels were numerous. A reedy flat had appeared above Iyumbi, to which we clung in order not to lose sight of the mainland; and coming to a narrow creek we ran in, expecting, although its direction was a little too easterly, that perhaps we should emerge on the Congo. There was a sluggish current in it, and we kept on, but after seventeen miles it narrowed, and reeds finally stopped further passage, and we had to return, opposite the village of Ikulu.

We had not perceived many villages as we had steamed along; but in coming back we sighted about twenty canoes in the creek advancing towards us. They had appeared from some direction through the reeds. These, on seeing us, hastily turned back; but, wishing to know from them which route to take, the *En Avant* cast off the whale-boat which she had been towing, and steamed after them at full speed.

Not until we had run five miles could we overtake the

flying flotilla, and then we found that their crews were women, who, to escape us, dashed into the reeds and splashed clumsily with water up to their necks to reach the shore. Not a word would they answer, but stood, on reaching the shore, sulkily regarding us. As we steamed six knots an hour, an idea may be gained of the speed which the natives when pressed in their canoes attain. These also were mere fishing-pirogues. Had they been war-canoes it is likely our steamer would have been beaten in the race.

On the 31st of May we had a tolerably fair journey, but the wind blew down river, and impeded us. Two trading-canoes, with twenty paddlers in each, were overtaken, which kept pace with us the rest of the day, and camped sociably with us on a park-like terrace, which showed soft young grass, while the forest ran in a deep black semicircle behind us. The By-yanzi canoe-men were bound for Ubangi.

On the 1st of June, after following a dense forest for nine hours, we drew near another settlement. Our provisions were running exceedingly low. Eighty colored men and seven Europeans consume at least two hundred and fifty pounds' weight of food daily. Since leaving Bolobo, nearly half a ton weight of provisions had been eaten. It behooved us then to prepare ourselves for barter with the community in view, which our guides called Lukolela.

The settlement ran along a crescented bend of the river, above a steep clay bank ranging from five feet to twenty-five feet above the water, in a clearing cut out of the finest forest I had yet seen. The trees had not been much thinned, so that from a distance, but for the gray gleam of huts and the green sheen of bananas, it would have been difficult to tell that a settlement so large as Lukolela existed here. The islands also showed glorious growths

of timber. We began steaming slowly the while, to initiate acquaintance at the very lowest village. There was no answer rendered, but the groups of bronze-bodied people grew larger and more numerous. We unrolled crimson savelist, bright-red royal handkerchiefs, striped florentines, lengths of blue baft, held out fistfuls of brass rods, and suspended long necklaces of brightest beads. Msenné of Mswata stood up on the cabin-deck of the *En Avant*, the observed of all observers, admired for his pose and his action, and delivered his oration with a voice which might be envied by an auctioneer:

“Ho, Wy-yanzi, tribesmen of Lukolela, sons of Iuka and Mungawa, whose names are beloved by my lord and chief Gobila! Ho, you men! Know you not Gobila,—Gobila of Mswata, the friend of Wy-yanzi? Said Gobila to me, ‘Here, take Bula Matari, the only Bula Matari, the good Bula Matari!’”

“Hush, Msenné! that is not the way to speak. You are laughing at me,” I urged, for my modesty was shocked.

“Never mind; Msenné knows the way into the heart of the Wy-yanzi. Ha! it takes me to conquer their obduracy.

“Wy-yanzi of Lukolela, here sits Bula Matari! He has come here to make friends with you. He wants food. He is prepared to pay well. Now is the time for Iuka and Mungawa to show themselves kind friends to Bula Matari.”

Then up and spoke Ibaka’s slaver:

“See here, men of Lukolela, we are the servants of Ibaka,—Ibaka of Bolobo! Ibaka has made brotherhood with Bula Matari. Ibaka commanded us to take him to you. Let your chiefs, Iuka and Mungawa, come out and give the good word.”

The steamers held on their way. The stentorian accents

of Msenné were heard far above the escape of waste steam. The cloths were unrolled before every village. At the third village, however, a reply came that all the chiefs were dead, and that small-pox had decimated the inhabitants, and that famine was killing the people that were left!

"Frightful!" we exclaimed. "But those men on the banks look too fat to be suffering from famine."

We came to the upper extremity of the community, which occupied about five miles of the left bank, and half an hour later we came to where the Congo contracted and issued out a stately united flood one and a half miles wide from the right bank to the left bank. Hoping that if we camped in the neighborhood we should be followed, we prepared to put up for the night in the forest.

As we anticipated, the natives soon came up, and fowls, goats, ripe and green plantains and bananas, cassava rolls, cassava flour, sweet potatoes, yams, eggs, and palm oil were bartered so speedily that by sunset we had sufficient to last two or three days. Still, as we were ignorant how far we might have to proceed before meeting with another market so well supplied as this, we agreed to resume the marketing next morning.

At sunrise the following day canoe after canoe appeared, and the barter was so successfully conducted that we had soon secured three dozen fowls, four goats, a sheep, and eight days' rations for each member of the colored force. The fear the natives entertained of the strange steamer was now changed for liveliest admiration. We were no longer supposed to be laden with mischief, but full of "good things." They had informed us that they were dying of famine yesterday, but this day plenty had come back to them, their chiefs lived, and no plague or pest decimated the people!

We asked them slyly what was the cause of this remarkable change.

"Oh," they replied, "why do you remember what we said in our fear of you? Neither our oldest people nor their fathers before them ever saw or heard of such things as these," pointing to the steamers.

THE CONDITIONS OF ENGLISH THOUGHT.

GEORGE S. MORRIS.

[America, like England, has few thinkers of a philosophical turn of mind,—if we accept the word "philosophy" in its metaphysical interpretation. We are too practical a people for that, and by no means inclined, like so many of the Germans, to evolve a universe out of the purely ideal,—very pretty to look at, but with no more solid substratum than the tail of a comet. Yet we are not quite without writers of a metaphysical turn of thought, and our present extract is from one of these, Mr. G. S. Morris, late professor of philosophy in Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, author of "British Thought and Thinkers," and editor of an American edition of the works of the principal German philosophers, now in course of publication.]

SCHOPENHAUER made a familiar thought famous by putting it in a simple but striking and epigrammatic form. *Die Welt ist meine Vorstellung*, said he. The world is for me an idea. It is a representation in my mind. To how many of us has not this thought occurred, with something of a dazing, dreamy effect, as we have mused on the complete dependence of our idea of the universe, or all that therein may be, on our own minds! I can remember how, as a mere boy, more than once, in an evening revery, an experience somewhat in this vein came to

me. All my boyish ideas of things seemed, as pure creations of my own fancy, to melt away, and there remained, as the whole sum and substance of the universe. only the abstract, but otherwise empty and uninformative, and, by any law of sufficient reason, inexplicable, necessity of being, plus a dull, confused, and yet thoroughly unique, and for this reason indescribable, sensation, as of a chaos of shapeless elements, moving noiselessly among each other,—a *plenum* of scarcely greater value than an absolute *vacuum*. Then came the return to what is termed the literal fact of experience, or, better, to the world such as, under the influence of a dawning mental activity, guided by sensitive experience and by instruction, it had actually shaped itself in my imagination,—the earth, with its green fields and forest-covered mountains, the world-inhabited heavens, the changing seasons, man and his past history and unrevealed earthly destiny, not to mention the myriad little and familiar things which would necessarily crowd the foreground of such a picture in a boy's mind. The view which a moment before had demonstrated so signally its capability of dissolving, recovered its relative consistency and became again a slowly-changing panorama of a world, or of "*the world*," as it was for me. It was into such a conception of a world—a conception kaleidoscopic, apparently half arbitrary, half accidental—that I, following unwittingly a bent common to the universal mind of man, was more or less blindly seeking to introduce order and permanence. What must be? Why must anything be? Why must all things be? Such a rock of rational necessity as a successful answer to these questions would have furnished I was (though unconscious of the full significance of my striving) seeking, in order to arrest and fix the quicksands of a *Vorstellung*, or idea of the universe, of which I only knew (with Schopenhauer) that it was mine.

I need hardly say that the immediate result of my reflections was tolerably negative. I have indicated, however, in the narration of this experience, the elements of a problem which presents itself to mankind in all climes and ages. It is, if I may so express it, to effectuate a sort of rational anatomy of existence, or, at least, of our ideas of it. The sea itself would not move in billowy motions if it had no fixed boundaries. The blood flows in tracks marked out in veins and arteries. The soft and yielding flesh adheres to a firm framework of bone. So man would find in his whole conception of things the skeleton of rational necessity, about which the multifarious or apparently fortuitous elements of that conception may group themselves, or the rather by which the order of their grouping is determined. The "idea" which was but a changing picture in the imagination—a *representation*—must change to an idea which shall be a rational type, a self-evidencing law, an all-sufficient, all-explaining, all-necessitating reason. The varying and inexplicable element furnished in sense and sensuous imagination must crystallize in the majestic forms of eternal thought, of reason divine. It is this mental work which Goethe, in noble lines, attributes to the angels who constitute the "heavenly hosts." The gracious benediction and command which the Divine Being addresses to them runs thus:

"Das Werdende, das ewig wirkt und lebt,
 Umfass' euch mit der Liebe holden Schranken,
 Und was in schwankender Erscheinung schwebt,
 Befestiget mit dauernden Gedanken!"

Prolog im Himmel: Faust.

Thus the world which was "my idea" (in Schopenhauer's phrase) is to be transformed, in its measure, into the image, or rather into a participation, of the divine

idea of the world. The evanescent is to give way to the permanent. The passive reception of appearances is to give place to an active apprehension of realities.

I have thus stated, in outline, the grand and comprehensive motive which underlies all finite thought as such, and which therefore reveals itself, clearly or obscurely, in all the thought of man. It were easy to show, in detail, how it governs at once the systematic inquiries of philosophical speculation, the exact inquiries of physical science, and the freer intuitions of poetic fancy, as well as, also, the sober contemplations of history. Nor would it be more difficult to show that in this presupposed ideal of stable Truth—believed to be attainable for man: else why and how strive after it?—moral and æsthetic elements are intrinsically involved. But to attempt this here would be to go aside from the purpose of our present inquiry, as well as to repeat a labor already well performed by others. My object now is only to direct attention to the universally observable fact that men, finding themselves in, or in possession of, a mental world, which is at first (as regards their own *insight*) so largely, or exclusively, subjective, variable, phenomenal (and so, to use Kant's metaphor, like a restless ocean), believe in a continent of objective, stable Truth, think that they have glimpses of it, seek to approach it and set up way-marks (in their literature and institutions) of their progress toward it, and by their notion (or knowledge) of it form their judgments as to the significance and value of human life and history, and of the physical universe itself. And it is through the different notions which the men, the thinkers, of an epoch, a race, a clime, a great nation, form and express concerning the geography of this continent, through the spiritual colors of which they profess to have caught glimpses, the maxims of hope, of conviction, or of despair,

sorrowful, reckless, or even blasphemous, which they have inscribed upon the guide-posts set up by them,—it is through all these, and through other signs flowing from, or otherwise necessarily connected with, these, that the peculiar complexion, the special attitude or tendency, of the thought of a particular epoch or nation is known and judged. . . .

I say, then, that the question as to the peculiar complexion or tendency of a nation's thought is a question as to the peculiar stripe of its idealism. A materialistic habit of thought is not native to the human or to any other full-grown mind, for mind is simply deceived when it thinks it sees and understands in or concerning matter anything but the reflection (however dim) of its own perfections. Further, a nation's, like an individual's, thought is judged by the conceptions current in it concerning the world, life, and man. Without the interest, perennial, inexhaustible, which attaches to such conceptions, imagination itself would lose its glow, and the subtler hues of thought and feeling would become fitful, fatuous, unmeaning, or rather would sink into a dull and leaden monotone of lifeless color. Nor does it make matters any clearer—the rather it confuses them—to disguise, or seek to disguise, the fact that the questions which revolve about these conceptions are strictly philosophical ones, and that every characteristically spiritual activity of man, in its products in literature, art, polity, social organism, civilization, strictly imply, and in their measure exhibit, a *philosophy* of human life and of the whole universe of human thought or knowledge. At the same time I scarcely need to say that the individual men, or even nations, in whose thought and works the foregoing truths are illustrated, may have no definite consciousness of the fact that they are virtually philosophizing. They may even feel and

profess a decided repugnance to philosophical speculation, strictly and technically so called.

Precisely this is the case with the English mind, whose first and most prominent characteristic may perhaps be described as consisting in this, namely, that its interest is far more concentrated upon the vital and practical side of truth than upon the abstract or theoretical side. Truth, in its living, effective power, so absorbs its attention that little care is left for inquiries concerning its ultimate grounds and guarantees, or for laborious exactness in the statement of it. Possession is nine-tenths of the law. The English nation possess genuine character. Character is vitalized truth. In their national character the English possess a body of such truth, in the power and through the inspiration of which they have been enabled to work out (during a period of twelve hundred years) an historical destiny of the most honorable and glorious kind. Faith in this truth is faith in themselves. To relinquish it would be moral suicide; to doubt of it, moral treason. Its warrant is found in its historic power, in its present vitality. This truth the English possess, or perhaps it were truer to say that it possesses them; and possession, I repeat, is nine-tenths of the law. Under these circumstances, inquiry concerning the remaining one-tenth, the validity of title by which possession is held, may naturally appear to a "practical people" idle, and almost frivolous.

The only other nation known to Occidental history which has possessed anything like so palpable and consistent a character as the English, namely, the Romans, in like manner, and even in a more marked degree, were remarkable for their almost absolute neglect of abstract speculation. Their old-fashioned reverence for law and duty, and their self-respect, were ideal forces which were wrought in them and through them and fitted them for

the rough and solid work of world-subjugation. No wonder that they felt a greater interest in the practical solution of living, flesh-and-blood problems, which the progress of events forced upon them, than in their theoretical explanation. If the ideal, which is the only essential, side of human nature has a really sustaining support and source of constant nourishment in a sterling national character, it is by no means an obviously superficial question to ask why human nature should bother itself continually about such subtilities as the ultimate constitution and ground of existence, the abstract conditions and laws of perfect humanity, the sources of moral obligation, the meaning of beauty's charms, the intrinsic value of human life. Certainly, to err through neglect of such matters for such a reason—and not, for example, like the Spaniards of the last two centuries, by reason of mental indolence and effeminacy—is a noble error. . . .

If the record of the English, namely, in the history of philosophy proper is not a shining one, if indeed they have no properly national philosophy at all which can be called either deeply and thoroughly or even brilliantly reasoned, yet they have solid endowments, which have been influential, and in some directions splendid, in their past fruit, and which are quite sufficient to justify substantial hopeful expectations for the future. The strong or marked sides of the English mind are three,—the religious, the scientific, and the poetic. Religion and science, in different ways, furnish problems to philosophy. The poetic faculty, the power of creative imagination, is the pledge of speculative ability.

On the religious side the English share with their Teutonic ancestors and neighbors in a certain depth and sincerity of spirit, which is opposed to all sham, is never long satisfied with mere appearance, admits no separation

of substance from form, and demands, along with a formal assent to the doctrines proposed to faith, an inward experience of the power of truth, accompanied by appropriate works. In other words, the English are genuinely religious. This appears throughout their whole history. The tone of aspiration, of adoration, of deep, sometimes fierce, religious earnestness, which is struck in what Mr. Stopford Brooke terms "the first true English poem," the poem of Caedmon, reappears in all the critical epochs of the development of English life, and has thoroughly permeated English manners and literature. The key-note of the Reformation was struck in England in the fourteenth century, and no nation has been more tenacious in maintaining its fruits than the English. But, it need not be said, a genuine religious spirit is necessarily idealistic. It carries with it the habit of referring actions to moral standards of judgment, of seeing in events a providential agency, of regarding the universe as an outcome of the divine will and in some sense a constant manifestation of divine reason. Only, in the matter of religion, the intensely practical attitude of the English, their sense, perhaps, of the substance of religion as a vital element absolutely essential to individual and national life, and as something already safely in their grasp, in their possession, seems to me to render them impatient of inquiries relative to the ultimate warrant of faith. The immediate, practical warrant of religious faith may indeed be found in vital experience and in historic power. Such a faith is not to be stigmatized as absolutely blind and unreasonable. Yet it is far short of *insight*. It is not faith resting on and illuminated by intelligence. If reasonable, it is not wholly rational. It implies a childhood in understanding, against which the Apostle of Christianity to the Gentiles utters an express warning. A consequence of the religious at-

titude of the English mind to which I am now referring is, or has often been, a disposition to cut short inquiry and to cleave knots of difficulty with the oracular utterance, "Thus it is written,"—forgetting that, legitimate as this course may be under given circumstances, it cannot always be pursued without inducing a fatal bondage to the letter, "which killeth," in distinction from the spirit, which, illuminating and giving sight, also "giveth life." This is, in its measure, precisely such a substitution of mechanism for intelligence and life as, in other fields of exploration, English science-philosophy has sought to effectuate. Another and a related consequence of the same mental attitude has been a disposition to restrict the sphere of human reason by emphasizing the existence of a sphere of mysterious and essentially unintelligible truth, somehow made known to man in terms, but for the rest only to be unquestioningly received by him as an unconditional prerequisite for the restoration and preservation of his soul's health. . . .

On the whole, both in religion and in science, I think we may say with obvious truth that the characteristic disposition of the English mind is to lay hold upon alleged revealed or natural laws of fact, in their immediate, practical relation to the life and interests of men, and as narrowly observable in detail with the microscopic vision of sense. With this goes a tendency to neglect that more comprehensive and penetrative mental labor which traces the rational connection of all law with its birthplace in the mind and will of an Absolute Spirit. Religion and Science (by which latter I understand all results of the application of the mathematico-mechanical method, or all systematic knowledge of *phenomena*) occupy, on the whole, exclusively the theoretical interests of the English mind. Philosophy (stigmatized often as metaphysical jargon) is

their common waste-basket. (I shall have more fitting occasion hereafter to examine and characterize more in detail the scientific attitude of the English mind.)

This, however, is only one, and that the least inspiring, half of our picture. Along with and in spite of this—to a philosophic mind—exasperating self-limitation and self-obfuscation of the English upon those lines of theoretical inquiry which would lead directly to philosophy, we find that this nation possesses, in the language of a German historian, “a pre-eminent gift for poetry, perhaps the most perfect that has ever fallen to the lot of any people.” And this poetic gift is not a mere talent, it is real genius. It is not satisfied with pleasing outward forms and tones alone. It is all-penetrating. It ranges over the whole scale of the heart’s emotions. It does not shrink back from any flights of intellect. For its nature is peaceful and gay, or wild and darkly significant. With it human life is an idyl, or more frequently a drama, in which invisible powers are the actors. Human life is a theatre of actions heroic, comical, or tragic, or the portal to an

“Undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,”

and from which, it is fully recognized, no just soul would fain return. “Among all the nations which participate in our modern civilization,” says, further, the author above quoted, “the classical nation in poetry is the English.”

Now, I have spoken above of the poetic faculty of the English, their power of creative imagination, as the pledge of their speculative ability. And indeed the close relation between poetic and philosophic endowment has long been recognized,—since Plato’s time, for example, before whom it had been amply illustrated in notable instances. The difference between the poet and the philosopher is one of

system and of systematic intelligence, rather than of inspiration. The leading interpreters, even of scientific method, among the English of to-day recognize the essential necessity of a certain poetic gift, a "scientific imagination," as it is called, for the purposes of scientific discovery. In the British poets, accordingly, we find the best British philosophy. What English moralist, for example, is equal to William Shakespeare, who is not only the real historian of the modern mind (an office which of itself implies profound philosophic insight), but also, in the language of the title-page of a recent German publication, "*der Philosoph der sittlichen Weltordnung*," "the philosopher of the moral order of the world"? What professed English philosopher has possessed so profound an appreciation of the idealistic philosophy of nature as Wordsworth? What religious philosopher in England has approached the subtlest problems of religious thought with more sympathetic and discerning insight than Coleridge? What living English thinker has fathomed in well-reasoned, systematic prose the dark questions of theodicy, and illuminated them more brilliantly with the light of rational faith and insight, than Tennyson? Not to mention many others, whose poetic flights have been ballasted with solid weights of thought.

THE CULPRIT FAY.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

["The Culprit Fay" is the most purely imaginative poem in American literature, and displays a depth of fancy that has seldom been surpassed. It is the principal work of the author, though his shorter poem "To the American Flag" is the one by which he is best known.

Joseph Rodman Drake was born in New York in 1795, and his first literary work consisted of humorous and satirical verses, published in the *Evening Post*, under the signature of "Croaker." The "Culprit Fay" is too long to give here in full, and we extract some of its more prettily-conceived verses, as an illustration of the whole. In the opening verses the fays are seen assembling, in countless numbers. "in the middle watch of a summer's night."]

THEY come from beds of lichen green,
They creep from the mullein's velvet screen ;
Some on the backs of beetles fly
From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,
Where they swung in their cobweb hammocks high
And rocked about in the evening breeze ;
Some from the hum-bird's downy nest,—
They had driven him out by elfin power,
And, pillowed on plumes of his rainbow breast,
Had slumbered there till the charmed hour ;
Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,
With glittering ising-stars inlaid,
And some had opened the four-o'clock
And stole within its purple shade.
And now they throng the moonlight glade,
Above—below—on every side,
Their little minim forms arrayed
In the tricksy pomp of fairy pride !

[The purpose of the assembly is thus given :]

For an ouphe has broken his vestal vow ;
He has loved an earthly maid,
And left for her his woodland shade ;
He has lain upon her lip of dew,
And sunned him in her eye of blue,
Fanned her cheek with his wing of air,
Played in the ringlets of her hair,

And, nestling on her snowy breast,
Forgot the lily-king's behest.
For this the shadowy tribes of air
To the elfin court must haste away :—
And now they stand expectant there,
To hear the doom of the culprit fay.

[The fairy tribunal condemns the criminal ouphe to perform the following difficult labors:]

“Thou shalt seek the beach of sand
Where the water bounds the elfin land ;
Thou shalt watch the oozy brine
Till the sturgeon leaps in the bright moonshine,
Then dart the glistening arch below,
And catch a drop from his silver bow.
The water-sprites will wield their arms
And dash around, with roar and rave,
And vain are the woodland spirits' charms,
They are the imps that rule the wave.
Yet trust thee in thy single might :
If thy heart be pure and thy spirit right,
Thou shalt win the warlock fight.

“If the spray-bead gem be won,
The stain of thy wing is washed away :
But another errand must be done
Ere thy crime be lost for aye ;
Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark,
Thou must re-illumine its spark.
Mount thy steed and spur him high
To the heavens' blue canopy ;
And when thou seest a shooting star,
Follow it fast, and follow it far :
The last faint spark of its burning train
Shall light the elfin lamp again.

Thou hast heard our sentence, fay :
Hence! to the water-side away!"

[The fay plunges into the wave in quest of the sturgeon, but is met by a host of the thorny and prickly inhabitants of the waters.]

Up spring the spirits of the waves,
From the sea-silk beds in their coral caves ;
With snail-plate armor snatched in haste,
They speed their way through the liquid waste :
Some are rapidly borne along
On the mailed shrimp or the prickly prong,
Some on the blood-red leeches glide,
Some on the stony star-fish ride,
Some on the back of the lancing squab,
Some on the sideling soldier-crab,
And some on the jellied quarl, that flings
At once a thousand streamy stings.
They cut the wave with the living oar,
And hurry on to the moonlight shore,
To guard their realms and chase away
The footsteps of the invading fay.

[The activity of the army of the waves is described with much vigor.]

Fearlessly he skims along ;
His hope is high, and his limbs are strong,
He spreads his arms like the swallow's wing,
And throws his feet with a frog-like fling ;
His locks of gold on the waters shine,
At his breast the tiny foam-bees rise,
His back gleams bright above the brine,
And the wake-line foam behind him lies.

But the water-sprites are gathering near
To check his course along the tide;
Their warriors come in swift career
And hem him round on every side.
On his thigh the leech has fixed his hold,
The quarl's long arms are round him rolled,
The prickly prong has pierced his skin,
And the squab has thrown his javelin,
The gritty star has rubbed him raw,
And the crab has struck with his giant claw;
He howls with rage, and he shrieks with pain,
He strikes around, but his blows are vain;
Hopeless is the unequal fight.
Fairy! naught is left but flight.

He turned him round, and fled amain
With hurry and dash to the beach again;
He twisted over from side to side,
And laid his cheek to the cleaving tide.
The strokes of his plunging arms are fleet,
And with all his might he flings his feet;
But the water-sprites are round him still,
To cross his path and work him ill.
They bade the wave before him rise,
They flung the sea-fire in his eyes,
And they stunned his ears with the scallop-stroke,
With the porpoise heave and the drum-fish croak.
Oh, but a weary wight was he
When he reached the foot of the dog-wood tree!

[Healing his wounds with fairy remedies, he essays the task again, this time taking a purple mussel-shell as a boat. The "drop from the silver bow" of the darting sturgeon is caught, and the fay gains the shore again, triumphant. He now arms for his second emprise. The arming is beautifully described :]

He put his acorn helmet on ;
It was plumed of the silk of the thistle-down.
The corslet plate that guarded his breast
Was once the wild bee's golden vest ;
His cloak, of a thousand mingled dyes,
Was formed of the wings of butterflies ;
His shield was the shell of a lady-bug queen,
Studs of gold on a ground of green ;
And the quivering lance which he brandished bright
Was the sting of a wasp he had slain in fight.
Swift he bestrode his fire-fly steed ;
 He bared his blade of the bent-grass blue ;
He drove his spurs of the cockle-seed,
 And away like a glance of thought he flew,
To skim the heavens, and follow far
The fiery trail of the rocket-star. . . .

Up to the vaulted firmament
His path the fire-fly courser bent,
And at every gallop on the wind
He flung a glittering spark behind :
He flies like a feather in the blast
Till the first light cloud in heaven is past. . .

Up to the cope careering swift,
 In breathless motion fast,
Fleet as the swallow cuts the drift
 Or the sea-roc rides the blast,
The sapphire sheet of eve is shot,
 The spheréd moon is past,
The earth but seems a tiny blot
 On a sheet of azure cast.
Oh, it was sweet, in the clear moonlight,
 To tread the starry plain of even,

To meet the thousand eyes of night
And feel the cooling breath of heaven !
But the elfin made no stop or stay
Till he came to the bank of the milky-way ;
Then he checked his courser's foot,
And watched for the glimpse of the planet-shoot.

* * * * *

[He is successful in his object, and on his return the joyous sprites
thus welcome him :]

Ouphe and goblin ! imp and sprīte !
Elf of eve ! and starry fay !
Ye that love the moon's soft light,
Hither—hither wend your way ;
Twine ye in a jocund ring,
Sing and trip it merrily,
Hand to hand, and wing to wing,
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

Hail the wanderer again
With dance and song, and lute and lyre ;
Pure his wing, and strong his chain,
And doubly bright his fairy fire.
Twine ye in an airy round,
Brush the dew and print the lea ;
Skip and gambol, hop and bound,
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

The beetle guards our holy ground ;
He flies about the haunted place,
And if mortal there be found
He hums in his ears and flaps his face ;
The leaf-harp sounds our roundelay,
The owlet's eyes our lanterns be :

Thus we sing, and dance, and play,
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

But hark! from tower on tree-top high
The sentry elf his call has made:
A streak is in the eastern sky.
Shapes of moonlight! flit and fade!
The hill-tops gleam in morning's spring,
The skylark shakes his dappled wing,
The day-glimpse glimmers on the lawn,
The cock has crowed, and the fays are gone.

THE ORIGIN OF LANGUAGE.

W. D. WHITNEY.

[The science of philology, which has elicited so many profound and admirable treatises in recent times from the scholars of Europe, has also had ardent students in America, whose work bears fair comparison with that of their European competitors. Among these Professor Whitney stands at the head, his philological labors being nowhere surpassed in depth, accuracy, and scientific value. We append a short extract from his "Language and the Study of Language," mainly as illustrative of his style. William Dwight Whitney was born at Northampton, Massachusetts, in 1827. His diligent philological labors in American and German universities brought him the professorship of Sanskrit and comparative philology at Yale College, which he still holds. He has written several works and many periodical articles, all marked by learning, judgment, and clear insight into his subject.]

WE may fairly claim, in the first place, that the subject has been very greatly simplified, stripped of no small part of its difficulty and mystery, by what has already been proved as to the history of speech. Did we find no traces

of a primitive condition of language different from its later manifestations,—did it appear to us as from the very beginning a completely-developed apparatus, of complicated structure, with distinct signs for objects, qualities, activities, and abstract conceptions, with its mechanism for the due expression of relations, and with a rich vocabulary,—then might we well shrink back in despair from the attempt to explain its origin, and confess that only a miracle could have produced it, that only a superhuman agency could have placed it in human possession. But we have seen that the final perfection of the noblest languages has been the result of a slow and gradual development, under the impulse of tendencies and through the instrumentality of processes which are even yet active in every living tongue; that all this wealth has grown by long accumulation out of an original poverty; and that the actual germs of language were a scanty list of formless roots, representing a few of the most obvious sensible acts and phenomena appearing in ourselves, our fellow-creatures, and the nature by which we are surrounded. We have now left us only the comparatively easy task of satisfying ourselves how men should have come into possession of these humble rudiments of speech.

And our attention must evidently first be directed to the inquiry whether those same inventive and shaping powers of man which have proved themselves capable of creating out of monosyllabic barrenness the rich abundance of inflective speech were not also equal to the task of producing the first poor hoard of vocables. There are those who insist much on what they are pleased to term the divine origin of language; who think it in some way derogatory to the honor of the Creator to deny that he devised roots, and words, and, by some miraculous and exceptional agency, put them ready-made into the mouths

of the first human beings. Of such we would ask whether, after all, language can be in this sense only a divine gift to man; whether the hand of the Creator is any the less clearly to be seen, and need be any the less devoutly acknowledged, in its production, if we regard man himself as having been created with the necessary impulses and the necessary capacities for forming language, and then as having possessed himself of it through their natural and conscious workings. Language, articulate speech, is a universal and exclusive characteristic of man; no tribe of human kind, however low, ignorant, and brutish, fails to speak; no race of the lower animals, however highly endowed, is able to speak: clearly, it was just as much a part of the Creator's plan that we should talk as that we should breathe, should walk, should eat and drink. The only question is, whether we began to talk in the same manner as we began to breathe, as our blood began to circulate, by a process in which our own will had no part; or, as we move, eat, clothe, and shelter ourselves, by the conscious exertion of our natural powers, by using our divinely-given faculties for the satisfaction of our divinely-implanted necessities.

That the latter supposition is fully sufficient to account for our possession of speech cannot with any show of reason be denied. Throughout its whole traceable history, language has been in the hands of those who have spoken it, for manifold modification, for enrichment, for adaptation to the varying ends of a varying knowledge and experience; nineteenth-twentieths, at the least, of the speech we speak is demonstrably in this sense our own work: why should the remaining twentieth be thought otherwise? It is but a childish philosophy which can see no other way to make out a divine agency in human language than by regarding that agency as specially and

miraculously efficient in the first stage of formation of language. We may fairly compare it with the wisdom of the little girl who, on being asked who made her, replied, "God made me a little baby so high" (dropping her hand to within a foot of the floor), "and *I grew* the rest." The power which originates is not to be separated from that which maintains and develops: both are one, one in their essential nature, one in their general mode of action. We might as well claim that the letters of the alphabet, that the simple digits, must have been miraculously revealed, for elements out of which men should proceed to develop systems of writing and of mathematical notation, as that the rudiments of spoken speech, the primitive signs of mental conceptions, must have had such an origin.

In short, our recognition of language as an institution, as an instrumentality, as no integral system of natural and necessary representatives of thought, inseparable from thought or spontaneously generated by the mind, but, on the contrary, a body of conventional signs, deriving their value from the mutual understanding of one man with another; and, farther, our recognition of the history of this institution as being not a mere succession of changes wrought upon something which still remains the same in essential character, but a real development, effected by human forces, whose operations we can trace and understand,—these take away the whole ground on which the doctrine of the divine origin of language, as formerly held, reposed. The origin of language is divine, in the same sense in which man's nature, with all its capacities and acquirements, physical and moral, is a divine creation; it is human, in that it is brought about through that nature, by human instrumentality.

It is hardly necessary to make any farther reference to an objection, already once alluded to, which some minds

may be tempted to raise against our whole construction of the course of linguistic history out of the evidences of composition, phonetic corruption, transfer of meaning, and the other processes of linguistic growth, which we find in all the material of human speech. The inquiry, namely, has sometimes been raised, whether it was not perfectly possible for the Creator to frame and communicate to mortals a primitive language filled with such apparent signs of previous development, as well as one which should have the aspect of a new creation. Of course, must be our reply; nothing is theoretically impossible to Omnipotence: but to suppose that it has pleased God to work thus is to make the most violent and inadmissible of assumptions, one which imputes to him a wholly degrading readiness to trifle with, even to deliberately mislead and deceive, the reason which he has implanted in his creatures. It is precisely of a piece with the suggestion once currently thrown out, when the revelations of geology were first beginning to be brought to light, that fossils and stratifications and such like facts proved nothing; since God, when he made the rocks, could just as well have made them in this form and with these contents as otherwise. With men who can seriously argue upon such assumptions it is simply impossible to discuss a historical question: all the influences of historical science are thrown away upon them; they are capable of believing that a tree which they have not themselves seen spring up from the seed was created whole in the state in which they find it, without gradual growth; or even that a house, a watch, a picture, were produced just as they are, by the immediate action of almighty power.

We may here fittingly follow out a little farther an analogy more than once suggested in our preceding discussions, and one which, though some may deem it homely

and undignified, is genuine and truly illustrative, and therefore not wanting in instruction: it is the analogy between language and clothing and shelter, as alike results of men's needs and men's capacities. Man was not created, like the inferior races, with a frame able to bear all the vicissitudes of climate to which he should be subjected; nor yet with a natural protective covering of hair or wool, capable of adapting itself to the variety of the seasons: every human being is born into the world naked and cringing, needing protection against exposure and defence from shame. Gifted is man, accordingly, with all the ingenuity which he requires in order to provide for this need, and placed in the midst of objects calculated to answer to his requirements, suitable materials for his ingenuity to work upon ready to his hand. And hence it is hardly less distinctively characteristic of man to be clad than to speak; nor is any other animal so universally housed as he. Clothing began with the simplest natural productions, with leaves and bark, with skins of wild animals, and the like; as shelter with a cave, a hole in the ground, the hollow of a tree, a nest of interwoven branches. But ingenuity and taste, with methods perfected and handed down from generation to generation, made themselves, more and more, ministers to higher and less simple needs: the craving after comfort, ease, variety, grace, beauty, sought satisfaction; and architecture by degrees became an art, and dress-making a handicraft, each surrounded by a crowd of auxiliary arts and handicrafts, giving occupation to no insignificant part of the human race, calling into action some of its noblest endowments, and bringing forth forms of elegance and beauty, —embodiments of conceptions, realizations of ideals, produced by long ages of cultivation, and capable neither of being conceived nor realized until after a protracted course

of training. So was it also with language. Man was not created with a mere gamut of instinctive cries, nor yet with a song like the bird's, as the highest expression of his love and enjoyment of life: he had wants, and capacities of indefinite improvement, which could be satisfied and developed only through means of speech; nor was he treated by nature with a disappointing and baffling niggardliness in respect to them; he was furnished also with organs of speech, and the power to apply their products to use in the formation of language. His first beginnings were rude and insufficient, but the consenting labor of generations has perfected them, till human thought has been clothed in garments measurably worthy of it, and an edifice of speech has been erected, grander, more beautiful, and more important to our race than any other work whatever of its producing. There are races yet living whose scanty needs and inferior capacities have given them inferior forms of speech, as there are races which have not striven after, or been able to contrive, any but the rudest raiment, the meanest shelter. But the child now born among us is dressed in the products of every continent and every clime, and housed, it may be, in an edifice whose rules of construction have come down from Egypt and Greece, through generations of architects and craftsmen; as he is also taught to express himself in words and forms far older than the pyramids, and elaborated by a countless succession of thinkers and speakers.

This comparison might profitably be drawn out in yet fuller detail, but I forbear to urge it farther, or to call attention to any other of the aspects in which it may be made to cast light upon the development of speech. Enough has been said, as I hope, to make plain that the assumption of miraculous intervention, of superhuman

agency, in the first production of speech, is, so far as linguistic science is concerned, wholly gratuitous, called for by nothing which is brought to light by our study of language and of its relations to the nature and history of man.

It is next of primary and fundamental importance that we make clear to ourselves what is the force directly and immediately impelling to the production of speech. Speech, we know, is composed of external audible signs for internal acts, for conceptions,—for ideas, taking that word in its most general sense. But why create such signs? The doctrine, now, is by no means uncommon, that thought seeks expression by an internal impulse; that it is even driven to expression by an inward necessity; that it cannot be thought at all without incorporation in speech; that it tends to utterance as the fully-matured embryo tends to burst its envelop and to come forth into independent life. This doctrine is, in my view, altogether erroneous: I am unable to see upon what it is founded, if not upon arbitrary assumption, combined with a thorough misapprehension of the relation between thought and its expression. It is manifestly opposed to all the conclusions to which we have been thus far led by our inquiries into the nature and office of speech. Speech is not a personal possession, but a social; it belongs, not to the individual, but to the member of society. No item of existing language is the work of an individual; for what we may severally choose to say is not language until it be accepted and employed by our fellows. The whole development of speech, though initiated by the acts of individuals, is wrought out by the community. That is a word, no matter what may be its origin, its length, its phonetic form, which is understood in any community, however limited, as the sign of an idea; and their

mutual understanding is the only tie which connects it with that idea. It is a sign which each one has acquired from without, from the usage of others; and each has learned the art of intimating by such signs the internal acts of his mind. Mutual intelligibility, we have seen, is the only quality which makes the unity of a spoken tongue; the necessity of mutual intelligibility is the only force which keeps it one; and the desire of mutual intelligibility is the impulse which called out speech. Man speaks, then, primarily, not in order to think, but in order to impart his thought. His social needs, his social instincts, force him to expression. A solitary man would never frame a language. Let a child grow up in utter seclusion, and, however rich and suggestive might be the nature around him, however full and appreciative his sense of that which lay without and his consciousness of that which went on within him, he would all his life remain a mute. On the other hand, let two children grow up together, wholly untaught to speak, and they would inevitably devise, step by step, some means of expression for the purpose of communication; how rudimentary, of what slow growth, we cannot tell,—and, however interesting and instructive it would be to test the matter by experiment, humanity forbids us ever to hope or desire to do so: doubtless the character of the speech produced would vary with difference of capacity, with natural or accidental difference of circumstances; but it is inconceivable that human beings should abide long in each other's society without efforts, and successful efforts, at intelligent interchange of thought. Again, let one who had grown up even to manhood among his fellows, in full and free communication with them, be long separated from them and forced to live in solitude, and he would unlearn his native speech by degrees through mere disuse, and be

found at last unable to converse at all, or otherwise than lamely, until he had recovered by new practice his former facility of expression. While a Swiss Family Robinson keep up their language, and enrich it with names for all the new and strange places and products with which their novel circumstances bring them in contact, a Robinson Crusoe almost loses his for lack of a companion with whom to employ it. We need not, however, rely for this conclusion upon imaginary cases alone. It is a well-known fact that children who are deprived of hearing even at the age of four or five years, after they have learned to speak readily and well, and who are thus cut off from vocal communication with those around them, usually forget all they had learned, and become as mute as if they had never acquired the power of clothing their thoughts in words. The internal impulse to expression is there, but it is impotent to develop itself and produce speech: exclusion from the ordinary intercourse of man with man not only thwarts its progress, but renders it unable to maintain itself upon the stage at which it had already arrived.

Language, then, is the spoken means whereby thought is communicated; and it is only that. Language is not thought, nor is thought language; nor is there a mysterious and indissoluble connection between the two, as there is between soul and body, so that the one cannot exist and manifest itself without the other. There can hardly be a greater and more pernicious error, in linguistics or in metaphysics, than the doctrine that language and thought are identical. It is, unfortunately, an error often committed, both by linguists and by metaphysicians. "Man speaks because he thinks," is the *dictum* out of which more than one scholar has proceeded to develop his system of linguistic philosophy. The assertion, indeed, is

not only true, but a truism ; no one can presume to claim that man would speak if he did not think ; but no fair logical process can derive any momentous conclusions from so loose a premise. So man would not wear clothes if he had not a body ; he would not build spinning mules and jennies if cotton did not grow on bushes, or wool on sheep's backs : yet the body is more than raiment, nor do cotton-bushes and sheep necessitate wheels and water-power. The body would be neither comfortable nor comely, if not clad ; cotton and wool would be of little use, but for machinery making quick and cheap their conversion into cloth ; and, in a truly analogous way, thought would be awkward, feeble, and indistinct, without the dress, the apparatus, which is afforded it in language. Our denial of the identity of thought with its expression does not compel us to abate one jot or tittle of the exceeding value of speech to thought : it only puts that value upon its proper basis.

That thought and speech are not the same is a direct and necessary inference, I believe, from more than one of the truths respecting language which our discussions have already established ; but the high importance attaching to a right understanding of the point will justify us in a brief review of those truths in their application to it. In the first place, we have often had our attention directed to the imperfection of language as a full representation of thought. Words and phrases are but the skeleton of expression, hints of meaning, light touches of a skilful sketcher's pencil, to which the appreciative sense and sympathetic mind must supply the filling up and coloring. Our own mental acts and states we can review in our consciousness in minute detail, but we can never perfectly disclose them to another by speech ; nor will words alone, with whatever sincerity and candor they may be uttered, put us in pos-

session of another's consciousness. In anything but the most objective scientific description, or the driest reasoning on subjects the most plain and obvious, we want more or less knowledge of the individuality of the speaker or writer, ere we can understand him intimately, his style of thought and sentiment must be gathered from the totality of our intercourse with him, to make us sure that we penetrate to the central meaning of any word he utters; and such study may enable us to find deeper and deeper significance in expressions that once seemed trivial or commonplace. A look or tone often sheds more light upon character or intent than a flood of words could do. Humor, banter, irony, are illustrations of what tone, or style, or perceived incongruity can accomplish in the way of impressing upon words a different meaning from that which they of themselves would wear. That language is impotent to express our feelings, though often, perhaps, pleaded as a form merely, is also a frequent genuine experience; nor is it for our feelings alone that the ordinary conventional phrases, weakened in their force by insincere and hyperbolical use, are found insufficient: apprehensions, distinctions, opinions, of every kind, elude our efforts at description, definition, intimation. How often must we labor, by painful circumlocution, by gradual approach and limitation, to place before the minds of others a conception which is clearly present to our own consciousness! How often, when we have the expression nearly complete, we miss a single word that we need, and must search for it, in our memories or our dictionaries, perhaps not finding it in either! How different is the capacity of ready and distinct expression in men whose power of thought is not unlike! he whose grasp of mind is the greatest, whose review of the circumstances that should lead to a judgment is most comprehensive and thorough, whose skill of in-

ference is most unerring, may be, much more than another of far weaker gifts, awkward and clumsy of speech. How often we understand what one says better than he himself says it, and correct his expression, to his own gratification and acceptance! And if all the resources of expression are not equally at the command of all men of equal mental force and training, so neither are they, at their best, adequate to the wealth of conception of him who wields them: that would be but a poorly-stored and infertile mind which did not sometimes feel the limited capacity of language and long for fuller means of expression.

A DECLARATION OF LOVE.

W. D. HOWELLS.

[To understand the following scene, which we extract from "The Rise of Silas Lapham," one of the most characteristic of Howells's novels, some preliminary remarks are needed. Silas Lapham, a rich, honest, but unrefined paint-manufacturer, is desirous of gaining an entrance for himself, his wife, and his two daughters into the aristocratic circles of Boston society. Mainly for this purpose he takes into his employment a youthful member of the bluest blood of Boston, with whom both the daughters at once fall in love, though one of them closely conceals this fact. The other, the beauty of the family, makes no secret of her feelings, and has every reason to believe that the young man is paying his addresses to her. But he is really in love with the plain and witty sister, and astounds her with a declaration of his affection in the scene which we give below. Her strange behavior is in anticipation of the awkward family complication which she foresees, and of which her lover has no prevision.]

HE took the chair she gave him, and looked across at her, where she sat on the other side of the hearth, in a chair lower than his, with her hands dropped in her lap,

and the back of her head on her shoulders as she looked up at him. The soft-coal fire in the grate purred and flickered; the drop-light cast a mellow radiance on her face. She let her eyes fall, and then lifted them for an irrelevant glance at the clock on the mantel.

"Mother and Irene have gone to the Spanish Students' concert."

"Oh, have they?" asked Corey; and he put his hat, which he had been holding in his hand, on the floor beside his chair.

She looked down at it, for no reason, and then looked up at his face, for no other, and turned a little red. Corey turned a little red himself. She who had always been so easy with him now became a little constrained.

"Do you know how warm it is out-of-doors?" he asked.

"No; is it warm? I haven't been out all day."

"It's like a summer night."

She turned her face towards the fire, and then started abruptly. "Perhaps it's too warm for you here?"

"Oh, no; it's very comfortable."

"I suppose it's the cold of the last few days that's still in the house. I was reading with a shawl on when you came."

"I interrupted you?"

"Oh, no. I had finished the book. I was just looking over it again."

"Do you like to read books over?"

"Yes; books that I like at all."

"What was it?" asked Corey.

The girl hesitated. "It has rather a sentimental name. Did you ever read it?—'Tears, Idle Tears.'"

"Oh, yes; they were talking of that last night: it's a famous book with ladies. They break their hearts over it. Did it make you cry?"

"Oh, it's pretty easy to cry over a book," said Penelope, laughing; "and that one is very natural till you come to the main point. Then the naturalness of all the rest makes that seem natural too; but I guess it's rather forced."

"Her giving him up to the other one?"

"Yes, simply because she happened to know that the other one had cared for him first. Why should she have done it? What right had she?"

"I don't know. I suppose that the self-sacrifice——"

"But it *wasn't* self-sacrifice,—or not self-sacrifice alone. She was sacrificing him too, and for some one who couldn't appreciate him half as much as she could. I'm provoked with myself when I think how I cried over that book,—for I did cry. It's silly—it's wicked for any one to do what that girl did. Why can't they let people have a chance to behave reasonably in stories?"

"Perhaps they couldn't make it so attractive," suggested Corey, with a smile.

"It would be novel, at any rate," said the girl. "But so it would in real life, I suppose," she added.

"I don't know. Why shouldn't people in love behave sensibly?"

"That's a very serious question," said Penelope, gravely. "I couldn't answer it." And she left him the embarrassment of supporting an inquiry which she had certainly instigated herself. She seemed to have finally recovered her own ease in doing this. "Do you admire our autumnal display, Mr. Corey?"

"Your display?"

"The trees in the square. We think it's quite equal to an opening at Jordan & Marsh's."

"Ah, I'm afraid you wouldn't let me be serious even about your maples."

"Oh, yes, I should,—if you like to be serious."

"Don't you?"

"Well, not about serious matters. That's the reason that book made me cry."

"You make fun of everything. Miss Irene was telling me last night about you."

"Then it's no use for me to deny it so soon. I must give Irene a talking to."

"I hope you won't forbid her to talk about you!"

She had taken up a fan from the table, and held it, now between her face and the fire, and now between her face and him. Her little visage, with that arch, lazy look in it, topped by its mass of dusky hair, and dwindling from the full cheeks to the small chin, had a Japanese effect in the subdued light, and it had the charm which comes to any woman with happiness. It would be hard to say how much of this she perceived that he felt. They talked about other things awhile, and then she came back to what he had said. She glanced at him obliquely round her fan, and stopped moving it. "Does Irene talk about me?" she asked.

"I think so,—yes. Perhaps it's only I who talk about you. You must blame me if it's wrong," he returned.

"Oh, I didn't say it was wrong," she replied. "But I hope if you said anything very bad of me you'll let me know what it was, so that I can reform——"

"No, don't change, please!" cried the young man.

Penelope caught her breath, but went on resolutely, "—or rebuke you for speaking evil of dignities." She looked down at the fan, now flat in her lap, and tried to govern her hand, but it trembled, and she remained looking down. Again they let the talk stray, and then it was he who brought it back to themselves, as if it had not left them.

"I have to talk of you," said Corey, "because I get to talk to you so seldom."

"You mean that I do all the talking when we're—together?" She glanced sidewise at him; but she reddened after speaking the last word.

"We're so seldom together," he pursued.

"I don't know what you mean——"

"Sometimes I've thought—I've been afraid—that you avoided me."

"Avoided you?"

"Yes! Tried not to be alone with me."

She might have told him that there was no reason why she should be alone with him, and that it was very strange he should make this complaint of her. But she did not. She kept looking down at the fan, and then she lifted her burning face and looked at the clock again. "Mother and Irene will be sorry to miss you," she gasped.

He instantly rose and came towards her. She rose too, and mechanically put out her hand. He took it as if to say good-night. "I didn't mean to send you away," she besought him.

"Oh, I'm not going," he answered, simply. "I wanted to say—to say that it's I who make her talk about you—to say I—— There is something I want to say to you; I've said it so often to myself that I feel as if you must know it." She stood quite still, letting him keep her hand, and questioning his face with a bewildered gaze. "You *must* know—she must have told you—she must have guessed——" Penelope turned white, but outwardly quelled the panic that sent the blood to her heart. "I—I didn't expect—I hoped to have seen your father—but I must speak now, whatever—— I love you!"

She freed her hand from both of those he had closed

upon it, and went back from him across the room with a sinuous spring. "*Me!*" Whatever potential complicity had lurked in her heart, his words brought her only immeasurable dismay.

He came towards her again. "Yes, *you*. Who else?"

She fended him off with an imploring gesture. "I thought—I—it was——"

She shut her lips tight, and stood looking at him where he remained in silent amaze. Then her words came again, shudderingly. "Oh, what have you done?"

"Upon my soul," he said, with a vague smile, "I don't know. I hope no harm?"

"Oh, don't laugh!" she cried, laughing hysterically herself. "Unless you want me to think you the greatest wretch in the world!"

"I?" he responded. "For heaven's sake, tell me what you mean!"

"You know I can't tell you. Can you say—can you put your hand on your heart and say that—you—say you never meant—that you meant me—all along?"

"Yes!—yes! Who else? I came here to see your father, and to tell him that I wished to tell you this—to ask him—— But what does it matter? You must have known it—you must have seen—and it's for you to answer me. I've been abrupt, I know, and I've startled you; but, if you love me, you can forgive that to my loving you so long before I spoke."

She gazed at him with parted lips.

"Oh, mercy! What shall I do? If it's true—what you say—you must go!" she said. "And you must never come any more. Do you promise that?"

"Certainly not," said the young man. "Why should I promise such a thing—so abominably wrong? I could obey if you didn't love me——"

"Oh, I don't! Indeed I don't! Now will you obey?"

"No. I don't believe you."

"Oh!"

He possessed himself of her hand again.

"My love—my dearest! What is this trouble, that you can't tell it? It can't be anything about yourself. If it is anything about any one else, it wouldn't make the least difference in the world, no matter what it was. I would be only too glad to show by any act or deed I could that nothing could change me towards you."

"Oh, you don't understand!"

"No, I don't. You must tell me."

"I will never do that."

"Then I will stay here till your mother comes, and ask her what it is."

"Ask *her*?"

"Yes! Do you think I will give you up till I know why I must?"

"You force me to it! Will you go if I tell you, and never let any human creature know what you have said to me?"

"Not unless you give me leave."

"That will be never. Well, then——" She stopped, and made two or three ineffectual efforts to begin again.

"No, no! I can't. You must go!"

"I will not go!"

"You said you—loved me. If you do, you will go."

He dropped the hands he had stretched towards her, and she hid her face in her own.

"There!" she said, turning it suddenly upon him. "Sit down there. And will you promise me—on your honor—not to speak—not to try to persuade me—not to—touch me? You won't touch me?"

"I will obey you, Penelope."

"As if you were never to see me again? As if I were dying?"

"I will do what you say. But I shall see you again, and don't talk of dying. This is the beginning of life——"

"No. It's the end," said the girl, resuming at last something of the hoarse drawl which the tumult of her feeling had broken into those half-articulate appeals. She sat down too, and lifted her face towards him. "It's the end of life for me, because I know now that I must have been playing false from the beginning. You don't know what I mean, and I can never tell you. It isn't my secret; it's some one else's. You—you must never come here again. I can't tell you why, and you must never try to know. Do you promise?"

"You can forbid me. I must do what you say."

"I do forbid you, then. And you shall not think I am cruel——"

"How could I think that?"

"Oh, how hard you make it!"

Corey laughed for very despair. "Can I make it easier by disobeying you?"

"I know I am talking crazily. But I'm not crazy."

"No, no," he said, with some wild notion of comforting her; "but try to tell me this trouble! There is nothing under heaven—no calamity, no sorrow—that I wouldn't gladly share with you, or take all upon myself if I could!"

"I know! But this you can't. Oh, my——"

"Dearest! Wait! Think! Let me ask your mother—your father——"

She gave a cry.

"No! If you do that, you will make me hate you! Will you——"

The rattling of a latch-key was heard in the outer door

"Promise!" cried Penelope.

"Oh, I promise!"

"Good-by!" She suddenly flung her arms round his neck, and, pressing her cheek tight against his, flashed out of the room by one door as her father entered it by another.

LIFE IN BRUSHLAND.

JOHN DARBY.

["John Darby" is the *nom-de-plume* assumed by Dr. James E. Garretson, a physician of Philadelphia, who has made the charms and advantages of country life the basis of several enthusiastic works. "Brushland," as will appear from our selection, is the sandy-soiled and forest-covered region of Southern New Jersey, at first sight seeming utterly unfitted for agriculture, yet which has proved remarkably prolific in the growth of the vine, small fruits, and "garden-truck" in general. It has become a very important source of fruit and vegetable supply to the two great neighboring cities of New York and Philadelphia, while German cultivators have succeeded in making parts of it a veritable "American Rhine." The following description of its two main vine-growing districts may be of interest to our readers.]

IF the author of the "Deserted Village" be right in his assertion that "every rood of ground maintained its man," these Jersey barrens are capable of affording support to all the unemployed of the United States. Let the rood be changed for a twenty-acre farm, and homes are to be found in them for all the houseless in the two great cities bordering the region.

Jersey brush is not a home in itself: quite the contrary. Many is the man who has come to grief amid its scrub-oaks. Many another will lay down the budget of his hopes among its brambles and briars, cursing the fate that

led him to what he is to find a dreary disappointment. To flourish in Brushland is to carry into it common sense and energy. To starve in its woods is not to take into them judgment and industry. The man who would make for himself amid Brushland cheapness the results of Johannisberg must be sure that, in locating his vine-hill, he buys red clay and gravel. He who would have a vintage smacking of the bouquet that lives about the Château-Margaux must not be uncertain as to the percentage of potash, iron, and soluble silicates to be analyzed from his soil.

Reminded of wine-growing is to recall many pleasant experiences enjoyed with the growers. Egg Harbor and Vineland are the regions of this most delightful industry. The possibility of the whole brush country for the profitable raising of the vine, and of fruit generally, is something that home-seekers might wisely consider. Certainly it is the case that here growing weather comes earliest and stays latest. Undeniably, a seed dropped in the ground is sure to come to something if the ghost of a chance be allowed it. It happened the writer on an occasion to be invited to meet in the brush a commission of gentlemen appointed by the Legislature of New Jersey to make explorations of a character similar to some engaging at the time his own attention. The day of meeting was a hot one, and after a long morning spent in digging out specimens of soil and in détouring here and there through trackless places, a ride was proposed to what, again using Carlyle's word, and adding to it, we will call "Weissnichtwozweitens." Assuredly, as one at least of the party was concerned, it was a ride having no objective point, but influenced solely by the accidents of roads that might be met with. It was certainly a narrow way in which we found ourselves immediately on leaving the

street of the village, so narrow as to beget at once the thought "Suppose we meet somebody?" Where did the road lead? To see the most of the particular locality was the special object; plenty of time was just then at the author's command. Where the single track went was not a matter of the slightest consequence; it led somewhere, that was enough.

What a surprise when a sudden turn in the road showed an ending of the brush, introducing a scene fair as eye could desire to look on! Flatness was lost in undulation; sterility replaced by fruitfulness. Along the sides of many hills of gentle elevation were seen the dressers tying up their vines. From every direction came songs from the lips of the workers, borne by a hazy atmosphere. The scene was not at all American. It was an involuntary motion of the eye that turned to look for the Rheinfluss. Vineyards in every direction. Houses exhibiting both means and taste. Here, perched on the top of the highest hill, a beer-brewery. One place, beautiful as a picture, showed a garden filled with long tables; evidently a pleasure-resort; German, very German; one on taking a seat would unconsciously have given his order in the *Sprache des Vaterlandes*. But the people to fill up these long tables; where did the convivialists come from? Who could manage to find so out-of-the-way an *Anpflanzung*?

Turning up a lane, bordered on either side by rows of vines, our excursion found a terminus before what, at first sight, might readily enough have been mistaken for a house-roof lying upon the ground. This, however, was a wine-vault, the roof acting the part of a water-shed.

It is not to qualify the hearty welcome given our little party by any reference to the official character associated with it. The proprietor represented his vines, the vines expressed the proprietor. There was plenty of wine,

there were plenty of vintages. "Would we inspect the vault?"

And we did inspect the vault; we inspected the wine; and as well we inspected the vintages. From sixty-eight to seventy-eight; ten glorious gatherings poured into casks from the wine-bottles hung by God's creative power on the vines of the hill-side. It is our misfortune never to have been in Leipsic, consequently we have never sat among the mould-covered barrels where Faust sat. Here, however, was an Auerbach's in the woods. Over the barrels were inches of mould; over the walls were dark stains made by the flare of lamp and torch. The vault we were in is an oblong square, pillars of masonry supporting the roof at short intervals. In entering it we had passed through a small trap in the floor of the roof. Looking up from below, this floor-roof impressed us as being of stone. The barrels, of which there was row after row, were piled one upon the other, reaching almost to the ceiling. No attempt seemed to have been made to keep them free from mould, cask after cask lying in a union which appeared not to have been disturbed for years. What the value of mould is in a wine-vault was not known to any of the visiting inspectors; that, however, it is a something to be cherished and valued by the vintner is a matter of which our entertainer did not leave us in doubt. In a picture of this same vault, shown in a little book published by the Camden & Atlantic Railway Company, the walls are painted white, and the place throughout is as light as a mid-day sun might possibly make it; in reality, it is a cave full of twilight and of weird imaginations, and so full, withal, of ghostly hiding-places, that were it not that Goethe has so plainly and irrefutably exhibited that Mephistopheles differs nothing in his habits from a modern gentleman, one would incline,

when in it, to keep his wits about him out of fear of the devil.

"Sixty-eight," said the host, flowing into half a dozen glasses the holdings of a self-acting pump. Sixty-eight was drunk and pronounced excellent. "Sixty-nine!" Sixty-nine was a welcome draught. "Seventy!" "Seventy-one! Seventy-two! Seventy-three!" Seventy-three needed a lesson for its appreciation. "So," said the vintner, putting a teaspoonful of the wine into his mouth and drawing bubbles of air through it. Half a dozen mouths received half a dozen teaspoonsful and made bubbles. This idea was new; the result carried the day; the declaration for the Franklin '73 was unanimous.

"Jolhink!" said the vintner, brimming the pump with what evidently was his peculiar predilection. To see the expression of triumph on the face of the grower was to find reflected on one's self the flame of his enthusiasm. Did he feel a shade of disappointment that the Franklin '73 held the day? One, at least, of the tasters must excuse the preference, in that he judged by tannates and ferrum rather than by palate and nostril. Perhaps, however, after all, it was the result of a first experience at bubble-making.

The door, as stated, through which our party had entered the place, was a small trap cut in the water-shed. Until after the trial of the vintages, when we came more leisurely to look about, it had not happened to any of us to inquire after a more roomy means of egress. The great tuns constituting the ground-floor of vessels certainly had never been brought through the trap, or if, as suggested by one of the party, an incoming had been in the shape of staves, how was there to be an outgoing in the form of hogsheads? Six speculating inquirers had repeated before them the problem of the English King:

here was another dumpling with an apple inside. How is an apple got inside of a dumpling? It was an attendant, who had not partaken of the vintages, that somewhat later pointed out a door in one of the sides of the vault quite big enough to pass a brewer's distributing-wagon.

Auerbach's cellar had not only Mephistopheles, but as well its poet. But not Leipsic alone is the home of the muse. There, in the very midst of Jersey brush, in a gloomy vault under ground, Inspiration was found among wine-barrels, and Reflection, arms akimbo, sitting surrounded by mould. Poetry is not necessarily rhyme, nor is philosophy compulsorily long-drawn words. Who had composed the bars and who written the lines which the flare of the torch showed on the walls of a recess in which we found ourselves? One familiar with German might not fail to understand that the composition had been thought out in that tongue, and afterwards put into a language less familiar to the thinker. Whether it was the wine that had been drunk, the rich, full, adagio-timed voice of our host, or whether the vein of philosophy struck a responsive chord, it matters not to consider. Never was song or chant greeted more rapturously; never certainly has that fungus-lined old cellar echoed with heartier *encore*.

The writer would like to put back into their native tongue the words chanted in the wine-vault. He would like to telephone into the ear of the reader the rich sturdiness of the voice that sang. He would like to mellow a critic's heart with draughts of the Franklin '73. More even than this: he would like that his reader might enjoy with him the associations that are, even at this moment, about him, of Weissnichtwozweitens. Divested of the frame of its charms, here follows what the wine-grower sang to his guests:

"Here among my wine-barrels will I reflect on the meaning of evils escaped by me; evils which lie in wait for dwellers in great cities.

"Here, where it is never too hot or too cold, will I rest in thankfulness of my good; good which is the heritage of him who eschews bad.

"Here, distraction far removed from me, will I pause in my work to consider of wine; wine, which while it cheers and lifts up, as well scourges and pulls down.

"Here, beneath the face of the ground, will I consider of running streams; streams which the God gives me in form of wine for my barrels.

"I will account that I am not the maker but the gatherer of inspired water; water wherein is yearly repeated the miracle of the marriage-feast.

"I will take to my heart consciousness that the God can do no evil; evil I will teach myself to understand as the abuse of good.

"I will join in no foolish hue and cry against the meaning of wine; wine, when vilified, is as slops thrown in the face of its maker.

"Leipsic I will not regret; my vineyard shall be my Leipsic: Leipsic where if there be no Faust there is no Mephistopheles.

"World! world! What is a man's world but his mind? Mind, which in its wisdom or folly makes or unmakes.

"Toast! I hold high the brimming beaker for a toast to the God: God who beautifies, but who denies not to man the power to desolate."

Experiences quite as strange as those of the city are met with in the brush. Among those same vineyards of the Egg Harbor region the writer stopped on one occasion to ask for a draught of water, when a plainly-dressed dame presented the pitcher, who was found familiar with all the modern languages of Southern Europe, and who, in her day, had called down the plaudits of so critical an audience as assembles in the Grand Opera-House at Milan. From Italy to the Jersey barrens is a long distance, but the lady seemed to have no regret for the change. It was a generous and delicious refreshment, not of water, but

of wine, that was given by the retired prima donna, and it was bestowed with a grace not unbecoming a queen of song. An interview with the lady's husband showed a spouse not unworthy so accomplished a wife. There was limping and halting among the Latin and German verbs with which we endeavored to make ourselves understood, the one by the other; the lameness was not, however, on the part of the farmer.

But to find the odd things and oddities of the barrens go to Vineland. Miss Duhring, in her charming book, "Philosophers and Fools," classifies the articles. At Vineland she would be at fault. I am not at all prepared to commit myself as to the residents. I think them philosophers; people generally do not agree with me. At Vineland are found the men who grow long hair, and the women who cut it short; males who wear petticoats, and females who have made the exchange for trousers. There is, about the locality, a monstrous amount of sense—or nonsense. One paying his fare in the cars can go and see, deciding for himself.

Searching for entertainment, I had over and again been in Vineland. To this day no one there knows my name. I stop and gossip with the specimen who has woman's rights at her tongue's end. She is a Yankee, you may be sure; she "wants to know," she pronounces how "heow." She sniffs the air of the clouds when I inadvertently drop a word about the lord of creation. Dr. So-and-So, name unknown, not he, but a she, going by upon a wall-eyed horse,—never mind the position,—stops to learn the row; the row is all on one side. I put the women by the ears and draw off to a neighboring lot where Jonathan is framing a good-sized dry-goods-box kind of structure, designed to accommodate a front door and a pair of green-painted window-shutters.

I have had many a good talk with Jonathan, and have learned many valuable facts from him. He knows everything. You can tell him nothing. Unfortunately, he knows too much. He sets up his packing-box too often upon the sand, mistaking it for rock. His sanguinity is refreshing. Although his ten-acre lot is only a brush-heap, next year he is to dig dollars out of it. You need not suggest a market for this, or sale for that; what he is after is strawberries. He expects to show after a "spell" a "tarnal site" better specimen of the fruit than Middle States people ever read about or "heared tell on." "He'll do it; by the eternal Jehoshaphat he will."

A curious place, truly. I am in earnest when I suggest that the people may be philosophers. Assuredly it would not be easy to find a region where so much is got out of so little. The settlement is a plain counting thousands of acres. Where drains are required you find ditches. Where fences are ordinarily used law is made to take their place. Vines and trees skirt the road-side. Fruit hangs over your head as you pass along. Nobody steals.

The crates of berries sent by this community to the markets of the two great equidistant cities of Philadelphia and New York are fully fabulous as to number; tons is what the people count their produce by. Besides raising the berries they make the boxes. Go to Vineland to learn economy. A shaving from a hoop-pole is made to surround a quart of fruit. A pumpkin is hung up to dry, a dead tomato-vine saving the price of string. A boy's winter cap comes off a squirrel's back. A girl's summer head-gear is the twisting and twining of leaves and flowers.

Not all the houses of Vineland are up-ended dry-goods boxes. Some are large. A few are very tasteful. The centre of the colony is a street a mile in length. Ambitious stores have already commenced a process of dete-

rioration by hanging in their windows the fashion-plates of the day. From a fashion-plate to a woman's shoulders is not a long distance. From a Paris dress to extreme femininity is a shorter distance. Go soon if you want to see the woman in pantaloons. . . .

Discoursing of Vineland reminds of a place some few miles below it. There is a certain station squat down upon a sand-hill; squat expresses the impression produced. That is all about the station. You leave the cars there.

This brushland region is full of cedar-water streams. Cedar-water in its purity! Do not set up your judgment on water until you have seen and tasted that found in the cedar regions of the Jersey barrens. Black, cold, sweet, it is unlike all the fluids of the earth. Its blackness is not opacity, it is transparency. Obstruct its running by a handful of pebbles, and you have the peculiar sparkle of a diamond. Drink it,—or perhaps it is the air you breathe in connection with the drink,—and you are lifted up by some exhilaration unfelt ever before. Not very far from the station referred to is a stream of this cedar-water that well deserves a poet's pen to write its praise. By the arbored banks of the runnel Hygeia may be assumed to have set up one of her trysting-places. One stretches himself in the shade of the dense foliage, wondering if accident has not revealed to him the hiding-place of the fountain searched for so vainly and so long by Ponce de Leon. The place is not, however, without its drawback.

“Mosquitoes!”

I have been there often, and have yet to meet one. The drawback is getting to it. If you hire a wagon and ride, the road breaks you up. Bump, bump: a set of axles is good for one trip. To walk is well; only you are not to have ankles too susceptible to the depressing in-

fluence of water-soaked pantaloons-legs. It was an idea once seriously entertained by the writer to build for himself a summer box at the site of the beautiful stream, an idea which would undoubtedly have had a fruition had it not been for fear of an accidental spark from a passing locomotive, or of an ash carelessly thrown aside from a tramp's pipe. Not unique, it is yet anomalous, that here, within a stone-throw of a health-and-pleasure-seeking population, passing and repassing almost hourly to and from the sea, a place so beautiful exists known alone to the dryads and to a few peregrinating loiterers. Some time it will be discovered by Boniface; some time the sweet water will be polluted by beer-dregs.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

JARED SPARKS.

[Jared Sparks, a distinguished biographer and historian, was born in Connecticut in 1789. He became a minister of the Unitarian denomination in 1819. From 1823 to 1830 he was editor of the *North American Review*. His first biographical work was the "Life of John Ledyard" (1829). But his most important production in this field is "The Life and Writings of George Washington," in twelve volumes, a work which Griswold characterizes as "in all respects as nearly perfect as possible." He edited the complete works of Franklin, and wrote a large number of biographical essays. For several years before his death in 1866 he is said to have been engaged on a History of the American Revolution. As a writer he had an attractive style, and was very accurate, impartial, and exhaustive.]

THE causes of the Revolution, so fertile a theme of speculation, are less definite than have been imagined.

The whole series of colonial events was a continued and accumulating cause. The spirit was kindled in England; it went with Robinson's congregation to Holland; it landed with them at Plymouth; it was the basis of the first constitution of these sage and self-taught legislators; it never left them nor their descendants. It extended to the other colonies, where it met with a kindred impulse, was nourished in every breast, and became rooted in the feelings of the whole people.

The Revolution was a change of forms, but not of substance; the breaking of a tie, but not the creation of a principle; the establishment of an independent nation, but not the origin of its intrinsic political capacities. The foundations of society, although unsettled for the moment, were not essentially disturbed; its pillars were shaken, but never overthrown. The convulsions of war subsided, and the people found themselves, in their local relations and customs, their immediate privileges and enjoyments, just where they had been at the beginning. The new forms transferred the supreme authority from the King and Parliament of Great Britain to the hands of the people. This was a gain, but not a renovation; a security against future encroachments, but not an exemption from any old duty, nor an imposition of any new one, farther than that of being at the trouble to govern themselves.

Hence the latent cause of what has been called a revolution was the fact that the political spirit and habits in America had waxed into a shape so different from those in England that it was no longer convenient to regulate them by the same forms. In other words, the people had grown to be kings, and chose to exercise their sovereign prerogatives in their own way. Time alone would have effected the end, probably without so violent an explosion,

had it not been hastened by particular events, which may be denominated the proximate causes.

These took their rise at the close of the French War, twelve years before the actual contest began. Relieved from future apprehensions of the French power on the frontiers, the colonists now had leisure to think of themselves, of their political affairs, their numbers, their United States. At this juncture, the most inauspicious possible for the object in view, the precious device of taxing the colonies was resorted to by the British ministry, which, indeed, had been for some time a secret scheme in the cabinet, and had been recommended by the same sagacious governor of Virginia who found the people in such a republican way of acting that he could not manage them to his purpose.

The fruit of this policy was the Stamp Act, which has been considered a primary cause; and it was so, in the same sense that a torch is the cause of a conflagration, kindling the flame, but not creating the combustible materials. Effects then became causes, and the triumphant opposition to this tax was the cause of its being renewed on tea and other articles, not so much, it was avowed, for the amount of revenue it would yield, as to vindicate the principle that Parliament had a right to tax the colonies. The people resisted the act, and destroyed the tea, to show that they likewise had a principle, for which they felt an equal concern.

By these experiments on their patience, and these struggles to oppose them, their confidence was increased, as the tree gains strength at its root by the repeated blasts of the tempest against its branches. From this time a mixture of causes was at work: the pride of power, the disgrace of defeat, the arrogance of office, on the one hand; a sense of wrong, indignant feeling, and

enthusiasm for liberty, on the other. These were secondary, having slight connection with the first springs of the Revolution, or the pervading force by which it was kept up, although important filaments in the net-work of history.

The acts of the Revolution derive dignity and interest from the character of the actors and the nature and magnitude of the events. It has been remarked that in all great political revolutions men have arisen possessed of extraordinary endowments adequate to the exigency of the time. It is true enough that such revolutions, or any remarkable and continued exertions of human power, must be brought to pass by corresponding qualities in the agents; but whether the occasion makes the men, or men the occasion, may not always be ascertained with exactness. In either case, however, no period has been adorned with examples more illustrious, or more perfectly adapted to the high destiny awaiting them, than that of the American Revolution.

Statesmen were at hand, who, if not skilled in the art of governing empires, were thoroughly imbued with the principles of just government, intimately acquainted with the history of former ages, and, above all, with the condition, sentiments, and feelings of their countrymen. If there were no Richelieus nor Mazarins, no Cecils nor Chathams, in America, there were men who, like Themistocles, knew how to raise a small state to glory and greatness.

The eloquence and the internal counsels of the Old Congress were never recorded; we know them only in their results; but that assembly, with no other power than that conferred by the suffrage of the people, with no other influence than that of their public virtue and talents, and without precedent to guide their deliberations, unsup-

ported even by the arm of law or of ancient usages,—that assembly levied troops, imposed taxes, and for years not only retained the confidence and upheld the civil existence of a distracted country, but carried through a perilous war under its most aggravating burdens of sacrifice and suffering. Can we imagine a situation in which were required higher moral courage, more intelligence and talent, a deeper insight into human nature and the principles of social and political organizations, or, indeed, any of those qualities which constitute greatness of character in a statesman? See, likewise, that work of wonder, the Confederation, a union of independent states, constructed in the very heart of a desolating war, but with a beauty and strength, imperfect as it was, of which the ancient leagues of the Amphictyons, the Achæans, the Lycians, and the modern Confederacies of Germany, Holland, Switzerland, afford neither exemplar nor parallel.

In their foreign affairs these same statesmen showed no less sagacity and skill, taking their stand boldly in the rank of nations, maintaining it there, competing with the tactics of practised diplomacy, and extorting from the powers of the world not only the homage of respect, but the proffers of friendship.

The American armies, compared with the embattled legions of the Old World, were small in numbers, but the soul of a whole people centred in the bosom of these more than Spartan bands, and vibrated quickly and keenly with every incident that befell them, whether in the feats of valor or the acuteness of their sufferings. The country was one wide battle-field, in which not merely the life-blood, but the dearest interests, the sustaining hopes, of every individual, were at stake. It was not a war of pride and ambition between monarchs, in which an island or a province might be the award of success; it was a

contest for personal liberty and civil rights, coming down in its principles to the very sanctuary of home and the fireside, and determining for every man the measure of responsibility he should hold over his own condition, possessions, and happiness. The spectacle was grand and new, and may well be cited as the most glowing page in the annals of progressive man.

INTERVIEW OF HADAD AND TAMAR.

J. A. HILLHOUSE.

[James A. Hillhouse was born in New Haven, Connecticut, in 1789. His first poem, "The Judgment, a Vision," appeared in 1812. He afterwards wrote three dramas, entitled "Percy's Masque," "Hadad," and "Demetria," which have been much admired. He died in 1841. We select a portion of a scene from "Hadad." This drama is based on the assumed former intercourse between man and spirits, good and bad. Hadad is a fallen angel, in the guise of a Syrian prince, who visits Jerusalem in the time of King David and falls in love with Tamar, the sister of Absalom. As will be seen from our extract, the success of the suit of the seeming heathen prince is made dependent upon his conversion to a belief in Jehovah.]

The garden of ABSALOM'S house on Mount Zion, near the palace, overlooking the city. TAMAR sitting by a fountain.

Tam. How aromatic evening grows! The flowers
And spicy shrubs exhale like onycha;
Spikenard and henna emulate in sweets.
Blest hour! which He, who fashioned it so fair,
So softly glowing, so contemplative,
Hath set, and sanctified to look on man.
And lo! the smoke of evening sacrifice

Ascends from out the tabernacle. Heaven,
Accept the expiation, and forgive
This day's offences! Ha! the wonted strain,
Precursor of his coming!—Whence can this—
It seems to flow from some unearthly hand——

[*Enter HADAD.*]

Had. Does beauteous Tamar view, in this clear fount,
Herself, or heaven?

Tam. Nay, Hadad, tell me whence
Those sad, mysterious sounds.

Had. What sounds, dear princess?

Tam. Surely, thou know'st; and now I almost think
Some spiritual creature waits on thee.

Had. I heard no sounds, but such as evening sends
Up from the city to these quiet shades;
A blended murmur sweetly harmonizing
With flowing fountains, feathered minstrelsy,
And voices from the hills.

Tam. The sounds I mean
Floated like mournful music round my head,
From unseen fingers.

Had. When?

Tam. Now, as thou camest.

Had. 'Tis but thy fancy, wrought
To ecstasy; or else thy grandsire's harp
Resounding from his tower at eventide.
I've lingered to enjoy its solemn tones,
Till the broad moon, that rose o'er Olivet,
Stood listening in the zenith; yea, have deemed
Viols and heavenly voices answered him.

Tam. But these——

Had. Were we in Syria, I might say
The Naiad of the fount, or some sweet Nymph,

The goddess of these shades, rejoiced in thee,
And gave thee salutations ; but I fear
Judah would call me infidel to Moses.

Tam. How like my fancy ! When these strains precede
Thy steps, as oft they do, I love to think
Some gentle being who delights in us
Is hovering near, and warns me of thy coming,
But they are dirge-like.

Had. Youthful fantasy,
Attuned to sadness, makes them seem so, lady.
So evening's charming voices, welcomed ever,
As signs of rest and peace,—the watchman's call,
The closing gates, the Levite's mellow trump,
Announcing the returning moon, the pipe
Of swains, the bleat, the bark, the housing-bell,—
Send melancholy to a drooping soul.

Tam. But how delicious are the pensive dreams
That steal upon the fancy at their call !

Had. Delicious to behold the world at rest.
Meek labor wipes his brow, and intermits
The curse, to clasp the younglings of his cot ;
Herdsman and shepherd fold their flocks,—and hark !
What merry strains they send from Olivet !
The jar of life is still ; the city speaks
In gentle murmurs ; voices chime with lutes
Waked in the streets and gardens ; loving pairs
Eye the red west in one another's arms ;
And nature, breathing dew and fragrance, yields
A glimpse of happiness, which He, who formed
Earth and the stars, had power to make eternal.

Tam. Ah, Hadad, meanest thou to reproach the Friend
Who gave so much, because he gave not all ?

Had. Perfect benevolence, methinks, had willed
Unceasing happiness, and peace, and joy ;

Filled the whole universe of human hearts
With pleasure, like a flowing spring of life.

Tam. Our Prophet teaches so, till man's rebellion.

Had. Rebellion! Had he 'leaguered Heaven itself
With beings powerful, numberless, and dreadful,
Mixed onset 'midst the lacerating hail,
And snake-tongued thunderbolts, that hissed and stung
Worse than eruptive mountains,—this had fallen
Within the category. But what did man?
Tasted an apple! and the fragile scene,
Eden, and innocence, and human bliss,
The nectar-flowing streams, life-giving fruits,
Celestial shades, and amaranthine flowers,
Vanish; and sorrow, toil, and pain, and death.
Cleave to him by an everlasting curse.

Tam. Ah! talk not thus.

Had. Is this benevolence?—

Nay, loveliest, these things sometimes trouble me;
For I was tutored in a brighter faith.
Our Syrians deem each lucid fount and stream,
Forest and mountain, glade and bosky dell,
Peopled with kind divinities, the friends
Of man, a spiritual race allied
To him by many sympathies, who seek
His happiness, inspire him with gay thoughts,
Cool with their waves, and fan him with their airs.
O'er them, the Spirit of the Universe,
Or Soul of Nature, circumfuses all
With mild, benevolent, and sun-like radiance,
Pervading, warming, vivifying earth,
As spirit does the body, till green herbs,
And beauteous flowers, and branchy cedars rise;
And shooting stellar influence through her caves,
Whence minerals and gems imbibe their lustre.

Tam. Dreams, Hadad, empty dreams.

Had. These deities

They invoke with cheerful, gentle rites,
Hang garlands on their altars, heap their shrines
With Nature's bounties, fruits, and fragrant flowers.
Not like yon gory mount that ever reeks——

Tam. Cast not reproach upon the holy altar.

Had. Nay, sweet.—Having enjoyed all pleasures here
That Nature prompts, but chiefly blissful love,
At death, the happy Syrian maiden deems
Her immaterial flies into the fields,
Or circumambient clouds, or crystal brooks,
And dwells, a deity, with those she worshipped,
Till time or fate return her in its course
To quaff, once more, the cup of human joy.

Tam. But thou believ'st not this?

Had. I almost wish

Thou didst; for I have feared, my gentle Tamar,
Thy spirit is too tender for a law
Announced in terrors, coupled with the threats
Of an inflexible and dreadful Being,
Whose word annihilates,—who could arrest
The sun in heaven, or, if he pleased, abolish
Light from creation, and leave wretched man
To darkness. . . .

Nay, nay, I grieve thee: 'tis not for myself,
But that I fear these gloomy things oppress
Thy soul, and cloud its native sunshine.

Tam. (*In tears, clasping her hands.*)

Witness, ye heavens! Eternal Father, witness!
Blest God of Jacob! Maker! Friend! Preserver!
That with my heart, my undivided soul,
I love, adore, and praise thy glorious name,
Confess thee Lord of all, believe thy laws

Wise, just, and merciful, as they are true.
Oh, Hadad, Hadad! you misconstrue much
The sadness that usurps me: 'tis for thee
I grieve,—for hopes that fade,—for your lost soul,
And my lost happiness.

Had. Oh, say not so,
Beloved princess. Why distrust my faith?

Tam. Thou know'st, alas! my weakness; but, remember,
I never, never will be thine, although
The feast, the blessing, and the song were past,
Though Absalom and David called me bride,
Till sure thou own'st with truth and love sincere
The Lord Jehovah.

OUTWITTING A LAWYER.

J. G. HOLLAND.

[Popular as have been the works of Josiah G. Holland, they have met with a severe reception from critics, and certainly do not merit a very high niche in the temple of literary fame. Yet Jim Fenton, the backwoodsman of "Sevenoaks," is a character that would do credit to any novelist, and stands as a redeeming feature in Holland's somewhat commonplace sensationalism. We give one of the numerous amusing scenes in which this racy character appears. In addition to his novels, Holland has attained a reputation by his Timothy Titcomb letters, and his dramatic poem of "Bittersweet," which gained a high degree of popularity, and is his most meritorious work.]

HE spent a delightful week among his friends in the old village, learned about Jim Fenton and the way to reach him, and on a beautiful spring morning, armed with fishing-tackle, started from Sevenoaks for a fortnight's absence in the woods. The horses were fresh, the air

sparkling, and at mid-afternoon he found himself standing by the river-side, with a row of ten miles before him in a birch canoe, whose hiding-place Mike Conlin had revealed to him during a brief call at his house. To his unused muscles it was a serious task to undertake, but he was not a novice, and it was entered upon deliberately and with a prudent husbandry of his power of endurance. Great was the surprise of Jim and Mr. Benedict, as they sat eating their late supper, to hear the sound of the paddle down the river, and to see approaching them a city gentleman, who, greeting them courteously, drew up in front of their cabin, took out his luggage, and presented himself.

"Where's Jim Fenton?" said Yates.

"That's me. Them as likes me calls me Jim, and them as don't like me—wall, they don't call."

"Well, I've called, and I call you Jim."

"All right; let's see yer tackle," said Jim.

Jim took the rod that Yates handed to him, looked it over, and then said, "When ye come to Sevenoaks ye didn't think o' goin' a-fishin'. This 'ere tackle wasn't brung from the city, and ye ain't no old fisherman. This is the sort they keep down to Sevenoaks."

"No," said Yates, flushing; "I thought I should find near you the tackle used here, so I didn't burden myself."

"That seems reasomble," said Jim, "but it ain't. A trout's a trout anywhere, an' ye hain't got no reel. Ye never fished with anything but a white birch pole in yer life."

Yates was amused, and laughed. Jim did not laugh. He was just as sure that Yates had come on some errand for which his fishing-tackle was a cover, as that he had come at all. He could think of but one motive that would bring the man into the woods, unless he came for sport,

and for sport he did not believe his visitor had come at all. He was not dressed for it. None but old sportsmen, with nothing else to do, ever came into the woods at that season.

"Jim, introduce me to your friend," said Yates, turning to Mr. Benedict, who had dropped his knife and fork and sat uneasily witnessing the meeting and listening to the conversation.

"Well, I call 'im Number Ten. His name's Williams; an' now, if ye ain't too tired, perhaps ye'll tell us what they call ye to home."

"Well, I'm Number Eleven, and my name's Williams, too."

"Then, if yer name's Williams, an' ye're Number 'leven, ye want some supper. Set down an' help yerself."

Before taking his seat, Yates turned laughingly to Mr. Benedict, shook his hand, and "hoped for a better acquaintance."

Jim was puzzled. The man was no ordinary man; he was good-natured; he was not easily perturbed; he was there with a purpose, and that purpose had nothing to do with sport.

After Yates had satisfied his appetite with the coarse food before him, and had lighted his cigar, Jim drove directly at business.

"What brung ye here?" said he.

"A pair of horses and a birch canoe."

"Oh! I didn't know but 'twas a mule and a bandanner hankercher," said Jim. "And whar be ye goin' to sleep to-night?"

"In the canoe, I suppose, if some hospitable man doesn't invite me to sleep in his cabin."

"An' if ye sleep in his cabin, what be ye goin' to do to-morrer?"

"Get up."

"An' clear out?"

"Not a bit of it."

"Well, I love to see folks make themselves to home; but ye don't sleep in no cabin o' mine till I know who ye be, an' what ye're arter."

"Jim, did you ever hear of entertaining angels unaware?" And Yates looked laughingly into his face.

"No, but I've hearn of angels entertainin' theirselves on tin-ware, an' I've had 'em here."

"Do you have tin-peddlers here?" inquired Yates, looking around him.

"No, but we have paupers sometimes." And Jim looked Yates directly in the eye.

"What paupers?"

"From Sevenoaks."

"And do they bring tin-ware?"

"Sartin they do; leastways, one on 'em did, an' I never seen but one in the woods, an' he come here one night tootin' on a tin horn an' blowin' about bein' the angel Gabr'el. Do you see my har?"

"Rather bushy, Jim."

"Well, that's the time it come up, an' it's never been tired enough to lay down sence."

"What became of Gabriel?"

"I skeered 'im, and he went off into the woods per-tendin' he was tryin' to catch a bullet. That's the kind o' ball I allers use when I have a little game with a rovin' angel that comes kadoodlin' round me."

"Did you ever see him afterward?" inquired Yates.

"Yes, I seen him. He laid down one night under a tree, an' he wasn't called to breakfast, an' he never woke up. So I made up my mind he'd gone to play angel somewhere else, an' I dug a hole an' put 'im into it, an' he

hain't never riz, if so be he wasn't Number 'leven an' his name was Williams."

Yates did not laugh, but manifested the most eager interest.

"Jim," said he, "can you show me his bones, and swear to your belief that he was an escaped pauper?"

"Easy."

"Was there a man lost from the poor-house about that time?"

"Yes, an' there was a row about it, an' arterward old Buffum was took with knowin' less than he ever knowed afore. He always did make a fuss about breathin', so he give it up."

"Well, the man you buried is the man I'm after."

"Yes, an' old Belcher sent ye. I knowed it. I smelt the old feller when I heern yer paddle. When a feller works for the devil it ain't hard to guess what sort of a angel *he* is. Ye must feel mighty proud o' yer belongin's."

"Jim, I'm a lawyer; it's my business. I do what I'm hired to do."

"Well," responded Jim, "I don't know nothin' about lawyers, but I'd rather be a natural-born cuss nor a hired one."

Yates laughed, but Jim was entirely sober. The lawyer saw that he was unwelcome, and that the sooner he was out of Jim's way the better that freely-speaking person would like it. So he said, quietly,—

"Jim, I see that I am not welcome, but I bear you no ill will. Keep me to-night, and to-morrow show me this man's bones, and sign a certificate of the statements you have made to me, and I will leave you at once."

The woodsman made no more objection, and the next morning after breakfast the three men went together and found the place of the pauper's burial. It took but a few

minutes to disinter the skeleton, and, after a silent look at it, it was again buried, and all returned to the cabin. Then the lawyer, after asking further questions, drew up a paper certifying to all the essential facts in the case, and Jim signed it.

"Now, how be ye goin' to git back to Sevenoaks?" inquired Jim.

"I don't know. The man who brought me in is not to come for me for a fortnight."

"Then ye've got to huff it," responded Jim.

"It's a long way."

"Ye can do it as fur as Mike's, an' he'll be glad to git back some o' the hundred dollars that old Belcher got out of him."

"The row and the walk will be too much."

"I'll take ye to the landing," said Jim.

"I shall be glad to pay you for the job," responded Yates.

"An' ef ye do," said Jim, "there'll be an accident, an' two men'll get wet, an' one on 'em'll stan' a chance to be drowned."

"Well, have your own way," said Yates.

It was not yet noon, and Jim hurried off his visitor. Yates bade good-by to Benedict, jumped into Jim's boat, and was soon out of sight down the stream. The boat fairly leaped through the water under Jim's strong and steady strokes, and it seemed that only an hour had passed when the landing was discovered.

They made the whole distance in silence. Jim, sitting at his oars, with Yates in the stern, had watched the lawyer with a puzzled expression. He could not read him. The man had not said a word about Benedict. He had not once pronounced his name. He was evidently amused with something, and had great difficulty in sup-

pressing a smile. Again and again the amused expression suffused the lawyer's face, and still, by an effort of will, it was smothered. Jim was in torture. The man seemed to be in possession of some great secret, and looked as if he only waited an opportunity beyond observation to burst into a laugh.

"What the devil be ye thinkin' on?" inquired Jim, at last.

Yates looked him in the eyes, and replied, coolly,—

"I was thinking how well Benedict is looking."

Jim stopped rowing, holding his oars in the air. He was dumb. His face grew almost livid, and his hair seemed to rise and stand straight all over his head. His first impulse was to spring upon the man and throttle him; but a moment's reflection determined him upon another course. He let his oars drop into the water, and then took up the rifle, which he always carried at his side. Raising it to his eye, he said,—

"Now, Number 'leven, come an' take my seat. Ef ye make any fuss, I'll tip ye into the river, or blow yer brains out. Any man that plays traitor with Jim Fenton gits traitor's fare."

Yates saw that he had made a fatal mistake, and that it was too late to correct it. He saw that Jim was dangerously excited, and that it would not do to excite him further. He therefore rose, and, with feigned pleasantries, said he should be very glad to row to the landing.

Jim passed him and took a seat in the stern of the boat. Then, as Yates took up the oars, Jim raised his rifle, and, pointing it directly at the lawyer's breast, said,—

"Now, Sam Yates, turn this boat round."

Yates was surprised in turn, bit his lips, and hesitated.

"Turn this boat round, or I'll fix ye so't I can see through ye plainer nor I do now."

"Surely, Jim, you don't mean to have me row back. I haven't harmed you."

"Turn this boat round, quicker nor lightnin'."

"There, it's turned," said Yates, assuming a smile.

"Now row back to Number Nine."

"Come, Jim," said Yates, growing pale with vexation and apprehension, "this fooling has gone far enough."

"Not by ten mile," said Jim.

"You surely don't mean to take me back. You have no right to do it. I can prosecute you for this."

"Not if I put a bullet through ye, or drown ye."

"Do you mean to have me row back to Number Nine?"

"I mean to have you row back to Number Nine, or go to the bottom leakin'," responded Jim.

Yates thought a moment, looked angrily at the determined man before him, as if he were meditating some rash experiment, and then dipped his oars and rowed up-stream.

Great was the surprise of Mr. Benedict late in the afternoon to see Yates slowly rowing toward the cabin, and landing under cover of Jim's rifle, and the blackest face that he had ever seen above his good friend's shoulders.

When the boat touched the bank, Jim, still with his rifle pointed at the breast of Sam Yates, said,—

"Now git out, an' take a bee-line for the shanty, an' see how many paces you make on't."

Yates was badly blown by his row of ten miles on the river, and could hardly stir from his seat; but Mr. Benedict helped him up the bank, and then Jim followed him on shore.

Benedict looked from one to the other with mingled surprise and consternation, and then said,—

"Jim, what does this mean?"

"It means," replied Jim, "that Number 'leven, an' his

name is Williams, forgot to 'tend to his feelin's over old Tilden's grave, an' I've axed 'im to come back an' use up his clean hankerchers. He was took with a fit o' knowin' somethin', too, an' I'm goin' to see if I can cure 'im. It's a new sort o' sickness for him, and it may floor 'im."

"I suppose there is no use in carrying on this farce any longer," said Yates. "I knew you, Mr. Benedict, soon after arriving here, and it seems that you recognized me; and now, here is my hand. I never meant you ill, and I did not expect to find you alive. I have tried my best to make you out a dead man, and so to report you; but Jim has compelled me to come back and make sure that you are alive."

"No, I didn't," responded Jim. "I wanted to let ye know that I'm alive, and that I don't 'low no hired cusses to come snoopin' round my camp, an' goin' off with a haw-haw buttoned up in their jackets, without a thrashin'."

Benedict, of course, stood thunderstruck and irresolute. He was discovered by the very man whom his old persecutor had sent for the purpose. He had felt that the discovery would be made sooner or later,—intended, indeed, that it should be made,—but he was not ready.

They all walked to the cabin in moody silence. Jim felt that he had been hasty, and was very strongly inclined to believe in the sincerity of Yates; but he knew it was safe to be on his guard with any man who was in the employ of Mr. Belcher. Turk saw there was trouble, and whined around his master, as if inquiring whether there was anything that he could do to bring matters to an adjustment.

"No, Turk; he's my game," said Jim. "Ye couldn't eat 'im, no more nor ye could a muss-rat."

There were just three seats in the cabin,—two camp-stools and a chest.

"That's the seat for ye," said Jim to Yates, pointing to the chest. "Jest plant yerself thar. Thar's somethin' in that 'ere chest as'll make ye tell the truth."

Yates looked at the chest and hesitated.

"It ain't powder," said Jim, "but it'll blow ye worse nor powder, if ye don't tell the truth."

Yates sat down. He had not appreciated the anxiety of Benedict to escape discovery, or he would not have been so silly as to bruit his knowledge until he had left the woods. He felt ashamed of his indiscretion, but, as he knew that his motives were good, he could not but feel that he had been outraged.

"Jim, you have abused me," said he. "You have misunderstood me; and that is the only apology that you can make for your discourtesy. I was a fool to tell you what I knew, but you had no right to serve me as you have served me."

"P'raps I hadn't," responded Jim, doubtfully.

Yates went on:

"I have never intended to play you a trick. It may be a base thing for me to do, but I intended to deceive Mr. Belcher. He is a man to whom I owe no good will. He has always treated me like a dog, and he will continue the treatment so long as I have anything to do with him; but he found me when I was very low, and he has furnished me with the money that has made it possible for me to redeem myself. Believe me, the finding of Mr. Benedict was the most unwelcome discovery I ever made."

"Ye talk reasomble," said Jim; "but how be I goin' to know that ye're tellin' the truth?"

"You cannot know," replied Yates. "The circumstances are all against me, but you will be obliged to trust me. You are not going to kill me; you are not going to harm me; for you would gain nothing by getting my ill will.

I forgive your indignities, for it was natural for you to be provoked, and I provoked you needlessly,—childishly, in fact; but, after what I have said, anything further in that line will not be borne."

"I've a good mind to lick ye now," said Jim, on hearing himself defied.

"You would be a fool to undertake it," said Yates.

"Well, what be ye goin' to tell old Belcher, anyway?" inquired Jim.

"I doubt whether I shall tell him anything. I have no intention of telling him that Mr. Benedict is here, and I do not wish to tell him a lie. I have intended to tell him that in all my journey to Sevenoaks I did not find the object of my search, and that Jim Fenton declared that but one pauper had ever come into the woods and died there."

"That's the truth," said Jim. "Benedict ain't no pauper, nor hain't been since he left the poor-house."

"If he knows about old Tilden," said Yates, "and I'm afraid he does, he'll know that I'm on the wrong scent. If he doesn't know about him, he'll naturally conclude that the dead man was Mr. Benedict. That will answer his purpose."

"Old Belcher ain't no fool," said Jim.

"Well," said Yates, "why doesn't Mr. Benedict come out like a man and claim his rights? That would relieve me, and settle all the difficulties of the case."

Benedict had nothing to say for this, for there was what he felt to be a just reproach in it.

"It's the way he's made," replied Jim,—“leastways, partly. When a man's be'n hauled through hell by the har, it takes 'im a few days to git over bein' dizzy an' find his legs ag'in; an' when a man sells himself to old Belcher, he mustn't squawk an' try to git another feller to help

'im out of 'is bargain. Ye got into't, an' ye must git out on't the best way ye can."

"What would you have me do?" inquired Yates.

"I want to have ye sw'ar, an' sign a Happy David."

"A what?"

"A Happy David. Ye ain't no lawyer if ye don't know what a Happy David is, and can't make one."

Yates recognized, with a smile, the nature of the instrument disguised in Jim's pronunciation and conception, and inquired,—

"What would you have me to swear to?"

"To what I tell ye."

"Very well. I have pen and paper with me, and am ready to write. Whether I will sign the paper will depend upon its contents."

"Be ye ready?"

"Yes."

"Here ye have it, then. 'I solem-ny sw'ar, s'welp me! that I hain't seen no pauper, in no woods, with his name as Benedict.'"

Jim paused, and Yates, having completed the sentence, waited. Then Jim muttered to himself,—

"With his name *as* Benedict—with his name *is* Benedict,—with his name *was* Benedict."

Then, with a puzzled look, he said,—

"Yates, can't ye doctor that a little?"

"Whose name was Benedict," suggested Yates.

"Whose name was Benedict," continued Jim. "Now read it over, as fur as ye've got."

"I solemnly swear that I have seen no pauper in the woods whose name was Benedict.'"

"Now look a-here, Sam Yates; that sort o' thing won't do. Stop them tricks. Ye don't know me, an' ye don't know whar ye're settin', if you think that'll go down."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"I telled ye that Benedict was no pauper, an' ye say that ye've seen no pauper whose name was Benedict. That's jest tellin' that he's here. Oh, ye can't come that game! Now begin ag'in, an' write jest as I give it to ye. 'I solem-ny sw'ar, s'welp me! that I hain't seen no pauper, in no woods, whose name was Benedict.'"

"Done," said Yates; "but it isn't grammar."

"Hang the grammar!" responded Jim: "what I want is sense. Now jine this on: 'An' I solem-ny sw'ar, s'welp me! that I won't blow on Benedict, as isn't a pauper,—no more nor Jim Fenton is; an' if so be as I do blow on Benedict, I give Jim Fenton free liberty, out and out, to lick me—without goin' to lor—but takin' the privlidge of self-defence.'"

Jim thought a moment. He had wrought out a large phrase.

"I guess," said he, "that covers the thing. Ye understand, don't ye, Yates, about the privlidge of self-defence?"

"You mean that I may defend myself if I can, don't you?"

"Yes. With the privlidge of self-defence. That's fair, an' I'd give it to a painter. Now read it all over."

Jim put his head down between his knees, the better to measure every word, while Yates read the complete document. Then Jim took the paper, and, handing it to Benedict, requested him to see if it had been read correctly. Assured that it was all right, Jim turned his eyes severely on Yates, and said,—

"Sam Yates, do ye s'pose ye've any idee what it is to be licked by Jim Fenton? Do ye know what ye're sw'arin' to? Do ye reelize that I wouldn't leave enough on ye to pay for havin' a funeral?"

Yates laughed, and said that he believed he understood the nature of an oath.

"Then sign yer Happy David," said Jim.

Yates wrote his name, and passed the paper into Jim's hands.

"Now," said Jim, with an expression of triumph on his face, "I s'pose ye don't know that ye've been settin' on a Bible; but it's right under ye, in that chest, and it's hearn and seen the whole thing. If ye don't stand by yer Happy David, there'll be somethin' worse nor Jim Fenton arter ye, an' when that comes ye can jest shet yer eyes and gi'en it up."

This was too much for both Yates and Benedict. They looked into each other's eyes and burst into a laugh. But Jim was in earnest, and not a smile crossed his rough face.

"Now," said he, "I want to do a little sw'arin' myself, and I want ye to write it."

Yates resumed his pen, and declared himself to be in readiness.

"I solem-ny sw'ar," Jim began, "s'welp me! that I will lick Sam Yates—as is a lawyer—with the privlidge of self-defence—if he ever blows on Benedict—as is not a pauper—no more nor Jim Fenton is—an' I solem-ny sw'ar, s'welp me! that I'll foller 'im till I find 'im, an' lick 'im—with the privlidge of self-defence."

Jim would have been glad to work in the last phrase again, but he seemed to have covered the whole ground, and so inquired whether Yates had got it all down.

Yates replied that he had.

"I'm a-goin' to sign that, an' ye can take it along with ye. Swap seats."

Yates rose, and Jim seated himself upon the chest.

"I'm a-goin' to sign this, settin' over the Bible. I ain't goin' to take no advantage on ye. Now we're squar'," said he, as he blazoned the document with his coarse and

clumsy sign-manual. "Put that in yer pocket, an' keep it for five year."

"Is the business all settled?" inquired Yates.

"Clean," replied Jim.

"When am I to have the liberty to go out of the woods?"

"Ye ain't goin' out o' the woods for a fortnight. Ye're a-goin' to stay here, an' have the best fishin' ye ever had in yer life. It'll do ye good, an' ye can go out when yer man comes arter ye. Ye can stay to the raisin,' an' gi'en us a little lift with the other fellers that's comin'. Ye'll be as strong as a hoss when ye go out."

An announcement more welcome than this could not have been made to Sam Yates; and, now that there was no secrecy between them, and confidence was restored, he looked forward to a fortnight of enjoyment. He laid aside his coat, and, as far as possible, reduced his dress to the requirements of camp life. Jim and Mr. Benedict were very busy, so that he was obliged to find his way alone, but Jim lent him his fishing-tackle, and taught him how to use it; and, as he was an apt pupil, he was soon able to furnish more fish to the camp than could be used.

WHY I LEFT THE ANVIL.

ELIHU BURRITT.

[Elihu Burritt, the "Learned Blacksmith" of New England, is one of the several instances on record in which determined study has overcome the most discouraging obstacles. In his early life, while working for his bread at the anvil, he pursued the study of language in the intervals of his labor, and by earnest application succeeded in learning numerous tongues. He became widely known for his linguistic acquirements, and applied himself to literature, writing "Sparks from

the Anvil," "Thoughts at Home and Abroad," and several other works. His writings are not very exact in thought and style, yet are written with a degree of enthusiasm, and possess a fair share of merit, if we consider the circumstances of their production. The author was born in Connecticut in 1810. He died in 1879.]

I SEE it; you would ask me what I have to say for myself for dropping the hammer and taking up the quill, as a member of your profession. I will be honest now, and tell you the whole story. I was transposed from the anvil to the editor's chair by the genius of machinery. Don't smile, friends: it was even so. I had stood and looked for hours on those thoughtless iron intellects, those iron-fingered, sober, supple automatons, as they caught up a bale of cotton, and twirled it in the twinkling of an eye into a whirlwind of whizzing shreds, and laid it at my feet in folds of snow-white cloth, ready for the use of our most voluptuous antipodes. They were wonderful things, these looms and spindles; but they could not spin thoughts; there was no attribute of divinity in them, and I admired them, nothing more. They were excessively curious, but I could estimate the whole compass of their doings and destiny in finger-power: so I came away, and left them spinning—cotton.

One day I was tuning my anvil beneath a hot iron, and busy with the thought that there was as much intellectual philosophy in my hammer as any of the enginery a-going in modern times, when a most unearthly screaming pierced my ears. I stepped to the door, and there it was, the great Iron Horse! Yes, he had come, looking for all the world like the great Dragon we read of in Scripture, harnessed to half a living world and just landed on the earth, where he stood braying in surprise and indignation at the "base use" to which he had been turned. I saw the gigantic hexaped move with a power that made

the earth tremble for miles. I saw the army of human beings gliding with the velocity of the wind over the iron track, and droves of cattle travelling in their stables at the rate of twenty miles an hour toward their city slaughter-house. It was wonderful. The little busy-bee machinery of the cotton-factory dwindled into insignificance before it. Monstrous beast of passage and burden! it devoured the intervening distance and welded the cities together! But for its furnace heart and iron sinews it was nothing but a beast, an enormous aggregation of horse-power. And I went back to the forge with unimpaired reverence for the intellectual philosophy of my hammer.

Passing along the street one afternoon, I heard a noise in an old building, as of some one puffing a pair of bellows. So, without more ado, I stepped in, and there, in the corner of a room, I saw the *chef-d'œuvre* of all the machinery that has ever been invented since the birth of Tubal Cain. In its construction it was as simple and unassuming as a cheese-press. It went with a lever,—with a lever longer, stronger, than that with which Archimedes promised to lift the world.

"It is a printing-press," said a boy standing by the ink-trough with a queueless turban of brown paper on his head. "A printing-press!" I queried musingly to myself. "A printing-press? What do you print?" I asked. "Print?" said the boy, staring at me doubtfully: "why, we print thoughts." "Print thoughts?" I slowly repeated after him; and we stood looking at each other in mutual admiration, he in the absence of an idea, I in the pursuit of one. But I looked at him the hardest, and he left another ink-mark on his forehead from a pathetic motion of his left hand to quicken the apprehension of my meaning. "Why, yes," he reiterated, in a tone of

forced confidence, as if passing an idea which, though having been current a hundred years, might still be counterfeit, for all he could show on the spot, "we print thoughts, to be sure." "But, my boy," I asked, in honest soberness, "what are thoughts? and how can you get hold of them to print them?" "Thoughts are what come out of people's minds," he replied. "Get hold of them, indeed? Why, minds aren't nothing you can get hold of, nor thoughts either. All the minds that ever thought, and all the thoughts that minds ever made, wouldn't make a ball as big as your fist. Minds, they say, are just like air; you can't see them; they don't make any noise, nor have any color; they don't weigh anything. Bill Deepcut, the sexton, says that a man weighs just as much when his mind has gone out of him as he did before.—No, sir, all the minds that ever lived wouldn't weigh an ounce Troy."

"Then how do you print thoughts?" I asked. "If minds are as thin as air, and thoughts thinner still, and make no noise, and have no substance, shade, or color, and are like the winds, and more than the winds, anywhere in a moment,—sometimes in heaven, sometimes on earth, and the waters under the earth,—how can you get hold of them? how can you see them when caught, or show them to others?"

Ezekiel's eyes grew luminous with a new idea, and, pushing his ink-roller proudly across the metallic page of the newspaper, he replied, "Thoughts work and walk in things that make tracks; and we take them tracks and stamp them on paper, or iron, or wood, or stone, or what not. This is the way we print thoughts. Don't you understand?"

The pressman let go the lever and looked interrogatively at Ezekiel, beginning at the patch on his stringless brogans, and following up with his eye to the top of the boy's

brown-paper buff cap. Ezekiel comprehended the felicity of his illustration, and, wiping his hands on his tow apron, gradually assumed an attitude of earnest exposition. I gave him an encouraging wink, and so he went on.

"Thoughts make tracks," he continued, impressively, as if evolving a new phase of the idea by repeating it slowly. Seeing we assented to this proposition inquiringly, he stepped to the type-case, with his eye fixed admonishingly upon us. "Thoughts make tracks," he repeated, arranging in his left hand a score or two of metal slips, "and with these here letters we can take the exact impression of every thought that ever went out of the heart of a human man; and we can print it, too," giving the inked form a blow of triumph with his fist; "we can print it, too, give us paper and ink enough, till the great round earth is blanketed around with a coverlid of thoughts, as much like the pattern as two peas." Ezekiel seemed to grow an inch with every word, and the brawny pressman looked first at him, and then at the press, with evident astonishment. "Talk about the mind's living forever!" exclaimed the boy, pointing patronizingly at the ground, as if mind was lying there incapable of immortality until the printer reached it a helping hand; "why, the world is brimful of live, bright, industrious thoughts, which would have been dead, as dead as stone, if it hadn't been for boys like me who have run the ink-rollers. Immortality, indeed! why, people's minds," he continued, with his imagination climbing into the profanely sublime, "people's minds wouldn't be immortal if it wasn't for the printers,—at any rate in this here planetary burying-ground. We are the chaps what manufacture immortality for dead men," he subjoined, slapping the pressman graciously on the shoulder. The latter took it as if dubbed a knight of the legion of honor, for the boy

had put the mysteries of his profession in sublime apocalypse. "Give us one good healthy mind," resumed Ezekiel, "to think for us, and we will furnish a dozen worlds as big as this with thoughts to order. Give us such a man, and we will insure his life; we will keep him alive forever among the living. He can't die, no way you can fix it, when we once have touched him with these here bits of inky pewter. He shan't die nor sleep. We will keep his mind at work on all the minds that live on the earth, and all the minds that shall come to live here as long as the world stands."

"Ezekiel," I asked, in a subdued tone of reverence, "will you print my thoughts, too?"

"Yes, that I will," he replied, "if you will think some of the right kind."

"Yes, that we will," echoed the pressman.

And I went home and thought, and Ezekiel has printed my "thought-tracks" ever since.

OUR DEBT TO OUR ANCESTORS.

T. D. WOOLSEY.

[Theodore Dwight Woolsey was born in New York City in 1801. He early became eminent as a Greek scholar, and filled the position of professor of Greek language and literature in Yale College from 1831 to 1846. He was then elected president of the college, which post he held, with high distinction, till his resignation in 1871. He is the author of several text-books on the Greek classics, and of other valuable works. Our extract is from "The Religion of the Past and the Future," a volume of excellently-written theological addresses.]

IN any case, a principle of the widest application is brought before us,—that no individual, in the strictest

sense, begins his own work ; that all enter into and carry out the labors of others ; and so, too, that all the generations of the world reap the fields their forefathers sowed ; that there is a dependence, a succession, in all the labors of men, a running account kept up by each present age to the credit of the whole past, and especially to the credit of its immediate predecessors.

This is indeed a characteristic of man in which he differs almost wholly from the best-endowed animals. They, in their successive generations, reach the same point of maturity, act out the characters of their races to about the same degree of perfection, and die without advancing their kind or leaving any new store of power or enjoyment to their posterity. If man, by taming and training them, can in a degree improve their breeds, even *his* action has the least effect upon their races as wholes. The individuals may be more graceful, or strong, or useful ; but no quality of self-improvement has entered into the species. Man, on the other hand, the feeblest of creatures at his birth and the most dependent, is able to retain, transmit, record, and plan ; by his social and moral instincts he forms commonwealths and makes laws ; he learns from others ; he communicates to others ; he trains the young members of the community up to the measure of its knowledge and wisdom ; he invents and spreads inventions ; he thus builds a tower of one platform upon another, reaching toward the skies, from which, as its stories ascend, he holds nearer converse with heaven and casts his eye over ampler spaces of earth.

Now, for all this the labor of one generation will not suffice ; but there must be constant, world-wide work and transmission. Human progress consists in this : that men have labored with body, with mind, and each next age has entered into their labors. It is possible, indeed, for a

generation to send nothing of value down the stream of time; nay, it may obliterate or corrupt, and so put its successors into a worse position than if it had not existed. Such retrograde movements show that the law of progress is not a fatal one, nor dependent solely on the stores of knowledge that have been laid up; but, on the other hand, there is no other law of progress aside from this which we have before us: that each generation, by the help of its predecessors' toil handed down and retained, adds something to the general stock for the benefit of coming ages. Nor does God, when He intervenes in human history by supernatural revelations, disturb this law, for forthwith the truth, the power, the moral advancement, are leaven thrown into an age or a people, or possibly into a single mind, to leaven the whole world afterward by the same process by which human improvements produce their effect. And we ought not to separate progress from God, as some do, for He is in it all, whether it springs directly from something done by man, or from *His* own revelation. He is in all invention; in all learning and science the plan throughout is *His*. Bezaleel, the ingenious artificer of the tabernacle, was animated by *His* spirit; and so all genius, all power, that starts the world forward, is as truly a part of *His* world-plan as is the Christian scheme of redemption.

I. Let us consider, in some of its particulars, this plan of God for the human race,—that each generation enters into the labors of its predecessors, reaping what they have sown, while at the same time, if it is true to its appointed work, it hands over something more to posterity than it had received. Reflect, then, first *on the labors which the teachers of mankind have undergone* in order that the world might reach its present state of advancement. The class of teachers may be divided into two portions,

—into such as *transmit* only and such as also *originate*. The first act directly on those who are just following them in the order of time; the others have a much wider field of direct action; they are the teachers of all time, the “masters of all who know.” To few is it given, out of the whole human race, thus to act over many ages and through many lands. The greatest portion either move the thought of their own times in new channels, or, in a more humble office still, simply make known to others what they themselves have learned. Yet all these teachers have labored, and men are entered into their labors. They have labored hard and long. Men, as they enjoy a work of art or give themselves to the study of a work of philosophy, must not suppose that everything flowed smoothly when the composition was going on, or that there were no difficulties in the preparation. “He that goeth forth *weeping*, bearing precious seed,” is the fit motto for all who have employed their minds for the benefit of mankind. What agony of mind have inventors endured, what anxiety and heart-sickness, what unfruitful experiments, reaching through long years, have they tried, before success crowned their efforts! The same is true of any work of art which has long kept its place in the heart of a nation or of the world. A work of genius is the essence, it may be, of a whole life, the condensed knowledge, judgment, skill, that make up the man. So, too, in all the sciences, as in the philosophy of thought or of morals, what perplexities has a mind contended with, what hope and patience has it spent, what weighings of evidence, what reflection, what consultation, have been needed, before the painful work of composition began! It must not be supposed that glimpses of truth are vouchsafed to those that skim over the surface of things in the spirit of curiosity or amusement; nor that inventions

enter vacant minds unsought and in full perfection; nor that to the great poet or painter even the labor of composition or correction, severe as it is, at all compares with that preparatory thought and work on which the whole achievement depended.

So, also, the other class of teachers, whose office it is to put knowledge derived from others into form, and to train the minds of their generations,—they too have labored long and earnestly in order to fit themselves for their work. The conscientious instructor has gone through three series of toils: he has labored hard to learn as he would have his scholars labor, he has qualified himself by still severer toil for his special duty, and then comes the new office of imparting and guiding from day to day,—the hardest labor of all, because the fruits of it do not at once appear.

Now, into the labors of these classes of teachers and trainers each new generation of the educated enters. You, my friends, are debtors to the past, and, indeed, to the remote past. For you Aristotle thought his best thoughts, though they may have taken new shapes before they reached your minds; for you the Greek poets and the English of high renown have sung their strains; for you art has brought to light its treasures; for you discoverers have ventured into untrodden seas; a thousand forgotten names have lived and wrought for your benefit, without whom, it may be, society would have been far behind its present point of advancement. For you, too, the teacher of the present has spent the best hours of his life, has thought his best thought, has patiently drilled and inculcated, that you may enter into his labors and may, if you will, go beyond him in cultivation and in wisdom. Small, perhaps, is the proficiency which you may have seemed to yourselves to have made under his training, for the

natural and one of the best fruits of a true education is to reveal to us how little we know, and how far we are from the heights of perfect science. But perhaps in the years to come, even although the knowledge and power gained here may be indistinguishable from that which other masters or yourselves have procured for you, you will gratefully attribute something of your culture and something of your success to those who have labored for you here. They will then, perhaps, be beyond the reach of your acknowledgments; they may be little conscious of what they have done for you; they can see but little fruit, of course, from the toils of each faithfully-spent day; but if it should appear that some good thought of theirs was fruitful in your minds, some ideal of patient, finished scholarship was awakened within you, some solid preparation was given you for the work of a true life, then will they deserve to be remembered, and you will be called by such remembrances to hand down what they have imparted, and whatever else you shall have gained by your own labor, to the next generation.

II. Other men have labored *in the practical spheres of life*, and we are entered into their labors. Here there arise before us all who have labored for the social, political, moral, religious welfare of man, from the mother, into whose hands all the tender beginnings of practical life are committed, through every faithful teacher and faithful example, up to the founders of states, and the founders of religion,—up, even, to the Lord Jesus Christ Himself.

It is to be observed in regard to these laborers both that their work is of all importance and that it is necessary for the success of those other laborers who work in the fields of science. For life is more than thought, and without a well-ordered life there can be little progress in thought. Such is the action of the moral nature on the

mind that a bad soul is unfitted for all the science that is directly concerned with life; it is warped and blinded by selfish interests, it often falls into doubt, and is wanting in those higher impulses which are of such aid in intellectual pursuits. Nor is the sway of society over the individual less marked. A corrupt society, a vicious government, are uncivilizing agents of the greatest power, not merely by their neglect or repression of what is good, but by their sympathy with positive evil. And above all the other influences rises religion in its power to ennoble or to degrade the soul, to fill it with fear and falsehood, or to raise it to a communion with God and with His thoughts.

It is to be observed, further, in regard to *these* laborers in the vineyard of life, that their work never ends. The results of knowledge stay in the world, but society and government are ever changing; religion at one time reigns, at another is conquered by doubt or vice, so that there is an endless struggle here between the powers of corruption and the powers of progress,—a struggle in which the interests of science also are involved. Had the race been good enough to have retained the faint primeval knowledge and faith of God,—had it been able, by reason of its moral strength, to have instituted everywhere just societies and governments, in sympathy with all truth and goodness,—centuries ago, without question, the point of advancement which we have now reached would have been left out of sight, and a state of mankind have been begun of which we only dream almost without hope. The path of the reformers, civilizers, purifiers, has been up-hill against reigning corruptions, against the hankering of man for a slothful, unthinking life; in short, against that lapse of souls from God for which Christ furnishes the only all-sufficient remedy. . . .

And we are entered into their labors. Your studies of history, my young friends, will have taught you what thanks you owe to the struggles and contests of good men in the past, nor need you go back beyond the few last years for one of the most striking illustrations. In order that a reign of justice in our land should be secured, that we should no longer be the reproach of the civilized world, as a nation of freemen holding four millions of slaves in perpetual bondage and justifying our curse as an institution of God, how many hundred thousands have given up their lives and how many cries of mourners have resounded through the land! We have gained a precious inheritance, precious at its beginning, to be more precious as years roll on, but at what a cost! So also the whole history of our land speaks of labor; of labor the fruits of which we are now enjoying. The toil and agony of mind which the first pilgrims endured in their separation from their homes, in their contests with the wild men and the wilderness, in their want and uncertainty; the struggles and sacrifices of the Revolution,—easily read on a few pages of history, but hard enough to bear,—these have sent down to us an inheritance more precious than has fallen to any other people. Or, if you go farther back, and read the record of each important addition to English history, of every new charter or petition or declaration of right, of every resistance against tyranny and every bulwark of freedom, remember that each of these had its contest, its patience, and that your acknowledged rights of speech, of worship, of secure possession, of a share in the commonwealth, have cost many lives of men who have left no name, many sorrows of the unnoticed, and that thousands have been preparing the way for your era of light and freedom. Nor are the labors of reformers of less moment. You are in a better state of society than

fell to the lot of your fathers, because divinely-gifted men saw what were the evils that obstructed human progress, and had courage and patience enough to oppose them. Some one voice, perhaps, was lifted up amid derision and persecution, some one worked on hoping against hope, and died committing his cause to the few select ones who were as fearless and as loving as he. Then by slow degrees the stream widened and became a resistless flood to change the face of society. The fruits of all this belong to you. But you could not have these fruits, gathered by the patriot and the reformer, at your command, unless also a higher class of laborers in the spiritual field had co-operated with them and prepared the way for them. The preacher of righteousness and the martyr were the fore-runners of freedom and of all improvement in society. The martyr did not think, perhaps, when he expressed his devotion to Christ by a painful death, that anything great was to grow out of it: he only acted out what he felt. But these religious laborers have changed the face of the world. They have brought into literature and art new ideas of purity and spirituality, into life another standard of character, by which all truthfulness, honor, justice, and benevolence are duly valued

DON QUIXOTE.

GEORGE TICKNOR.

[From Ticknor's excellent "History of Spanish Literature" we extract his description of the celebrated Knight of La Mancha, as a very interesting treatment of a subject of great literary interest and importance. The history named is a work of high value, and on its publication at once gained a recognized place in historical literature. It has

been highly eulogized by eminent critics of all countries. Mr. Ticknor was born in Boston in 1791. In 1863 he published a valuable "Life of William H. Prescott." He died in 1871.]

At the very beginning of the work ["Don Quixote"] he [Cervantes] announces it to be his sole purpose to break down the vogue and authority of books of chivalry, and at the end of the whole he declares anew, in his own person, that "he had had no other desire than to render abhorred of men the false and absurd stories contained in books of chivalry;" exulting in his success, as an achievement of no small moment. And such, in fact, it was; for we have abundant proof that the fanaticism for these romances was so great in Spain during the sixteenth century as to have become matter of alarm to the more judicious. Many of the distinguished contemporary authors speak of its mischiefs, and among the rest Fernandez de Oviedo, the venerable Luis de Granada, Luis de Leon, Luis Vives, the great scholar, and Malon de Chaide, who wrote the eloquent "Conversion of Mary Magdalen." Guevara, the learned and fortunate courtier of Charles the Fifth, declares that "men did read nothing in his time but such shameful books as 'Amadis de Gaula,' 'Tristan,' 'Primaleon,' and the like;" the acute author of "The Dialogue on Languages" says that the ten years he passed at court he wasted in studying "Florisando," "Lisuarte," "The Knight of the Cross," and other such books, more than he can name; and from different sources we know, what, indeed, we may gather from Cervantes himself, that many who read these fictions took them for true histories. At last they were deemed so noxious that in 1553 they were prohibited by law from being printed or sold in the American colonies, and in 1555 the same prohibition, and even the burning of all copies of them extant in Spain itself, was earnestly asked for by

the Cortes. The evil, in fact, had become formidable, and the wise began to see it.

To destroy a passion that had struck its roots so deeply in the character of all classes of men, to break up the only reading which at that time could be considered widely popular and fashionable, was certainly a bold undertaking, and one that marks anything rather than a scornful or broken spirit, or a want of faith in what is most to be valued in our common nature. The great wonder is, that Cervantes succeeded. But that he did there is no question. No book of chivalry was written after the appearance of *Don Quixote*, in 1605; and from the same date, even those already enjoying the greatest favor ceased, with one or two unimportant exceptions, to be reprinted; so that from that time to the present they have been constantly disappearing, until they are now among the rarest of literary curiosities;—a solitary instance of the power of genius to destroy by a single well-timed blow an entire department, and that, too, a flourishing and favored one, in the literature of a great and proud nation.

The general plan Cervantes adopted to accomplish this object, without, perhaps, foreseeing its whole course, and still less all its results, was simple as well as original. In 1605 he published the First Part of *Don Quixote*, in which a country gentleman of La Mancha—full of genuine Castilian honor and enthusiasm, gentle and dignified in his character, trusted by his friends, and loved by his dependants—is represented as so completely crazed by long reading the most famous books of chivalry that he believes them to be true, and feels himself called on to become the impossible knight-errant they describe,—nay, actually goes forth into the world to defend the oppressed and avenge the injured, like the heroes of his romances.

To complete his chivalrous equipment,—which he had begun by fitting up for himself a suit of armor strange to his century,—he took an esquire out of his neighborhood; a middle-aged peasant, ignorant and credulous to excess, but of great good-nature; a glutton and a liar; selfish and gross, yet attached to his master; shrewd enough occasionally to see the folly of their position, but always amusing, and sometimes mischievous, in his interpretations of it. These two sally forth from their native village in search of adventures, of which the excited imagination of the knight, turning windmills into giants, solitary inns into castles, and galley-slaves into oppressed gentlemen, finds abundance wherever he goes; while the esquire translates them all into the plain prose of truth with an admirable simplicity quite unconscious of its own humor, and rendered the more striking by its contrast with the lofty and courteous dignity and magnificent illusions of the superior personage. There could, of course, be but one consistent termination of adventures like these. The knight and his esquire suffer a series of ridiculous discomfitures, and are at last brought home, like madmen, to their native village, where Cervantes leaves them, with an intimation that the story of their adventures is by no means ended. . . .

The latter half of *Don Quixote* is a contradiction of the proverb Cervantes cites in it,—that second parts were never yet good for much. It is, in fact, better than the first. It shows more freedom and vigor; and, if the caricature is sometimes pushed to the very verge of what is permitted, the invention, the style of thought, and, indeed, the materials throughout, are richer, and the finish is more exact. The character of Sanson Carrasco, for instance, is a very happy, though somewhat bold, addition to the original persons of the drama; and the

adventures at the castle of the Duke and Duchess, where Don Quixote is fooled to the top of his bent; the managements of Sancho as governor of his island; the visions and dreams of the cave of Montesinos; the scenes with Roque Guinart, the freebooter, and with Gines de Passamonte, the galley-slave and puppet-show man; together with the mock-heroic hospitalities of Don Antonio Moreno at Barcelona, and the first defeat of the knight there, are all admirable. In truth, everything in this Second Part, especially its general outline and tone, shows that time and a degree of success he had not before known had ripened and perfected the strong manly sense and sure insight into human nature which are visible in nearly all his works, and which here become a part, as it were, of his peculiar genius, whose foundations had been laid, dark and deep, amidst the trials and sufferings of his various life.

But throughout both parts Cervantes shows the impulses and instincts of an original power with most distinctness in his development of the characters of Don Quixote and Sancho, in whose fortunate contrast and opposition is hidden the full spirit of his peculiar humor, and no small part of what is most effective in the entire fiction. They are his prominent personages. He delights, therefore, to have them as much as possible in the front of his scene. They grow visibly upon his favor as he advances, and the fondness of his liking for them makes him constantly produce them in lights and relations as little foreseen by himself as they are by his readers. The knight, who seems to have been originally intended for a parody of the Amadis, becomes gradually a detached, separate, and wholly independent personage, into whom is infused so much of a generous and elevated nature, such gentleness and delicacy, such a pure sense of honor, and such a warm love for whatever is noble and good,

that we feel almost the same attachment to him that the barber and the curate did, and are almost as ready as his family was to mourn over his death.

The case of Sancho is, again, very similar, and perhaps in some respects stronger. At first he is introduced as the opposite of Don Quixote, and used merely to bring out his master's peculiarities in a more striking relief. It is not until we have gone through nearly half of the First Part that he utters one of those proverbs which form afterwards the staple of his conversation and humor; and it is not till the opening of the Second Part, and, indeed, not till he comes forth, in all his mingled shrewdness and credulity, as governor of Barataria, that his character is quite developed and completed to the full measure of its grotesque yet congruous proportions.

Cervantes, in truth, came at last to love these creations of his marvellous power as if they were real, familiar personages, and to speak of them and treat them with an earnestness and interest that tend much to the illusion of his readers. Both Don Quixote and Sancho are thus brought before us like such living realities that at this moment the figures of the crazed, gaunt, dignified knight and of his round, selfish, and most amusing esquire dwell bodied forth in the imaginations of more, among all conditions of men throughout Christendom, than any other of the creations of human talent. The greatest of the great poets—Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton—have no doubt risen to loftier heights, and placed themselves in more imposing relations with the noblest attributes of our nature; but Cervantes—always writing under the unchecked impulse of his own genius, and instinctively concentrating in his fiction whatever was peculiar to the character of his nation—has shown himself of kindred to all times and all lands; to the humblest degrees of culti-

vation as well as to the highest; and has thus, beyond all other writers, received in return a tribute of sympathy and admiration from the universal spirit of humanity. . . .

The romance, however, which he threw so carelessly from him, and which, I am persuaded, he regarded rather as a bold effort to break up the absurd taste of his time for the fancies of chivalry than as anything of more serious import, has been established by an uninterrupted and, it may be said, an unquestioned success ever since, both as the oldest classical specimen of romantic fiction, and as one of the most remarkable monuments of modern genius. But, though this may be enough to fill the measure of human fame and glory, it is not all to which Cervantes is entitled; for, if we would do him the justice that would have been most welcome to his own spirit, and even if we would ourselves fully comprehend and enjoy the whole of his *Don Quixote*, we should, as we read it, bear in mind that this delightful romance was not the result of a youthful exuberance of feeling and a happy external condition, nor composed in his best years, when the spirits of its author were light and his hopes high; but that—with all its unquenchable and irresistible humor, with its bright views of the world, and its cheerful trust in goodness and virtue—it was written in his old age, at the conclusion of a life nearly every step of which had been marked with disappointed expectations, disheartening struggles, and sore calamities; that he began it in a prison, and that it was finished when he felt the hand of death pressing heavy and cold upon his heart. If this be remembered as we read, we may feel, as we ought to feel, what admiration and reverence are due not only to the living power of *Don Quixote*, but to the character and genius of Cervantes; if it be forgotten or underrated, we shall fail in regard to both.

KIT CARSON'S RIDE.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

[Cincinnatus Heine Miller, who has adopted the *nom-de-plume* above given, was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1842. His life, however, is identified with the Far West, and his poetry is the embodiment in verse of the unconventional pioneer life. He accompanied Walker in his buccaneering invasion of Honduras in 1860, and his poetical description of this expedition has many beautiful and highly-animated passages. The poem which we quote below seems full of the spirit of the wild West, and the terrors of a prairie-fire could not be more graphically delineated.]

We lay in the grasses and the sunburnt clover
That spread on the ground like a great brown cover
Northward and southward, and west and away
To the Brazos, to where our lodges lay,
One broad and unbroken sea of brown,
Awaiting the curtains of night to come down
To cover us over and conceal our flight
With my brown bride, won from an Indian town
That lay in the rear the full ride of a night.

* * * * *

We lay low in the grass on the broad plain levels,
Old Revels and I, and my stolen brown bride;
And the heavens of blue and the harvest of brown
And beautiful clover were welded as one,
To the right and the left, in the light of the sun.
"Forty full miles, if a foot, to ride,
Forty full miles, if a foot, and the devils
Of red Comanches are hot on the track
When once they strike it. Let the sun go down
Soon, very soon," muttered bearded old Revels,
As he peered at the sun, lying low on his back,

Holding fast to his lasso. Then he jerked at his steed,
And he sprang to his feet, and glanced swiftly around,
And then dropped, as if shot, with his ear to the ground ;
Then again to his feet, and to me, to my bride,
While his eyes were like fire, his face like a shroud,
His form like a king, and his beard like a cloud,
And his voice loud and shrill, as if blown from a reed,—
“ Pull, pull in your lassos, and bridle to steed,
And speed you, if ever for life you would speed,
And ride for your lives, for your lives you must ride !
For the plain is aflame, the prairie on fire,
And feet of wild horses hard flying before
I hear like a sea breaking high on the shore,
While the buffalo come like a surge of the sea,
Driven far by the flame, driving fast on us three,
As a hurricane comes, crushing palms in his ire.”

We drew in the lassos, seized saddle and rein,
Threw them on, sinched them on, sinched them over again,
And again drew the girth, cast aside the macheers,
Cut away tapidaros, loosed the sash from its fold,
Cast aside the catenas red-spangled with gold,
And gold-mounted Colt's, the companions of years,
Cast the silken serapes to the wind in a breath,
And so bared to the skin sprang all haste to the horse,—
As bare as when born, as when new from the hand
Of God,—without word, or one word of command ;
Turned head to the Brazos in a red race with death,
Turned head to the Brazos with a breath in the hair
Blowing hot from a king leaving death in his course ;
Turned head to the Brazos with a sound in the air
Like the rush of an army, and a flash in the eye
Of a red wall of fire reaching up to the sky,
Stretching fierce in pursuit of a black rolling sea

Rushing fast upon us, as the wind sweeping free
And afar from the desert blew hollow and hoarse.

Not a word, not a wail from a lip was let fall,
Not a kiss from my bride, not a look nor low call
Of love-note or courage; but on o'er the plain
So steady and still, leaning low to the mane,
With the heel to the flank and the hand to the rein,
Rode we on, rode we three, rode we nose and gray nose,
Reaching long, breathing loud, as a creviced wind blows:
Yet we broke not a whisper, we breathed not a prayer,
There was work to be done, there was death in the air,
And the chance was as one to a thousand for all.

Gray nose to gray nose, and each steady mustang
Stretched neck and stretched nerve till the arid earth rang,
And the foam from the flank and the croup and the neck
Flew around like the spray on a storm-driven deck.
Twenty miles! . . . thirty miles . . . a dim distant speck . . .
Then a long reaching line, and the Brazos in sight,
And I rose in my seat with a shout of delight.
I stood in my stirrup and looked to my right,—
But Revels was gone; I glanced by my shoulder
And saw his horse stagger; I saw his head drooping
Hard down on his breast, and his naked breast stooping
Low down to the mane, as so swifter and bolder
Ran reaching out for us the red-footed fire.
To right and to left the black buffalo came,
A terrible surf on a red sea of flame
Rushing on in the rear, reaching high, reaching higher.
And he rode neck to neck to a buffalo bull,
The monarch of millions, with shaggy mane full
Of smoke and of dust, and it shook with desire
Of battle, with rage and with bellowings loud

And unearthly, and up through its lowering cloud
Came the flash of his eyes like a half-hidden fire,
While his keen crooked horns, through the storm of his
 mane,
Like black lances lifted and lifted again ;
And I looked but this once, for the fire licked through,
And he fell and was lost, as we rode two and two.

I looked to my left then,—and nose, neck, and shoulder
Sank slowly, sank surely, till back to my thighs ;
And up through the black blowing veil of her hair
Did beam full in mine her two marvellous eyes,
With a longing and love, yet a look of despair
And of pity for me, as she felt the smoke fold her,
And flames reaching far for her glorious hair.
Her sinking steed faltered, his eager eyes fell
To and fro and unsteady, and all the neck's swell
Did subside and recede, and the nerves fall as dead.
Then she saw sturdy Paché still lorded his head,
With a look of delight ; for nor courage nor bribe,
Nor naught but my bride, could have brought him to me.
For he was her father's, and at South Santafee
Had once won a whole herd, sweeping everything down
In a race where the world came to run for the crown.
And so when I won the true heart of my bride—
My neighbor's and deadliest enemy's child,
And child of the kingly war-chief of his tribe—
She brought me this steed to the border the night
She met Revels and me in her perilous flight
From the lodge of the chief to the North Brazos side ;
And said, so half guessing of ill as she smiled,
As if jesting, that I, and I only, should ride
The fleet-footed Paché, so if kin should pursue
I should surely escape without other ado

Than to ride, without blood, to the North Brazos side,
And await her,—and wait till the next hollow moon
Hung her horn in the palms, when surely and soon
And swift she would join me, and all would be well
Without bloodshed or word. And now, as she fell
From the front, and went down in the ocean of fire,
The last that I saw was a look of delight
That I should escape,—a love,—a desire,—
Yet never a word, not one look of appeal,
Lest I should reach hand, should stay hand or stay heel
One instant for her in my terrible flight.

Then the rushing of fire around me and under,
And the howling of beasts, and a sound as of thunder,—
Beasts burning and blind and forced onward and over,
As the passionate flame reached around them, and wove
her
Red hands in their hair, and kissed hot till they died,—
Till they died with a wild and desolate moan,
As a sea heart-broken on the hard brown stone. . . .
And into the Brazos . . . I rode all alone,—
All alone, save only a horse long-limbed
And blind and bare and burnt to the skin.
Then, just as the terrible sea came in
And tumbled its thousands hot into the tide,
Till the tide blocked up and the swift stream brimmed
In eddies, we struck on the opposite side.

THROUGH THE LINES.

G. W. CABLE.

[George W. Cable was born in New Orleans in 1844. He served in the Confederate army, and for some time afterwards was engaged in business in his native city, but for several years he has devoted himself entirely to literary pursuits. His novels—all of recent date—have been widely read, and are highly popular from their freshness and vivacity and the novelty of the Creole life which they chronicle. Their dialect is something new and strange. Since 1884 Mr. Cable has become very popular as a reader and lecturer, his own works forming the basis of his readings. From "Dr. Sevier" we extract the following exciting description of the endeavor of a wife, who has been refused a pass, to make her way through the Confederate lines and join her husband, who is dangerously ill at New Orleans.]

THE scene and incident now to be described are without date. As Mary recalled them, years afterward, they hung out against the memory a bold, clear picture, cast upon it as the magic-lantern casts its tableaux upon the darkened canvas. She had lost the day of the month, the day of the week, all sense of location, and the points of the compass. The most that she knew was that she was somewhere near the meeting of the boundaries of three States. Either she was just within the southern bound of Tennessee, or the extreme northeastern corner of Mississippi, or else the northwestern corner of Alabama. She was aware, too, that she had crossed the Tennessee River, that the sun had risen on her left and had set on her right, and that by and by this beautiful day would fade and pass from this unknown land, and the firelight and lamplight draw around them the home-groups under the roof-trees here where she was a homeless stranger, the same as in the home-lands where she had once loved and been beloved.

She was seated in a small, light buggy drawn by one good horse. Beside her the reins were held by a rather tall man, of middle age, gray, dark, round-shouldered, and dressed in the loose blue flannel so much worn by followers of the Federal camp. Under the stiff brim of his soft-crowned black hat a pair of clear eyes gave a continuous playful twinkle. Between this person and Mary protruded, at the edge of the buggy-seat, two small bootees that have already had mention, and from his elbow to hers, and back to his, continually swayed drowsily the little golden head to which the bootees bore a certain close relation. The dust of the highway was on the buggy and the blue flannel and the bootees. It showed with special boldness on a black sun-bonnet that covered Mary's head, and that somehow lost all its homeliness whenever it rose sufficiently in front to show the face within. But the highway itself was not there: it had been left behind some hours earlier. The buggy was moving at a quiet jog along a "neighborhood road," with unploughed fields on the right and a darkling woods-pasture on the left. By the feathery softness and paleness of the sweet-smelling foliage you might have guessed it was not far from the middle of April, one way or another; and by certain allusions to Pittsburg Landing as a place of conspicuous note you might have known that Shiloh had been fought. There was that feeling of desolation in the land that remains after armies have passed over, let them tread never so lightly.

"D'you know what them rails is put that way fur?" asked the man. He pointed down with his buggy-whip just off the road-side, first on one hand and then on the other.

"No," said Mary, turning the sun-bonnet's limp front toward the questioner and then to the disjointed fence on

her nearer side: "that's what I've been wondering for days. They've been ordinary worm fences, haven't they?"

"Jess so," responded the man, with his accustomed twinkle. "But I think I see you oncet or twicet lookin' at 'em and sort o' tryin' to make out how come they got into that shape." The long-reiterated W's of the rail-fence had been pulled apart into separate V's, and the two sides of each of these had been drawn narrowly together, so that what had been two parallel lines of fence, with the lane between, was now a long double row of wedge-shaped piles of rails, all pointing into the woods on the left.

"How did it happen?" asked Mary, with a smile of curiosity.

"Didn't happen at all; 'twas jess *done* by live men, and in a powerful few minutes at that. Sort o' shows what we're approachin' unto, as it were, eh? Not but they's plenty behind us done the same way, all the way back into Kentuck', as you already done see; but this's been done sence the last rain, and it rained night afore last."

"Still I'm not sure what it means," said Mary. "Has there been fighting here?"

"Go up head," said the man, with a facetious gesture. "See? The fight came through these here woods, here. 'Tain't been much over twenty-four hours, I reckon, since every one o' them-ah sort o' shut-up-fan-shape sort o' fish-traps had a gray-jacket in it layin' flat down an' firin' through the rails, sort o' random-like, only not much so." His manner of speech seemed a sort of harlequin patch-work from the bad English of many sections, the outcome of a humorous and eclectic fondness for verbal deformities. But his lightness received a sudden check.

"Heigh-h-h!" he gravely and softly exclaimed, gather-

ing the reins closer, as the horse swerved and dashed ahead. Two or three buzzards started up from the roadside, with their horrid flapping and whiff of quills, and circled low overhead. "Heigh-h-h!" he continued, soothingly. "Ho-o-o-o! Somebody lost a good nag there,—a six-pound shot right through his head and neck. Whoever made that shot killed two birds with one stone, sho!" He was half risen from his seat, looking back. As he turned again, and sat down, the drooping black sun-bonnet quite concealed the face within. He looked at it a moment. "If you think you don't like the risks, we can still turn back."

"No," said the voice from out the sun-bonnet: "go on."

"If we don't turn back now we can't turn back at all."

"Go on," said Mary. "I can't turn back."

"You're a good soldier," said the man, playfully again. "You're a better one than me, I reckon: I kin turn back frequently, as it were. I've done it 'many a time and oft,' as the felleh says."

Mary looked up with feminine surprise. He made a pretence of silent laughter, that showed a hundred crows'-feet in his twinkling eyes.

* * * * *

About the middle of that night Mary Richling was sitting very still and upright on a large dark horse that stood champing his Mexican bit in the black shadow of a great oak. Alice rested before her, fast asleep against her bosom. Mary held by the bridle another horse, whose naked saddle-tree was empty. A few steps in front of her the light of the full moon shone almost straight down upon a narrow road that just there emerged from the shadow of woods on either side and divided into a main right fork and a much smaller one that curved around to Mary's left. Off in the direction of the main fork the sky was all aglow

with camp-fires. Only just here on the left there was a cool and grateful darkness.

She lifted her head alertly. A twig crackled under a tread, and the next moment a man came out of the bushes at the left, and without a word took the bridle of the led horse from her fingers and vaulted into the saddle. The hand that rested a moment on the cantle as he rose grasped a "navy six." He was dressed in dull homespun, but he was the same who had been dressed in blue. He turned his horse and led the way down the lesser road.

"If we'd of gone three hundred yards further," he whispered, falling back and smiling broadly, "we'd 'a' run into the pickets. I went nigh enough to see the vedettes settin' on their hosses in the main road. This here ain't no road; it just goes up to a nigger quarters. I've got one o' the niggers to show us the way."

"Where is he?" whispered Mary; but, before her companion could answer, a tattered form moved from behind a bush a little in advance and started ahead in the path, walking and beckoning. Presently they turned into a clear, open forest, and followed the long, rapid, swinging stride of the negro for nearly an hour. Then they halted on the bank of a deep, narrow stream. The negro made a motion for them to keep well to the right when they should enter the water. The white man softly lifted Alice to his arms, directed and assisted Mary to kneel in her saddle with her skirts gathered carefully under her, and so they went down into the cold stream, the negro first, with arms outstretched above the flood, then Mary, and then the white man,—or, let us say plainly, the spy,—with the unawakened child on his breast. And so they rose out of it on the farther side without a shoe or garment wet save the rags of their dark guide.

Again they followed him, along a line of stake-and-

rider fence, with the woods on one side and the bright moonlight flooding a field of young cotton on the other. Now they heard the distant baying of house-dogs, now the doleful call of the chuck-will's-widow; and once Mary's blood turned, for an instant, to ice, at the unearthly shriek of the hoot-owl just above her head. At length they found themselves in a dim, narrow road, and the negro stopped.

"Dess keep dish yeh road fo' 'bout half-mile, an' you strak' 'pon de broad, main road. Tek de right, an' you go whah yo' fancy tek you."

"Good-by," whispered Mary.

"Good-by, miss," said the negro, in the same low voice. "Good-by, boss: don't you fo'git you promise tek me thoo to de Yankee' when you come back. I 'feered you gwine fo'git it, boss."

The spy said he would not, and they left him. The half-mile was soon passed, though it turned out to be a mile and a half, and at length Mary's companion looked back, as they rode single file, with Mary in the rear, and said, softly, "There's the road," pointing at its broad, pale line with his six-shooter.

As they entered it and turned to the right, Mary, with Alice again in her arms, moved somewhat ahead of her companion, her indifferent horsemanship having compelled him to drop back to avoid a prickly bush. His horse was just quickening his pace to regain the lost position, when a man sprang up from the ground on the farther side of the highway, snatched a carbine from the earth, and cried, "Halt!"

The dark, recumbent forms of six or eight others could be seen, enveloped in their blankets, lying about a few red coals. Mary turned a frightened look backward and met the eyes of her companion.

"Move a little faster," said he, in a low, clear voice. As she promptly did so, she heard him answer the challenge. His horse trotted softly after hers.

"Don't stop us, my friend: we're taking a sick child to the doctor."

"Halt, you hound!" the cry rang out; and, as Mary glanced back, three or four men were just leaping into the road. But she saw, also, her companion, his face suffused with an earnestness that was almost an agony, rise in his stirrups, with the stoop of his shoulders all gone, and wildly cry,—

"Go!"

She smote the horse and flew. Alice awoke and screamed.

"Hush, my darling!" said the mother, laying on the withe; "mamma's here. Hush, darling!—mamma's here. Don't be frightened, darling baby! O God, spare my child!" and away she sped.

The report of a carbine rang out and went rolling away in a thousand echoes through the wood. Two others followed in sharp succession, and there went close by Mary's ear the waspish whine of a minie-ball. At the same moment she recognized—once,—twice,—thrice,—just at her back where the hoofs of her companion's horse were clattering—the tart rejoinders of his navy six.

"Go!" he cried, again. "Lay low! lay low! cover the child!" But his words were needless. With head bowed forward and form crouched over the crying, clinging child, with slackened rein and fluttering dress, and sun-bonnet and loosened hair blown back upon her shoulders, with lips compressed and silent prayers, Mary was riding for life and liberty and her husband's bedside.

"Oh, mamma! mamma!" wailed the terrified little one.

"Go on! Go on!" cried the voice behind: "they're

saddling—up! Go! go! We're goin' to make it! We're goin' to *make* it! Go-o-o!"

Half an hour later they were again riding abreast, at a moderate gallop. Alice's cries had been quieted, but she still clung to her mother in a great tremor. Mary and her companion conversed earnestly in the subdued tone that had become their habit.

"No, I don't think they followed us fur," said the spy. "Seem like they's jess some scouts, most likely a-comin' in to report, feelin' pooty safe and sort o' takin' it easy and careless; 'dreamin' the happy hours away,' as the felleh says. I reckon they sort o' believed my story, too; the little gal yelled so sort o' skilful. We kin slack up some more now; we want to get our critters lookin' cool and quiet ag'in as quick as we kin, befo' we meet up with somebody." They reined into a gentle trot. He drew his revolver, whose emptied chambers he had already re-filled. "D'd you hear this little felleh sing 'Listen to the mockin'-bird'?"

"Yes," said Mary; "but I hope it didn't hit any of them."

He made no reply.

"Don't you?" she asked.

He grinned.

"D'you want a felleh to wish he was a bad shot?"

"Yes," said Mary, smiling.

"Well, seein' as you're along, I do. For they wouldn't give us up so easy if I'd 'a' hit one. Oh, mine was only sort o' complimentary shots,—much as to say, 'Same to you, gents,' as the felleh says."

* * * * *

At an abrupt angle of the road Mary's heart leaped into her throat to find herself and her companion suddenly face to face with two horsemen in gray, journeying leisurely

toward them on particularly good horses. One wore a slouched hat, the other a Federal officer's cap. They were the first Confederates she had ever seen eye to eye.

"Ride on a little piece and stop," murmured the spy. The strangers lifted their hats respectfully as she passed them.

"Gents," said the spy, "good-morning!" He threw a leg over the pommel of his saddle, and the three men halted in a group. One of them copied the spy's attitude. They returned the greeting in kind.

"What command do you belong to?" asked the lone stranger.

"Simmons's battery," said one. "Whoa!"—to his horse.

"Mississippi?" asked Mary's guardian.

"Rackensack," said the man in the blue cap.

"Arkansas," said the other, in the same breath. "What is your command?"

"Signal service," replied the spy. "Reckon I look mighty like a citizen jess about now, don't I?" He gave them his little laugh of self-depreciation, and looked toward Mary, where she had halted and was letting her horse nip the new grass of the road-side.

"See any troops along the way you come?" asked the man in the hat.

"No; on'y a squad o' fellehs back yonder who was all unsaddled and fast asleep, and jumped up worse scared'n a drove o' wile hogs. We both sort o' got a little mad, and jess swapped a few shots, you know, kind o' tit for tat, as it were. Enemy's loss unknown." He stooped more than ever in the shoulders, and laughed. The men were amused. "If you see 'em, I'd like you to mention me—" He paused to exchange smiles again. "And tell 'em the next time they see a man hurryin' along with a lady and sick child to see the doctor, they better hold

their fire till they sho he's on'y a citizen." He let his foot down into the stirrup again, and they all smiled broadly. "Good-morning!" The two parties went their ways.

"Jess as leave not of met with them two buttermilk rangers," said the spy, once more at Mary's side; "but, seein' as thah we was, the oniest thing was to put on all the brass I had."

From the top of the next hill the travellers descended into a village lying fast asleep, with the morning star blazing over it, the cocks calling to each other from their roosts, and here and there a light twinkling from a kitchen window, or a lazy axe-stroke smiting the logs at a wood-pile. In the middle of the village one lone old man, half dressed, was lazily opening the little wooden "store" that monopolized its commerce. The travellers responded to his silent bow, rode on through the place, passed over and down another hill, met an aged negro, who passed on the road-side, lifting his forlorn hat and bowing low, and, as soon as they could be sure they had gone beyond his sight and hearing, turned abruptly into a dark wood on the left. Twice again they turned to the left, going very warily through the deep shadows of the forest, and so returned half round the village, seeing no one. Then they stopped and dismounted at a stable-door, on the outskirts of the place. The spy opened it with a key from his own pocket, went in, and came out again with a great armful of hay, which he spread for the horses' feet to muffle their tread, led them into the stable, removed the hay again, and closed and locked the door.

"Make yourself small," he whispered, "and walk fast." They passed by a garden-path up to the back porch and door of a small unpainted cottage. He knocked, three soft, measured taps.

"Day's breakin'," he whispered, again, as he stood with Alice asleep in his arms, while somebody was heard stirring within.

"Sam?" said a low, wary voice just within the unopened door.

"Sister," softly responded the spy, and the door swung inward, and revealed a tall woman, with an austere but good face, that could just be made out by the dim light of a tallow candle shining from the next room. The travellers entered, and the door was shut.

THE LIGHT OF THE HAREM.

SUSAN E. WALLACE.

[*"The Storied Sea,"* a vivacious description of a trip up the Mediterranean, and of life and incidents among its bordering peoples, is the source of the richly-colored picture of life in the harem which we give below. It reads like a chapter from the *"Arabian Nights' Entertainments"* written with a Western pen. The writer is Mrs. Susan E. Wallace, the wife of General Lew. Wallace, and the work is based on actual observations during her residence in Constantinople, where her husband was United States minister from 1881 to 1885.]

• It was in the land of crumbling cities, strange religions, deserted fanes; of quiet men, in twisted turbans and long beards; of placid women, with faces shrouded like the faces of the dead, as pale and as calm. Tranquil prisoners, with respite to drive and walk about the streets, and for a brief space of time escape bolt and bars, in charge of armed attendants. A land silent as though Time himself had dropped to sleep and broken his emptied hour-glass.

By the bluest and clearest of seas there is a deep bay, where the navies of the world might ride at anchor. The sweeping curves of its shores are drawn as by an artist's hand, and from its margin rise terraced heights, like the hanging gardens of Babylon. Toward the west are hills, with capes of olive green, from which the breeze blows deliciously cool in the hottest days. Away to the south tall, slim minarets point toward the glittering god of the ancient Persian, and dwarf the rounded domes below by the ethereal grace of their tapering spires. Close to the water's edge stands a palace worthy the golden prime of Haroun al Raschid, nobly built of white and pink marble, the latter brought from Egypt. In the distance, under a sky that would be dazzling were it not so soft, it shines like a temple of alabaster and silver.

Its crowning glory is a central dome, rising in peerless beauty, like a globe of ice or of crystal, and seeming to hang in air. Mirrored in the glassy water, the plume-like pillars and slender turrets are a picture to make one in love with its builder. He had the soul of an artist who measured the span of its rhythmic arches and told the heights of its colonnades, harmonious to the eye as choice music to the ear. He must have toiled years to embody in this result his study of the beautiful. The architect was a Spaniard, and he had the same creative faculty (this man who worked in formless stone) that the poet has who brings his idea out of hidden depths, polishes his work with elaborate care, nor leaves it till every line is wrought to perfect finish. Under a despotic government architecture that is magnificent flourishes, though all other arts languish. Among a semi-civilized people kings prefer this expression of power, because it is readily understood, demanding no instruction, no book or guide. He who runs may read, be it the stupendous monument

of Cheops or the airy pinnacles of Solyman the Magnificent. The wish is to give form which shall compel the entire people to admiring astonishment of works they cannot hope to imitate.

Let us call this the Palace of Delight, for there dwells in the luxury and aroma of the furthest East Nourmahal, the Light of the Harem, and we were invited to see her,—the bulbul, the rose, the Pearl of the Orient, the bride of Prince Feramorz. Dear reader, do you know how come the brides in this strange country? Do you think it a wooing of an innocent, laughing girl, who, as in lands of social freedom, lays her light hand, with her heart in it, in yours? A prize won in an emulous game, where beauty is weighed against all beside which the world has to offer, and he who has the right divine may carry her off from Love's shining circle to be the centre of another of his own creation? There was no flavor of American matches in this betrothal, no hint of golden afternoons in shady lanes, nights of moonlit silence, and dreams better than sleep, of wedding-bells in festal rooms, and orange-flowers that leave a sweetness outlasting the waste of years. Nor was it like European marriages,—say the French or Italian,—where a demure young girl is taken from the convent, and by her parents given to the most eligible *parti*, of whom she is not allowed an opinion, whom she sees not one hour alone till after the ceremony, in which her *dot* is the first, second, and third consideration.

Nor yet is it brought about like the weddings in kings' palaces, by negotiations for babies in the cradle, long, tedious betrothal, interviews at proper times, in proper places, and presences appointed, where exact proprieties are observed by the happy or unhappy pair. Nor was the contract made as of old, in plains not very far distant

from this, when Abraham sent out his most trusted servant as a business agent—a travelling man, if you please—seeking a bride for his son Isaac. By no such devious windings did our princess come to the altar. The lovely Nourmahal was bought at private sale for ten thousand pieces of gold, and thus the marriage was accomplished. It is not our business to inquire whether the bargain was made in the shadow of the black tents of the Bedouin, or on the frosty heights of Caucasus, or in some verdant vale in Araby the Blest. It was to a better condition, came she from dissolute races, like the Georgian, or barbarian hordes, like the Tartar and Circassian, where the bride's portion is a sheepskin, a sack of barley, a hand-mill, and an earthen pan. It was a moment of melancholy disenchantment when I first learned how she had reached the rank and power of princess, by what means been lifted from desert sand and gypsy poverty to eider-down and silken luxury, and made a true believer, walking in the paths of the faithful. To be young, beautiful, and beloved is heaven; she was this, and, it was said, sweet as summer cherries withal.

Our amiable inquiries about what is not our concern availed little. Her history was colorless till the fated hour came when its blank page should be illuminated and glow with tropic splendor. She was a chosen beauty; princes seldom sigh in vain; and, so long as men have eyes to see, fair women will wear purple and sit on thrones.

Our names were sent in ten days before the date of the reception, a day which stands apart in memory in the year 1881, in the Time of the Scattering of Roses, or, as we would say, in the month of August.

The heaviest iron-clads might lie close to the quay where we landed. So pure is the water and so intensely clear that, at the depth of four fathoms, fish swim and

bright stones lie as though close beneath the calm surface. Marble steps lead to the water; and when our little boat neared them, two sentinels, moveless as statues, appeared, clad in the picturesque costume of the Tunisian *kavasse*, all gold embroidery and dazzling color, even to the holsters of pistols and the sides of the long-topped boots. A wall, perhaps thirty feet high, made of rough stone, was broken by a gate of iron, light as net-work, evidently of French construction. Its double valves flew open at our approach, and as quickly closed when we entered the garden. Two jet-black attendants were in waiting, from that degraded class of men to whom princes safely trust their treasures. The word "harem" means "the reserved," and these were part of the reserve-guard,—hideous Ethiops of the extremest type, with flattened nose and lips,—swollen rolls of dingy flesh. Their misshapen skulls were hidden by that singular formation called a fez. When the Creator gave these creatures life, he denied them all else. Condemned by nature to a perpetual mourning suit, they had revenge in gorgeous costume, which must have been consoling. To perfect their ugliness, both were badly pitted with small-pox. After the long-continued obeisances of the East, they stood with folded arms and downcast eyes, fixed as the stone lions beside the gate.

The garden was small, the narrow walks paved with black and white pebbles, laid in graceful arabesque patterns, rimmed with a fanciful border of tiles. We had scented, out in the bay, the heavy fragrance of roses we call damask; masses of bloom, crowded in beds or lining alleys reddened by their blossoms. The terraces were high and narrow, their sheer sides banks of ivy, honeysuckle, and myrtle,—a tangle of running vines, giving the feeling of wildness and seclusion in its untamed luxuriance. There the acacia "waved her yellow hair,"

most exquisite of trees, delicate as some high-born lady, a frail beauty in her trembling lace-work of fine leaves. Beneath its branches was a swing of manilla cord, with a cushion tasselled and fringed with gold. Bees hummed, butterflies darted through the air like flying leaves, and humming-birds hovered over the purple bells of a creeper to me unknown. Up higher were dense shades of laurel and lemon, pomegranate, with scarlet buds, close thickets of bay and of citron, walks set with daisies and violets, bordered by heliotrope and lavender. Highest on the hill, accented with clear outline against the speckless sapphire, stood the round-topped cedars of the Orient, reminders of Lebanon, and the palm, swaying its green plumes. Most honored of trees, for, says the devout Moslem, "Thou must honor thy paternal aunt, the date-palm, for she was created of the earth of which Adam was made." In the centre of the garden a fountain threw a glancing column skyward and fell in an alabaster basin, where gold-fish swam among white lilies and the azure lotus of Persia. A tiny stream, brought from the snowy sides of some distant mountain, ran in wayward grace over vari-colored pebbles, laid with studied carelessness and nicest attention to effect,—a copy of nature. On its rim a long-legged stork stood, intent on his prey. A miniature pavilion, a gracious retreat from the sun, was roofed with vines, from which hung pendent the scarlet passion-flower. Oh, it was beautiful! beautiful! All flowers consecrated by poetry, religion, and love grew there. Even the rough wall was covered like the verdurous wall of the first garden, which lay eastward in Eden. Could it be possible the trail of the serpent is over it all? Rather let me believe it the Earthly Paradise of the Prophet or the Paradise Regained of the Christian.

We could not loiter, for Nourmahal was waiting. From

the entrance-hall to which men are admitted, called "the place of greeting," slave-girls emerged to meet us and drew up in lines, through which we passed. We crossed an outer court, open to the sky, with cool marble pavement, under an arched way, to a hall covered with India matting. Beyond was a spacious rotunda, a fountain dancing in the centre under the dome, which rested on pillars of lapis-lazuli. I counted eight fragile supporting columns of bright blue veined with white. Overhead were traceries in blue and gold, pendent stalactites, the "honeycomb ceilings" of the Moorish kings; the tints of the Alhambra were in the inlaying of many colors, and gilt texts of the Koran on the walls. The builder had that most romantic of castles in heart and eye when he planned the Palace of Delight. We slowly crossed the circular space (everything moves slowly here), stopping only to admire a sultana-bird, with purple breast, in an ivory cage, and a few white doves, that with many a flirt and flutter bathed in the bright water, or on the rim of the pool cooed and twined their beaks together, with outstretched wings, undisturbed by our approach. Beyond was the reception-room, called Dares-Saadet (Abode of Felicity), where the Pearl of the Orient was to be seen. It was screened by a *portière* made of Lahore shawls figured with palm-leaves, elephants, and pagodas,—a quaint and costly drapery, drawn back for us to pass under. As we entered, a crowd of slave-girls formed lines, between which we passed,—young natives from the mountains of the Atlas, with vicious eyes and sidelong glances. One was a light mulatto, with crisp hair and downcast look reminding me of the old days of slavery. They were dressed in cheap, gay, checked silks, made like our morning wrappers, belts of tinsel, large silver ear-rings with grotesque heads of animals in front. White muslin tur-

bans covered their heads, their hands were thin and wiry, and they bore the meek, passive manner of all women of the East. Two sides of the room were of glass, the one overlooking the bay latticed with iron, painted white, which banished the prison-look it would otherwise have. Velvety rugs of Bochara and Korassan were laid here and there over the floor of blue and white mosaic. A broad, low divan of pale-blue silk ran around the apartment. *Voilà tout*. No pictures on the marble walls, no books, no *bric-à-brac*, no trumpery "collections," ceramics, æsthetic trash, grave or gay, nor muffling hangings,—these are not Oriental luxuries,—but, instead, a cool, shady emptiness, plenty of space for the breeze to flutter the gauzy curtains and carry the echo of the plash and drip of the fountains.

At the furthest end, reclining on pillows of silk and lace, rested the lady we sought. One little foot, in red velvet slipper, was first seen below wide trousers of yellow silk; a loose robe of white silk, embroidered with gold thread, was partly covered by a sleeveless jacket of crimson, dotted with seed-pearl; a broad, variegated sash wound the slender waist. Half concealing the arms was a light scarf, airy as the woven wind of the ancients. A head-band, with diamond pendants, fringed her forehead; a *rivière* of diamonds circled the bare throat; and here and there solitary drops flashed in the braids of her night-black hair. Among the billowy cushions and vaporous veilings rose the young face,—oh, what a revelation of beauty!—uplifted in a curious, questioning way, to see what manner of women these are, who come from the ends of the earth, with unveiled faces, and go about the world alone, and have to think for themselves,—poor things! The expression was that of a lovely child waking from summer slumber in the happiest humor, ready

for play. A sensitive, exquisite face, fair as the first of women while the angel was yet unfallen. A perfect oval, the lips a scarlet thread, and, oh, those wonderful Asiatic eyes!—lustrous, coal-black, long rather than round, beaming under the joined eyebrows of which the poet Hafiz sings.

The edges of the eyelids were blackened with *kohl*, which Orientals use to intensify the brilliance of the brightest eyes under the sun. The most common kind is smoke-black, made by burning frankincense or shells of almonds. Sometimes an ore of lead is used in fine powder. Our American girls make a miserable bungle of it, smearing the whole eyelids, giving a ghastly and unnatural effect, very different from the thin line of antimony applied by a probe of ivory dipped in the powder and skilfully drawn on the tip edges of the lids.

Nourmahal did not rise, but held out one jewelled hand, dimpled as a baby's, with nails and finger-ends dyed pink with henna,—five clustering rose-buds. The magic of beauty made us her subjects. We kissed the little fingers loyally, and yielded ourselves willing captives, ready to be dragged at her chariot-wheels. My life-long notions of the subjection of women (see Stuart Mill) and the wretchedness of prisoners pining in palatial splendors vanished at the first glance; went down at a touch, like the wounded knight in the lists of Templestowe. She smiled, and hoped we were well; then followed suitable inquiries as to health and journeys, and expressions of the charm of finding it all out. Our interpreter was an Armenian lady with the gift of tongues. When conversation is filtered through three languages, it becomes very thin; even such a bold and spirited remark as "This is a happy day for me; I shall never forget it," was robbed of half its spice and flavor by the time it reached the ear

for which it was intended. I ventured the high assertion that we had sailed six thousand miles on purpose to lay our homage at her blessed feet; which rhetorical flourish was received with a childish nod at about what it was worth. Somehow, she did not seem so enchanted with her new worshippers as they were with her. It appeared the Beauty had never seen the sea except from shore.

"What is it like when you are in the middle of the dark water?"

"Had she seen the Great Desert?"

"Yes, many times, and had trembled when awful columns of dust swept across it, moved by the wings of evil genii."

"It was like that; wide, still, a desert of water more lonely than any land."

"Do many people drown there?" she asked of the mysterious horror.

"Very few. You would have no fear."

"Because I shall never go on it," she said, triumphantly, and laughed, showing teeth like pomegranate-seeds, and shook the diamond-drops on her forehead, so delighted was she with the simple wit.

Suddenly changing her tone, she asked, "Why do you wear black dresses?"

I have never seen an Eastern woman, of high or low degree, in a black garment of any make. Even their shoes are gayly embroidered. Dismal and coarse three elderly women in the conventional black silks and poke-bonnets must appear to one clad in elegant draperies of various and brilliant dyes, whose eyes ever rested on tints to which the rainbow is dim.

"It is the custom of our country for women to go out in black," we answered.

"How sad!" said Beauty; and it did seem sad in that

light and lovely room, all sunshine and vivid color. We were in love with her, and again declared our love. She accepted the admiration as one well used to such extravagance, and clapped her hands after the fashion of ladies of the "Arabian Nights." At the signal, the slaves disappeared, except one old woman and the negroes, silent as ghosts, beside the Lahore drapery. In a few minutes five slaves returned, each carrying a small round table of cedar, inlaid with scraps of mother-of-pearl. Five others followed, with lighted cigarettes, lying each in a silver saucer, and coffee in tiny cups, about the size of a giant's thimble, resting in a silver filigree holder set round with diamonds.

"My new friends have come so far," said Nourmahal, "they must be tired. Take a cigarette and refresh yourselves."

I rather awkwardly adjusted the holder of amber and ventured one faint whiff. Imagine my astonishment at seeing my friend, whose name with difficulty I suppress, puff away like a dissipated old smoker! The Armenian was native and to the manner born. Nourmahal smoked, of course, and a lulling calm succeeded the excitement of the brilliant conversation reported above. While feeling round in my brain for a subject of common interest adapted to our hostess's capacity and mine, I tried a sip of the coffee. It was strong enough to bear up an egg, thick with grounds, and bitter as death. I pretended to deep enjoyment of the dose, and sipped it, drop by drop, to the bitter end.

Nourmahal clapped her hands again, and the ten virgins took away the saucers. I think none of them were foolish, for they fell into line without effort, each one treading in the footsteps of her predecessor, at an interval to avoid her train.

Presently they returned, with gold-fringed napkins, and silver cups of sherbet flavored with quince, and a conserve of rose-leaves. Wishing to appear easy as possible and thoroughly Oriental, I trifled with the delicious nectar, cooled with snow, and was not half through when the attendant picked up my table of cedar and pearl and disappeared with it. How I regret not having swallowed the Olympian food at railroad speed! for it was the first ice I had seen for many months. It is not court etiquette to ask receipts, and, after a sigh of regret for what I shall never taste again, I returned to the fascination of a triple-tongued conversation.

"In this charming palace you must be very happy. How do you pass the time?"

The dimples deepened in the cheeks of Beauty. "Pass the time? pass the time?" she dreamily repeated, playing with the knotted fringes of her scarf. "I do not pass it; it passes itself!" and again she laughed, and the laughter was sweet as the tenderest voice can make it.

"Are you fond of music?"

Three ladies in black: "Oh! very!" "Oh! very!" "Oh! very!"

"Then you shall be amused." She clapped the rose-leaf palms, and in marched eight women musicians (we saw no men that day but the harem-guard), bearing stringed instruments,—curious-looking things, like overgrown violins and half-finished guitars, and a round shell, with strings across, beaten with two sticks.

Didst ever hear Arabic music, beloved?

No? Then never hast thou known sorrow.

Since Jubal first struck the gamut, there can have been no improvement in these compositions. How long the exercises lasted I am unable to record; but I do know we grew old fast under the beat, beat, hammer, hammer, in

the terse, unmeaning notes of the banjo. In the brief interval at the end of a peculiarly agonizing strain sung by the mulatto, I seized the moment to ask what were the words of the song, and was told it is a serenade, very ancient, dating back to the Times of Ignorance, before the coming of Mohammed, whose tomb is covered with the splendor of unceasing light. I afterward obtained a copy of the madrigal, and give it in rough translation. It is doubtful if the almond-eyed Juliet came down from her lattice after the anguish of that performance on the *vina*.

On a steed shod with fire I come,
And weary is my heart with waiting,
Awakened it feels a vague unrest.

Chorus :

O thou whose shape is that of the cypress,
And whose mouth is the opening rose-bud,
I am here, faithful as thy shadow.

Thy eyebrows are the form of an arch,
The shafts of thy lashes are unsparing,
And the scars which they leave are bleeding.
O thou whose shape, etc.

Queen rose, thy slave Raschid is beggared.
His whole heart is only one wound ;
Smile but once, and his head will touch the stars.
O thou whose shape, etc.

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As we passed out of the *salon*, each of us received a box of crimson andem* wood, wrapped in tissue-paper. "To be opened when you reach home," said the interpreter.

The doves had gone to their nests, for the shades of

* A precious perfumed wood of India.

evening were in the rotunda; the sultana bird, with head under its wing, was a purple ball; the moon was high over the enchanted garden which the King of the Genii had made for Prince Feramorz. A tame gazelle, wearing a collar of silver bells, followed us to the gate, and in a fond, endearing way laid its pretty head on my arm and looked in my face,—the most appealing glance of a weary prisoner, longing for the freedom of Judah's hills, the mild thyme of Hermon, and the mountains of spices. Those eyes had a human expression, which has never left my memory. I have seen it in the wistful gaze of young mothers, in the yearning eyes of those who have so long mourned that the grief has become a softened sorrow. Well do they name the love-song "gazelle."

Before the gate we suddenly paused, at the same instant, moved by the same impulse, and turned to look for one moment more on the Palace and Garden of Delight. We felt we should not see its like again, for there are few such gardens in the world. The Paradise palms were whispering their secrets, and the pines wailed in answer to the sea-breeze as harp-strings answer to the harper's hand. The moonlight tipped each leaf with silver; the flowers were pale, but not faded; heaven and earth were still, breathless, as we grow when feeling most. A bird, a little brown thing, like a wren, flew out of a thicket of laurels and hid among the starry blossoms of the magnolia. Then hark! that wondrous note. I should have recognized it even if Thalia had not lifted a hushing finger and said, under her breath, "Believe me, love, it is the nightingale."

It *was* the nightingale, and the voice (so sweet, so sweet I hear it yet, and shall hear it at intervals forever) was more stilling than very silence. That wild melody was not the legendary plaint of the love-lorn mate, leaning

her breast against a thorn, but rather an æsthetic strain from a soul so full it must tell its rapture or die. Its charm was past all telling, beyond the reach of words. Still, as I write, hundreds of miles away, after months of rapid travel, my heart thrills with the echo of its ineffable sweetness. The doe (the winsome thing, with the haunting eyes) leaned heavily against my arm while we stood and listened. Night was fallen, for in these latitudes it makes brief mingling with day. It is only to meet and kiss in a crimson blush and part again. "Good-by forever," we said, as the lock snapped in the iron valves. The voice of the bulbul followed us through the perfumed dusk, like an invisible angel allowed to pass the guarded gates of Eden and cheer the homely pilgrims on their way.

Freshly the breeze blew, and the briny smell of the sea was tonic, after the languors of the palace. The rich and balmy eve invited to silence. Under a trance we floated between blue and blue (whether in the body or out of the body I cannot tell) in the supreme delight of a day unreal in its poetic lights,—so like the stuff which dreams are made of, I sometimes wonder which was dream and which reality.

THE HEAT AND LIGHT OF THE SUN.

C. A. YOUNG.

[Charles Augustus Young, the astronomer, was born in New Hampshire in 1834. He has been professor of mathematics and astronomy in several Western colleges, and in 1877 became professor of astronomy at Princeton College. His spectroscopic studies, and researches into the physics and chemistry of the sun, are of high scientific value. He

has written much on scientific subjects, his principal work being "The Sun," from which we extract some interesting passages.]

SUNLIGHT is the intensest radiance at present known. It far exceeds the brightness of the calcium-light, and is not rivalled even by the most powerful electric arc. Either of these lights interposed between the eye and the surface of the sun appears as a black spot upon the disk.

We can measure with some accuracy the total quantity of sunlight, and state the amount in "candle-power:" the figure which expresses the result is, however, so enormous that it fails to convey much of an idea to the mind: it is 1,575,000,000,000,000,000,000,000; fifteen hundred and seventy-five billions of billions, enumerated in the English manner, which requires a million million to make a billion; or one octillion five hundred and seventy-five septillion, if we prefer the French enumeration.

The "candle-power," which is the unit of light generally employed in photometry, is the amount of light given by a sperm-candle weighing one-sixth of a pound and burning a hundred and twenty grains an hour. An ordinary gas-burner, consuming five feet of gas hourly, gives, if the gas is of standard quality, from twelve to sixteen times as much light. The total light of the sun is, therefore, about equivalent to one hundred billion billion of such gas-jets. . . .

Thus far we have considered only the total light emitted by the sun. The question of the intrinsic brightness of his surface is a different though connected one, depending for its solution upon the same observations, combined with a determination of the light-radiating areas in the different cases. Since a candle-flame at the distance of one metre looks considerably larger than the disk of the sun, it is evident that it must be a good deal more than seventy thousand times less brilliant. In fact, it would have to be

at a distance of about 1.65 metres to cover the same area of the sky as the sun does, and therefore the solar surface must exceed by a hundred and ninety thousand times the average brightness of the candle-flame. . . .

One of the most interesting observations upon the brightness of the sun is that of Professor Langley, who a few years ago (in 1878) made a careful comparison between the solar radiation and that from the blinding surface of the molten metal in a Bessemer "converter." The brilliance of this metal is so great that the dazzling stream of melted iron, which, at one stage of the proceedings, is poured in to mix with the metal already in the crucible, "is deep brown by comparison, presenting a contrast like that of dark coffee poured into a white cup." The comparison was so conducted that, intentionally, every advantage was given to the metal in comparison with the sunlight, no allowances being made for the losses encountered by the latter during its passage through the smoky air of Pittsburg to the reflector which threw its rays into the photometric apparatus. And yet, in spite of all this disadvantage, the sunlight came out *five thousand three hundred* times brighter than the dazzling radiance of the incandescent metal. . . .

If the amount of solar light is enormous, as compared with terrestrial standards, the same thing is still more true of the solar heat, which admits of somewhat more accurate measurement, since we are no longer dependent on a unit so unsatisfactory as the "candle-power," and can substitute thermometers and balances for the human eye.

It is possible to intercept a beam of sunshine of known dimensions, and make it give up its radiant energy to a weighed mass of water or other substance, to measure accurately the rise of temperature produced in a given

time, and from these data to calculate the whole amount of heat given off by the sun in a minute or a day.

Pouillet and Sir John Herschel seem to have been the first fairly to grasp the nature of the problem, and to investigate the subject in a rational manner. . . .

Herschel preferred to express his results in terms of melting ice, and put it in this way: the amount of heat received on the earth's surface, with the sun in the zenith, would melt an inch thickness of ice in two hours and thirteen minutes nearly.

Since there is every reason to believe that the sun's radiation is equal in all directions, it follows that, if the sun were surrounded by a great shell of ice, one inch thick and a hundred and eighty-six million miles in diameter, its rays would just melt the whole in the same time. If, now, we suppose this shell to shrink in diameter, retaining, however, the same quantity of ice by increasing its thickness, it would still be melted in the same time. Let the shrinkage continue until the inner surface touches the photosphere, and it would constitute an envelope more than a mile in thickness, through which the solar fire would still thaw out its way in the same two hours and thirteen minutes,—at the rate, according to Herschel's determinations, of more than forty feet a minute. Herschel continues that, if this ice were formed into a rod 45.3 miles in diameter, and darted toward the sun with the velocity of light, its advancing point would be melted off as fast as it approached, if by any means the whole of the solar rays could be concentrated on the head. Or, to put it differently, if we could build up a solid column of ice from the earth to the sun, two miles and a quarter in diameter, spanning the inconceivable abyss of ninety-three million miles, and if then the sun should concentrate his power upon it, it would dissolve and melt, not in an

hour, nor a minute, but in a single second: one swing of the pendulum, and it would be water; seven more, and it would be dissipated into vapor.

In formulating this last statement we have, however, employed, not Herschel's figures, but those resulting from later observations, which increase the solar radiation about twenty-five per cent., making the thickness of the ice crust which the sun would melt off of his own surface in a minute to be much nearer fifty feet than forty.

To put it a little more technically, expressing it in terms of the modern scientific units, the sun's radiation amounts to something over a million *calories* per minute for each square metre of his surface, the *calory*, or heat-unit, being the quantity of heat which will raise the temperature of a kilogramme of water one degree centigrade.

An easy calculation shows that to produce this amount of heat by combustion would require the hourly burning of a layer of anthracite coal more than sixteen feet (five metres) thick over the entire surface of the sun,—nineteenths of a ton per hour on each square foot of surface,—at least nine times as much as the consumption of the most powerful blast-furnace known to art. It is equivalent to a continuous evolution of about ten thousand horsepower on every square foot of the sun's whole area. As Sir William Thomson has shown, the sun, if it were composed of solid coal and produced its heat by combustion, would burn out in less than six thousand years.

Of this enormous outflow of heat the earth of course intercepts only a small portion, about $\frac{1}{2,200,000,000}$. But even this minute fraction is enough to melt yearly, at the earth's equator, a layer of ice something over one hundred and ten feet thick. If we choose to express it in terms of "power," we find that this is equivalent, for each square foot of surface, to more than sixty tons raised to the

height of a mile; and, taking the whole surface of the earth, the *average* energy received from the sun is over fifty mile-tons yearly, or one horse-power continuously acting, to every thirty square feet of the earth's surface. Most of this, of course, is expended merely in maintaining the earth's temperature; but a small portion, perhaps $\frac{1}{10000}$ of the whole, as estimated by Helmholtz, is stored away by animals and vegetables, and constitutes an abundant revenue of power for the whole human race.

A BANQUET AT ASPASIA'S.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

[The author from whom we select the following interesting reproduction of a scene from the life of ancient Greece was a well-known writer of novels and of juvenile literature, and an able advocate of the anti-slavery cause. Her "Progress of Religious Ideas" (in three volumes) cannot be praised as manifesting the careful discrimination necessary to an historical work, and her reputation must rest on her other writings, which are of much literary value. The selection we give is from "Philothea: a Grecian Romance." The conversation at Aspasia's seems to possess the flavor of the genuine "Attic salt." Mrs. Child was born in Massachusetts in 1802. She died in 1880.]

THE room in which the guests were assembled was furnished with less of Asiatic splendor than the private apartment of Aspasia; but in its magnificent simplicity there was a more perfect manifestation of ideal beauty. It was divided in the middle by eight Ionic columns, alternately of Phrygian and Pentelic marble. Between the central pillars stood a superb statue from the hand of Phidias, representing Aphrodite guided by Love and

crowned by Peitho, goddess of Persuasion. Around the walls were Phœbus and Hermes in Parian marble, and the nine Muses in ivory. A fountain of perfumed water, from the adjoining room, diffused coolness and fragrance as it passed through a number of concealed pipes and finally flowed into a magnificent vase supported by a troop of Naiades.

In a recess stood the famous lion of Myron, surrounded by infant Loves, playing with his paws, climbing his back, and decorating his neck with garlands. This beautiful group seemed actually to live and move in the clear light and deep shadows derived from a silver lamp suspended above.

The walls were enriched with some of the choicest paintings of Apollodorus, Zeuxis, and Polygnotus. Near a fine likeness of Pericles, by Aristolaus, was Aspasia, represented as Chloris scattering flowers over the earth and attended by winged Hours.

It chanced that Pericles himself reclined beneath his portrait, and, though political anxiety had taken from his countenance something of the cheerful freshness which characterized the picture, he still retained the same elevated beauty,—the same deep, quiet expression of intellectual power. At a short distance, with his arm resting on the couch, stood his nephew, Alcibiades, deservedly called the handsomest man in Athens. He was laughing with Hermippus, the comic writer, whose shrewd, sarcastic, and mischievous face was expressive of his calling. Phidias slowly paced the room, talking of the current news with the Persian Artaphernes. Anaxagoras reclined near the statue of Aphrodite, listening and occasionally speaking to Plato, who leaned against one of the marble pillars, in earnest conversation with a learned Ethiopian.

The gorgeous apparel of the Asiatic and African guests

contrasted strongly with the graceful simplicity of Grecian costume. A saffron-colored mantle and a richly-embroidered Median vest glittered on the person of the venerable Artaphernes. Tithonus, the Ethiopian, wore a skirt of ample folds, which scarcely fell below the knee. It was of the glorious Tyrian hue, resembling a crimson light shining through transparent purple. The edge of the garment was curiously wrought with golden palm-leaves. It terminated at the waist in a large roll, twined with massive chains of gold, and fastened by a clasp of the far-famed Ethiopian topaz. The upper part of his person was uncovered and unornamented, save by broad bracelets of gold, which formed a magnificent contrast with the sable color of his vigorous and finely-proportioned limbs.

As the ladies entered, the various groups came forward to meet them; and all were welcomed by Aspasia with earnest cordiality and graceful self-possession. While the brief salutations were passing, Hipparete, the wife of Alcibiades, came from an inner apartment, where she had been waiting for her hostess. She was a fair, amiable young matron, evidently conscious of her high rank. The short blue tunic, which she wore over a lemon-colored robe, was embroidered with golden grasshoppers; and on her forehead sparkled a jewelled insect of the same species. It was the emblem of unmixed Athenian blood; and Hipparete alone of all the ladies present had a right to wear it. Her manners were an elaborate copy of Aspasia, but deprived of the powerful charm of unconsciousness, which flowed like a principle of life into every motion of that beautiful enchantress. . . .

At a signal from Plato, slaves filled the goblets with wine, and he rose to propose the usual libation to the gods. Every Grecian guest joined in the ceremony, singing, in a recitative tone,—

"Dionysus, this to thee,
God of warm festivity!
Giver of the fruitful vine,
To thee we pour the rosy wine!"

Music from the adjoining room struck in with the chorus, and continued for some moments after it had ceased.

For a short time the conversation was confined to the courtesies of the table, as the guests partook of the delicious viands before them. Plato ate olives and bread only; and the water he drank was scarcely tinged with Lesbian wine. Alcibiades rallied him upon this abstemiousness; and Pericles reminded him that even his great pattern, Socrates, gave Dionysus his dues, while he worshipped the heaven-born Pallas.

The philosopher quietly replied, "I can worship the fiery god of Vintage only when married with Nymphs of the Fountain."

"But tell me, O Anaxagoras and Plato," exclaimed Tithonus, "if, as Hermippus hath said, the Grecian philosophers discard the theology of the poets? Do ye not believe in the gods?"

Plato would have smiled, had he not revered the simplicity that expected a frank and honest answer to a question so dangerous. Anaxagoras briefly replied, that the mind which did not believe in divine beings must be cold and dark indeed.

"Even so," replied Artaphernes, devoutly: "blessed be Oromasdes, who sends Mithras to warm and enlighten the world! But what surprises me most is, that you Grecians import new divinities from other countries as freely as slaves, or papyrus, or marble. The sculptor of the gods will scarcely be able to fashion half their images."

"If the custom continues," rejoined Phidias, "it will indeed require a lifetime as long as that conferred upon the namesake of Tithonus."

"Thanks to the munificence of artists, every deity has a representative in my dwelling," observed Aspasia.

"I have heard strangers express their surprise that the Athenians have never erected a statue to the principle of *Modesty*," said Hermippus.

"So much the more we need that we enshrine her image in our own hearts," rejoined Plato.

The sarcastic comedian made no reply to this quiet rebuke. Looking toward Artaphernes, he continued: "Tell me, O servant of the great king, wherein the people of your country are more wise in worshipping the sun than we who represent the same divinity in marble."

"The principles of the Persian religion are simple, steady, and uniform," replied Artaphernes; "but the Athenian are always changing. You not only adopt foreign gods, but sometimes create new ones, and admit them into your theology by solemn act of the great council. These circumstances have led me to suppose that you worship them as mere forms. The Persian Magi do indeed prostrate themselves before the rising sun; but they do it in the name of Oromasdes, the universal Principle of Good, of whom that great luminary is the visible symbol. In our solemn processions, the chariot sacred to Oromasdes precedes the horse dedicated to Mithras; and there is deep meaning in the arrangement. The Sun and the Zodiac, the Balance and the Rule, are but emblems of truths, mysterious and eternal. As the garlands we throw on the sacred fire feed the flame, rather than extinguish it, so the sublime symbols of our religion are intended to preserve, not to conceal, the truths within them."

"Though you disclaim all images of divinity," rejoined Aspasia, "yet we hear of your Mithras pictured like a Persian king, trampling on a prostrate ox."

With a smile, Artaphernes replied, "I see, lady, that you would fain gain admittance to the Mithraic cave; but its secrets, like those of your own Eleusis, are concealed from all save the initiated."

"They tell us," said Aspasia, "that those who are admitted to the Eleusinian mysteries die in peace, and go directly to the Elysian fields, while the uninitiated wander about in the infernal abyss."

"Of course," said Anaxagoras, "Alcibiades will go directly to Elysium, though Solon groped his way in darkness."

The old philosopher uttered this with imperturbable gravity, as if unconscious of satirical meaning; but some of the guests could scarcely repress a smile, as they recollected the dissolute life of the young Athenian.

"If Alcibiades spoke his real sentiments," said Aspasia, "I venture to say he would tell us that the mystic baskets of Demeter, covered with long purple veils, contain nothing half so much worth seeing as the beautiful maidens who carry them."

She looked at Pericles, and saw that he again cautioned her, by raising the rose toward his face, as if inhaling its fragrance.

There was a brief pause, which Anaxagoras interrupted by saying, "The wise can never reverence images merely as images. There is a mystical meaning in the Athenian manner of supplicating the gods with garlands on their heads and bearing in their hands boughs of olive twined with wool. Pallas, at whose birth, we are told, gold rained upon the earth, was unquestionably a personification of wisdom. It is not to be supposed that the philosophers

of any country consider the sun itself as anything more than a huge ball of fire; but the sight of that glorious orb leads the contemplative soul to the belief in one Pure Intelligence, one Universal Mind, which in manifesting itself produces order in the material world and preserves the unconfused distinction of infinite varieties."

"Such, no doubt, is the tendency of all reflecting minds," said Phidias; "but, in general, the mere forms are worshipped, apart from the sacred truths they represent. The gods we have introduced from Egypt are regarded by the priests of that learned land as emblems of certain divine truths brought down from ancient times. They are like the Hermæ at our doors, which outwardly appear to rest on inexpressive blocks of stone, but when opened they are found to contain beautiful statues of the gods within them. It is not so with the new fables which the Greeks are continually mixing with their mythology. Pygmalion, as we all know, first departed from the rigid outline of ancient sculpture, and impressed life and motion upon marble. The poets, in praise of him, have told us that his ardent wishes warmed a statue into a lovely and breathing woman. The fable is fanciful and pleasing in itself; but will it not hereafter be believed as reality? Might not the same history be told of much that is believed? It is true," added he, smiling, "that I might be excused for favoring a belief in images, since mortals are ever willing to have their own works adored."

"What does Plato respond to the inquiries of Phidias?" asked Artaphernes.

The philosopher replied, "Within the holy mysteries of our religion is preserved a pure and deep meaning, as the waters of Arethusa flow uncontaminated beneath the earth and the sea. I do not presume to decide whether all that is believed has the inward significancy. I have ever deemed

such speculations unwise. If the chaste daughter of Latona always appears to my thoughts veiled in heavenly purity, it is comparatively unimportant whether I can prove that Acteon was torn by his dogs for looking on the goddess with wanton eyes. Anaxagoras said wisely that material forms lead the contemplative mind to the worship of ideal good, which is in its nature immortal and divine. Homer tells us that the golden chain resting upon Olympus reaches even to the earth. Here we see but a few of the last links, and those imperfectly. We are like men in a subterranean cave, so chained that they can look only forward to the entrance. Far above and behind us is a glowing fire; and beautiful beings, of every form, are moving between the light and us poor fettered mortals. Some of these bright beings are speaking, and others are silent. We see only the shadows cast on the opposite wall of the cavern by the reflection of the fire above; and if we hear the echo of voices, we suppose it belongs to those passing shadows. The soul, in its present condition, is an exile from the orb of light; its ignorance is forgetfulness; and whatever we can perceive of truth, or imagine of beauty, is but a reminiscence of our former more glorious state of being. He who reverences the gods, and subdues his own passions, returns at last to the blest condition from which he fell. But to talk, or think, about these things with proud impatience, or polluted morals, is like pouring pure water into a miry trench: he who does it disturbs the mud, and thus causes the clear water to become defiled. When Odysseus removed his armor from the walls, and carried it to an inner apartment, invisible Pallas moved before him with her golden lamp, and filled the place with radiance divine. Telemachus, seeing the light, exclaimed, 'Surely, my father, some of the celestial gods are present.' With deep

wisdom, the king of Ithaca replied, 'Be silent. Restrain your intellect, and speak not.'"

"I am rebuked, O Plato," answered Phidias; "and from henceforth, when my mind is dark and doubtful, I will remember that transparent drops may fall into a turbid well. Nor will I forget that sometimes, when I have worked on my statues by torch-light, I could not perceive their real expression, because I was carving in the shadow of my own hand."

"Little can be learned of the human soul and its connection with the Universal Mind," said Anaxagoras: "these sublime truths seem vague and remote, as Phœacia appeared to Odysseus like a vast shield floating on the surface of the distant ocean."

"The glimmering uncertainty attending all such speculations has led me to attach myself to the Ionic sect, who devote themselves entirely to the study of outward nature."

"And this is useful," rejoined Plato. "The man who is to be led from a cave will more easily see what the heavens contain by looking to the light of the moon and the stars than by gazing on the sun at noon-day."

THE OWL-CRITIC.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

"Who stuffed that white owl?" No one spoke in the shop;

The barber was busy, and he couldn't stop;

The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading

The *Daily*, the *Herald*, the *Post*, little heeding

The young man who blurted out such a blunt question ;
Not one raised a head, or even made a suggestion ;
And the barber kept on shaving.

“Don’t you see, Mister Brown,”
Cried the youth, with a frown,
“How wrong the whole thing is,
How preposterous each wing is,
How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck
is,—

In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck ’tis !
I make no apology ;
I’ve learned owl-eology,
I’ve passed days and nights in a hundred collections,
And cannot be blinded to any deflections
Arising from unskilful fingers that fail
To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.
Mister Brown ! Mister Brown !
Do take that bird down,
Or you’ll soon be the laughing-stock all over town !”
And the barber kept on shaving.

“I’ve *studied* owls,
And other night fowls,
And I tell you
What I know to be true :
An owl cannot roost
With his limbs so unloosed ;
No owl in this world
Ever had his claws curled,
Ever had his legs slanted,
Ever had his bill canted,
Ever had his neck screwed
Into that attitude.

He can't *do* it, because
'Tis against all bird laws.
Anatomy teaches,
Ornithology preaches,
An owl has a toe
That *can't* turn out so!
I've made the white owl my study for years,
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears!
Mister Brown, I'm amazed
You should be so gone crazed
As to put up a bird
In that posture absurd!
To *look* at that owl really brings on a dizziness;
The man who stuffed *him* don't half know his business!
And the barber kept on shaving

"Examine those eyes.
I'm filled with surprise
Taxidermists should pass
Off on you such poor glass;
So unnatural they seem
They'd make Audubon scream,
And John Burroughs laugh
To encounter such chaff.
Do take that bird down:
Have him stuffed again, Brown!"
And the barber kept on shaving

"With some sawdust and bark
I could stuff in the dark
An owl better than that.
I could make an old hat
Look more like an owl
Than that horrid fowl,

Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather.
In fact, about *him* there's not one natural feather."

Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,
Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding critic
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,
And then fairly hooted, as if he should say,
"Your learning's at fault *this* time, anyway;
Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
I'm an owl; you're another. Sir Critic, good-day!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

AUNT QUIMBY.

ELIZA LESLIE.

[Fifty years ago Miss Leslie was a power in Philadelphia society, from the cutting satire of her highly-popular stories, in which the mushroom aristocracy of the day were handled with little mercy, and in some cases their actual names used in narratives of no complimentary character. Aunt Quimby, with her inconveniently exact memory, served as one of these whips for family pride, by relating incidents in the ancestral history of the aristocracy which had the inconvenience of having actually occurred. Miss Leslie's style, though intensely practical, had marked humor, and her stories were widely read. In addition she was the author of a once noted "Cookery Book," and of other works of a similar character. She was born in Philadelphia in 1787, and died in 1858.]

IN the mean time Mrs. Quimby continued to call on the attention of those around her. To some the old lady was a source of amusement, to others of disgust and annoyance. By this time they all understood who she was, and

how she happened to be there. Fixing her eyes on a very dignified and fashionable-looking young lady, whom she had heard addressed as Miss Lybrand, and who, with several others, was sitting nearly opposite, "Pray, miss," said Aunt Quimby, "was your grandfather's name Moses?"

"It was," replied the young lady.

"Oh! then you must be a grand-daughter of old Moses Lybrand, who kept a livery-stable up in Race Street; and his son Aaron always used to drive the best carriage, after the old man was past doing it himself. Is your father's name Aaron?"

"No, madam," said Miss Lybrand, looking very red. "My father's name is Richard."

"Richard: he must have been one of the second wife's children. Oh! I remember seeing him about when he was a little boy. He had a curly head, and on week-days generally wore a gray jacket and corduroy trousers; but he had a nice bottle-green suit for Sunday. Yes, yes: they went to our church, and sat up in the gallery. And he was your father, was he? Then Aaron must have been your own uncle. He was a very careful driver for a young man. He learnt of his father. I remember just after we were first married, Mr. Quimby hiring Moses Lybrand's best carriage to take me and my bridesmaids and groomsmen on a trip to Germantown. It was a yellow coachee with red curtains, and held us all very well with close packing. In those days people like us took their wedding-rides to Germantown and Frankford and Darby, and ordered a dinner at a tavern with custards and whips, and came home in the evening. And the highfliers, when *they* got married, went as far as Chester or Dunks's Ferry. They did not then start off from the church door and scour the roads all the way to Niagara just because they were brides and grooms; as if that was

any reason for flying their homes directly. But pray what has become of your uncle Aaron?"

"I do not know," said the young lady, looking much displeased. "I never heard of him."

"But did not you tell me your grandfather's name was Moses?"

"There may have been other Moses Lybrands."

"Was not he a short, pock-marked man, that walked a little lame, with something of a cast in his right eye?—or, I won't be positive, maybe it was in the left?"

"I am very sure papa's father was no such looking person," replied Miss Lybrand; "but I never saw him: he died before I was born."

"Poor old man," resumed Mrs. Quimby: "if I remember right, Moses became childish many years before his death."

Miss Lybrand then rose hastily, and proposed to her immediate companions a walk farther into the woods; and Myrtille, leaving the vicinity of Mr. Smith, came forward and joined them, her friends making a private signal to her not to invite the aforesaid gentleman to accompany them.

Aunt Quimby saw them depart, and, looking round, said, "Why, Mr. Smith, have the girls given you the slip? But, to be sure, they meant you to follow them."

Mr. Smith signified that he had no courage to do so without an invitation, and that he feared he had already been tiring Miss Cheston.

"Pho, pho!" said Mrs. Quimby: "you are quite too humble. Pluck up a little spirit, and run after the girls."

"I believe," replied he, "I cannot take such a liberty."

"Then I'll call Captain Cheston to introduce you to some more gentlemen. Here, Bromley——"

"No, no," said Mr. Smith, stopping her apprehensively:

"I would rather not intrude any farther upon his kindness."

"I declare, you are the shamefacedest man I ever saw in my life! Well, then, you can walk about, and look at the trees and bushes; there's a fine large buttonwood, and there's a sassafras; or you can go to the edge of the bank, and look at the river, and watch how the tide goes down and leaves the splatter-docks standing in the mud. See how thick they are at low water! I wonder if you couldn't count them? And maybe you'll see a wood-shallop pass along, or maybe a coal-barge. And who knows but a sturgeon may jump out of the water, and turn head over heels and back again? It's quite a handsome sight."

Good Mr. Smith did as he was bidden, and walked about and looked at things, and probably counted the splatter-docks, and perhaps saw a fish jump.

"It's all bashfulness,—nothing in the world but-bashfulness," pursued Mrs. Quimby. "That's the only reason Mr. Smith don't talk."

"For my part," said a very elegant-looking girl, "I am perfectly willing to impute the taciturnity of Mr. Smith (and that of all other silent people) to modesty. But yet I must say that, as far as I have had opportunities of observing, most men above the age of twenty have sufficient courage to talk, if they know what to say. When the head is well furnished with ideas, the tongue cannot habitually refrain from giving them utterance."

"That's a very good observation," said Mrs. Quimby, "and suits *me* exactly. But as to Mr. Smith, I do believe it's all bashfulness with him. Between ourselves (though the British consul warrants him respectable), I doubt whether he was ever in such genteel society before; and maybe he thinks it his duty to listen and not to talk, poor

man. But then he ought to know that in our country he need not be afraid of nobody, and that here all people are equal, and one is as good as another."

"Not exactly," said the young lady. "We have in America, as in Europe, numerous gradations of mind, manners, and character. Politically we are equal, as far as regards the rights of citizens and the protection of the laws; and also we have no privileged orders. But individually it is difficult for the refined and the vulgar, the learned and the ignorant, the virtuous and the vicious, to associate familiarly and indiscriminately, even in a republic."

The old lady looked mystified for a few moments, and then proceeded: "As you say, people's different. We can't be hail-fellow-well-met with Tom, Dick, and Harry; but, for my part, I think myself as good as anybody."

No one contradicted this opinion, and just then a gentleman came up and said to the young lady, "Miss Atwood, allow me to present you with a sprig of the last wild roses of the season. I found a few still lingering on a bush in a shady lane just above."

" 'I bid their blossoms in my bonnet wave,' "

said Miss Atwood, inserting them amid one of the ribbon bows.

"Atwood,—Atwood," said Aunt Quimby: "I know the name very well. Is not your father Charles Atwood, who used to keep a large wholesale store in Front Street?"

"I have the happiness of being that gentleman's daughter," replied the young lady.

"And you live up Chestnut now, don't you,—among the fashionables?"

"My father's house is up Chestnut Street."

"Your mother was a Ross, wasn't she?"

"Her maiden name *was* Ross."

"I thought so," proceeded Mrs. Quimby. "I remember your father very well. He was the son of Tommy Atwood, who kept an ironmonger's shop down Second Street by the New Market. Your grandfather was a very obliging man, rather fat. I have often been in his store when we lived down that way. I remember once of buying a waffle-iron of him, and when I tried it and found it did not make a pretty pattern on the waffles I took it back to him to change it; but, having no other pattern, he returned me the money as soon as I asked him. And another time he had the kitchen tongs mended for me without charging a cent, when I put him in mind that I had bought them there; which was certainly very genteel of him. And no wonder he made a fortune,—as all people do that are obliging to their customers and properly thankful to them." . . .

When the last carriage drew up, there was a buzz all round: "There is the baron,—there is the Baron von Klingenberg,—as usual, with Mrs. Blake Bentley and her daughters."

After the new arrivals had been conducted by the Chestons to the house, and adjusted their dresses, they were shown into what was considered the drawing-room part of the woods, and accommodated with seats. But it was very evident that Mrs. Blake Bentley's party were desirous of keeping chiefly to themselves,—talking very loudly to each other, and seemingly resolved to attract the attention of every one around.

"Bromley," said Mrs. Quimby,—having called Captain Cheston to her,—“is that a baron?”

"That is the Baron von Klingenberg."

"Well, between ourselves, he's about as ugly a man as ever I laid my eyes on. At least he looks so at that

distance. A clumsy fellow, with high shoulders and a round back, and his face all over hair, and as bandy as he can be, besides. And he's not a bit young, neither."

"Barons never seem to me young," said Miss Turretville, a young lady of the romantic school, "but counts always do."

"I declare, even Mr. Smith is better-looking," pursued Aunt Quimby, fixing her eyes on the baron. "Don't you think so, miss?"

"I think nothing about him," replied the fair Turretville.

"Mr. Smith," said Myrtilia, "perhaps is not actually ugly, and if properly dressed might look tolerably; but he is too meek, and too weak. I wasted much time in trying to entertain him as I sat under the tree, but he only looked down and simpered, and scarcely ventured a word in reply. One thing is certain, I shall take no further account of him."

"Now, Myrtilia, it's a shame to set your face against the poor man in this way. I dare say he is very good."

"That is always said of stupid people."

"No doubt it would brighten him wonderfully if you were to dance with him when the ball begins."

"Dance!" said Myrtilia; "dance with *him*! Do you suppose he knows either a step or a figure? No, no; I shall take care never to exhibit myself as Mr. Smith's partner; and I beg of you, Aunt Quimby, on no account to hint such a thing to him. Besides, I am already engaged three sets deep." And she ran away on seeing that Mr. Smith was approaching. . . .

"This assemblage," said the baron, "somewhat reminds me of the annual *fêtes* I give to my serfs in the park that surrounds my castle at the cataract of the Rhine."

Miss Turretville had just come up, leaning on the arm

of Myrtilia Cheston. "Let us try to get nearer to the baron," said she: "he is talking about castles. Oh, I am so glad that I have been introduced to him! I met him the other evening at Mrs. De Mingle's select party, and he took my fan out of my hand and fanned himself with it. There is certainly an elegant ease about European gentlemen that our Americans can never acquire."

"Where is the ease and elegance of Mr. Smith?" thought Myrtilia, as she looked over at that forlorn individual shrinking behind Aunt Quimby.

"As I was saying," pursued the baron, lolling back in his chair and applying to his nose Mrs. Bentley's magnificent essence-bottle, "when I give these *fêtes* to my serfs I regale them with Westphalia hams from my own hunting-grounds, and with hock from my own vineyards."

"Dear me! ham and hock!" ejaculated Mrs. Quimby.

"Baron," said Miss Turretville, "I suppose you have visited the Hartz Mountains?"

"My castle stands on one of them."

"Charming! Then you have seen the Brocken?"

"It is directly in front of my ramparts."

"How delightful! Do you never imagine that on a stormy night you hear the witches riding through the air, to hold their revels on the Brocken? Are there still brigands in the Black Forest?"

"Troops of them. The Black Forest is just back of my own woods. The robbers were once so audacious as to attack my castle, and we had a bloody fight. But we at length succeeded in taking all that were left alive."

"What a pity! Was their captain anything like Charles de Moor?"

"Just such a man."

"Baron," observed Myrtilia, a little mischievously, "the situation of your castle must be *unique*,—in the midst of

the Hartz Mountains, at the falls of the Rhine, with the Brocken in front, and the Black Forest behind."

"You dote on the place, don't you?" asked Miss Turretville. "Do you live there always?"

"No: only in the hunting-season. I am equally at home in all the capitals of the Continent. I might, perhaps, be chiefly at my native place, Vienna, only my friend the emperor is never happy but when I am with him; and his devotion to me is rather overwhelming. The truth is, one gets surfeited with courts and kings and princes: so I thought it would be quite refreshing to take a trip to America, having great curiosity to see what sort of a place it is. I recollect, at the last court ball, the emperor was teasing me to waltz with his cousin the Archduchess of Hesse-Hoblingen, who he feared would be offended if I neglected her. But her serene highness dances as if she had a cannon-ball chained to each foot, and so I got off by flatly telling my friend the emperor that if women chose to go to balls in velvet and ermine and with coronets on their heads they might get princes or some such people to dance with them, as, for my part, it was rather excruciating to whirl about with persons in heavy royal robes."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Miss Turretville. "Did you venture to talk so to an emperor? Of course before next day you were loaded with chains and immured in a dungeon, from which I suppose you escaped by a subterranean passage."

"Not at all. My old crony the emperor knows his man. so he only laughed, and slapped me on the shoulder, and I took his arm and we sauntered off together to the other end of the grand saloon. I think I was in my hussar uniform; I recollect that evening I broke my quizzing-glass and had to borrow the Princess of Saxe-Blinkenberg's."

"Was it very elegant?—set round with diamonds?" asked Miss Matilda Bentley, putting up to her face a hand on which glittered a valuable brilliant.

"Quite likely it was; but I never look at diamonds; one gets so tired of them. I have not worn any of mine these seven years. I often joke with my friend Prince Esterhazy about his diamond coat, that he *will* persist in wearing on great occasions. Its glitter really incommodes my eyes when he happens to be near me, as he generally is. Whenever he moves you may track him by the gems that drop from it, and you may hear him far off by their continual tinkling as they fall."

"Only listen to that, Mr. Smith!" said Aunt Quimby aside to her *protégé*. "I do not believe there is such a man in the world as that Hester Hazy, with his diamond coat, that he's telling all this rigmarole about. It sounds like one of Mother Bunch's tales."

"I rather think there is such a man," said Mr. Smith.

"Nonsense, Mr. Smith! Why, you're a greater goose than I supposed."

Mr. Smith assented by a meek bow.

Dinner was now announced. The gentlemen conducted the ladies, and Aunt Quimby led Mr. Smith; but she could not prevail on him to take a seat beside her, near the head of the table, and directly opposite to the baron and his party. He humbly insisted on finding a place for himself very low down, and seemed glad to get into the neighborhood of Captain Cheston, who presided at the foot. . . .

When the dessert was set on, and the flow of soul was succeeding to the feast which, whether of reason or not, had been duly honored, Mrs. Quimby found leisure to look around and resume her colloquy.

"I believe, madam, your name is Bentley," said she to the lofty-looking personage directly opposite.

"I am Mrs. Blake Bentley," was the reply, with an imperious stare that was intended to frown down all further attempts at conversation. But Aunt Quimby did not comprehend repulsion, and had never been silenced in her life: so she proceeded,—

"I remember your husband very well. He was a son of old Benny Bentley, up Second Street, that used to keep the sign of the Adam and Eve, but afterwards changed it to the Liberty-Tree. His wife was a Blake: that was the way your husband came by his name. Her father was an upholsterer, and she worked at the trade before she was married. She made two bolsters and three pillows for me at different times; though I'm not quite sure it was not two pillows and three bolsters. He had a brother, Billy Blake, that was a painter: so he must have been your husband's uncle."

"Excuse me," said Mrs. Blake Bentley, "I don't understand what you are talking about. But I'm very sure there were never any artist people in the family."

"Oh, Billy Blake was a painter and glazier both," resumed Mrs. Quimby. "I remember him as well as if he was my own brother. We always sent for him to mend our broken windows. I can see him now, coming with his glass-box and his putty. Poor fellow! he was employed to put a new coat of paint on Christ Church steeple, which we thought would be a good job for him; but the scaffold gave way, and he fell down and broke his leg. We lived right opposite, and saw him tumble. It's a mercy he wasn't killed right out. He was carried home on a hand-barrow. I remember the afternoon as well as if it were yesterday. We had a pot-pie for dinner that day; and I happened to have on a new calico gown, a green ground with a yellow sprig in it: I have some of the pieces now in patchwork."

Mrs. Blake Bentley gave Mrs. Quimby a look of unqualified disdain, and then, turning to the baron, whispered him to say something that might stop the mouth of that abominable old woman. And, by way of beginning, she observed aloud, "Baron, what very fine plums these are!"

"Yes," said the baron, helping himself to them profusely; "and apropos to plums, one day when I happened to be dining with the King of Prussia there were some very fine peaches at table (we were sitting, you know, trifling over the dessert), and the king said to me, 'Klingenberg, my dear fellow, let's try which of us can first break that large looking-glass by shooting a peach-stone at it.'"

"Dear me! what a king!" interrupted Mrs. Quimby. "And now I look at you again, sir (there! just now, with your head turned to the light), there's something in your face that puts me in mind of Jacob Stimbel, our Dutch young man that used to live with us and help to do the work. Mr. Quimby bought him at the wharf out of a redemptioner ship. He was to serve us three years; but before his time was up he ran away (as they often do), and went to Lancaster, and set up his old trade of a carpenter, and married a bricklayer's daughter, and got rich, and built houses, and had three or four sons. I think I heard that one of them turned out a pretty bad fellow. I can see Jake Stimbel now, carrying the market-basket after me, or scrubbing the pavement. Whenever I look at you I think of him. Maybe he was some relation of yours, as you both came from Germany."

"A relation of mine, madam!" said the baron.

"There now! there's Jake Stimbel to the life! He had just that way of stretching up his eyes and drawing down his mouth when he did not know what to say,—which was usually the case after he stayed on errands."

The baron contracted his brows and bit his lips.

"Fix your face as you will," continued Mrs. Quimby, "you are as like him as you can look. I am sure I ought to remember Jacob Stimbel, for I had all the trouble of teaching him to do his work, besides learning him to talk American; and as soon as he had learnt, he cleared himself off, as I told you, and run away from us."

The baron now turned to Matilda Bentley, and endeavored to engage her attention by an earnest conversation in an undertone; and Mrs. Bentley looked daggers at Aunt Quimby, who said, in a low voice, to a lady that sat next to her,—

"What a pity Mrs. Bentley has such a violent way with her eyes! She'd be a handsome woman if it was not for that." . . .

The dancers had just taken their places for the first set, when they were startled by the shrieks of a woman, which seemed to ascend from the river-beach below. The gentlemen and many of the ladies ran to the edge of the bank to ascertain the cause; and Aunt Quimby, looking down among the first, exclaimed, "Oh, mercy! if there isn't Mr. Smith a-collaring the baron, and Miss Matilda a-screaming for dear life!"

"The baron collaring Mr. Smith, you mean," said Myrtille, approaching the bank.

"No, no! I mean as I say. Why, who'd think it was in Mr. Smith to do such a thing? Oh, see!—only look how he shakes him! And now he gives him a kick. Only think of doing all that to a baron! but I dare say he deserves it. He looks more like Jake Stimbel than ever."

Captain Cheston sprung down the bank (most of the other gentlemen running after him), and, immediately reaching the scene of action, rescued the foreigner, who

seemed too frightened to oppose any effectual resistance to his assailant.

"Mr. Smith," said Captain Cheston, "what is the meaning of this outrage?—and in the presence of a lady, too!"

"The lady must excuse me," replied Mr. Smith, "for it is in her behalf I have thus forgotten myself so far as to chastise on the spot a contemptible villain. Let us convey Miss Bentley up the bank, for she seems greatly agitated, and I will then explain to the gentlemen the extraordinary scene they have just witnessed."

"Only hear Mr. Smith, how he's talking out!" exclaimed Aunt Quimby. "And there's the baron fellow putting up his coat-collar and sneaking off round the corner of the bank. I'm so glad he's turned out a scamp!"

Having reached the top of the bank, Matilda Bentley—who had nearly fainted—was laid on a bench and consigned to the care of her mother and sisters. A flood of tears came to her relief; and while she was indulging in them, Mrs. Bentley joined the group who were assembled round Mr. Smith and listening to his narrative.

Mr. Smith explained that he knew this *soi-disant* Baron von Klingenberg to be an impostor and a swindler. That he had, some years since, under another name, made his appearance in Paris as an American gentleman of German origin and large fortune, but soon gambled away all his money. That he afterwards, under different appellations, visited the principal cities of the Continent, but always left behind the reputation of a swindler. That he had seen him last in London, in the capacity of valet to the real Baron von Klingenberg, who, intending a visit to the United States, had hired him as being a native of America and familiar with the country and its customs; but, an unforeseen circumstance having induced that gentleman to relinquish this transatlantic voyage, his American valet

robbed him of a large sum of money and some valuable jewels, stole also the letters of introduction which had been obtained by the real baron, and with them had evidently been enabled to pass himself for his master. To this explanation Mr. Smith added that while wandering among the trees on the edge of the bank he had seen the impostor on the beach below, endeavoring to persuade Miss Bentley to an elopement with him, proposing that they should repair immediately to a place in the neighborhood where the railroad-cars stopped on their way to New York, and from thence proceed to that city, adding, "You know there is no overtaking a railroad-car: so all pursuit of us will be in vain; besides, when once married all will be safe, as you are of age, and mistress of your own fortune." "Finding," continued Mr. Smith, "that he was likely to succeed in persuading Miss Bentley to accompany him, I could no longer restrain my indignation, which prompted me to rush down the bank and adopt summary measures in rescuing the young lady from the hands of so infamous a scoundrel, whom nothing but my unwillingness to disturb the company prevented me from exposing as soon as I saw him."

"Don't believe him!" screamed Mrs. Blake Bentley. "Mr. Smith, indeed!—Who is to take *his* word? Who knows what Mr. Smith is?"

"*I do!*" said a voice from the crowd; and there stepped forward a gentleman who had arrived in a chaise with a friend about half an hour before. "I had the pleasure of knowing him intimately in England, when I was minister to the court of St. James's."

"Maybe you bought your tins at his shop?" said Aunt Quimby.

The ex-ambassador, in a low voice, exchanged a few words with Mr. Smith, and then, taking his hand, pre-

sented him as the Earl of Huntingford, adding, "The only tin he deals in is that produced by his extensive mines in Cornwall."

The whole company were amazed into a silence of some moments, after which there was a general buzz of favorable remark; Captain Cheston shook hands with him, and all the gentlemen pressed forward to be more particularly introduced to Lord Huntingford.

"Dear me!" said Aunt Quimby; "to think that I should have been so sociable with a lord,—and a real one, too! And to think how he drank tea at Billy Fairfowl's in the back parlor, and ate bread-and-butter just like any other man! And how he saved Jane and picked up Johnny! I suppose I must not speak to you now, Mr. Smith, for I don't know how to begin calling you my lord. And you don't seem like the same man, now that you can look and talk like other people; and—excuse my saying so—even your dress looks genteeler."

"Call me still Mr. Smith, if you choose," replied Lord Huntingford; and, turning to Captain Cheston, he continued, "Under that name I have had opportunities of obtaining much knowledge of your unique and interesting country,—knowledge that will be useful to me all the remainder of my life, and that I could not so well have acquired in my real character." . . .

When the *fête* was over, Lord Huntingford returned to the city with his friend the ex-minister. At parting he warmly expressed his delight at having had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with Captain Cheston and his ladies; and Aunt Quimby exclaimed, "It's all owing to me. If it had not been for me, you might never have known them. I always had the character of bringing good luck to people: so it's no wonder I'm so welcome everywhere."

TOMMY.

MARY A. DODGE.

[It is no easy matter to select from among the many witty and piquant paragraphs of the popular "Gail Hamilton." Her aggressive warfare upon things as they are has undoubtedly had a wholesome effect upon American society. In fact, common sense is the ruling characteristic of her writings, but this usually unpalatable food is so well spiced in them as to become a very agreeable mental provender. From her many works we select an amusing bit of "Country Living and Country Thinking." Miss Dodge is a native of Hamilton, Massachusetts, where she was born in 1838.]

SOMETIMES when I am sitting in my room I hear a prolonged "g-a-a-h!" Then I know that Tommy is out. Tommy has escaped from his keepers, and is pursuing his investigations in the world at large. So I go to the window, and a pink gleam flashes up from the grass, and there, sure enough, is Tommy, climbing up towards the house with slow, tottering, uncertain steps, but with a face indicative of a desperate resolve to get somewhere, and with both arms acting as balancing-poles. Then I call out, "*Hul-lo! little Tom-mee!*" and everything changes. The arms drop, the feet stop, the resolution fades out of his face. He looks blankly towards all points of the compass, and when finally his eyes alight on me, what a smile! An ordinary curve of his generous Irish lips doesn't seem at all adequate to his feelings. He smiles latitudinally and longitudinally,—away round towards the back of his head, up to his nose, and down into his chin. Out goes his right arm as far as it can stretch, with the fat forefinger extended towards me, and a more intense "g-a-a-h!" bursts from the little throat. Then, with renewed energy, he resumes his travels. He does

very well so long as the ascent is gradual, but when it becomes abrupt his troubles begin. It isn't the tumbling down, however, that hurts him; like all the rest of us, he can do that very easily; but it is the getting up again that plays the mischief. He rears himself on his toes and fingers, and there he stands, a round-backed little quadruped, utterly at a loss what to do next; for Tommy does not yet understand the use of his knees. If he thinks I am looking at him, he will stand there and squeal till he becomes convinced that I have gone away and left him to his own resources, which I generally do; when he drops, or rolls, or squirms along, in some illegal and un-anatomical way, and at last stands radiant in the porch. Then he steers straightway to the side-lights. Those side-lights are an unfailing source of admiring wonder. If somebody is on the opposite side to play bo-peep, he is ecstatic. If nobody is there, he is calmly blissful.

Tommy is a great nuisance during the "fall cleaning." He is always getting into the soapsuds and hot water generally. I volunteered once to take charge of him. I was going to tack down a carpet. Tommy looked on in amazement. Then he got down on the floor and tried to take the tacks in his soft fingers. I rapped the soft fingers with my carpet-hammer. He gave one yell, and drew them back. I kept on with my work. In a minute the soft fingers were creeping in among the tacks. Another rap, another yell, another creep,—rap! yell! creep,—till I grew tired of rapping, if he did not of being rapped. I suppose I didn't hit quite hard enough; but one doesn't like to take liberties with other people's babies. Then I took hold of him by the back of his frock with one hand, carried him, with head and feet hanging, to the farthest side of the room, and deposited him in a corner. I had hardly driven one tack in, before the little rascal was

rounding up his back again under my very eyes. I gathered him up once more, and dumped him in the corner as before. Evidently it was fine fun for him. Nothing could exceed the alacrity with which he crawled over to me. In despair, I at length put up the tacks, and proceeded to arrange some curtain-fixtures. Tommy was suspiciously still for several minutes, and when I went to ascertain the cause I found he had got a bucket of sea-sand that had been left in the room, had emptied it on the carpet, and was flinging it about in royal style. I regretted to stop his enjoyment, for I have a fondness for sand myself, but it did not seem to be appropriate under the circumstances, and I scooped it up as well as I could, and put it beyond his reach. The next time I looked at him, which was in about a quarter of a minute, he was exerting himself to the utmost in pushing a large pitcher off the lower part of the wash-hand-stand. I caught it just as it was toppling over the brink, and before I could get that out of harm's way he had tumbled a writing-desk out of a chair, scattering pens, ink, and paper in all directions. I saw at once that if I was going to take care of Tommy I must "give my mind to it." I took him into the kitchen, as the place best prepared to resist his incursions. He struck a bee-line for the stove, and covered himself with crock. I couldn't undertake to wash him, but I mopped him up a little, put on his hat, and took him out to walk. Everything went on blithely till I turned to go home; then he raised the standard of rebellion. Tommy seldom cries, but he has a gamut of most surprising squeals at his command. On the present occasion he exhibited them in wonderful variety and with remarkable compass of sound. I might say every step was a squeal. The neighborhood rushed to the windows, not unreasonably fearing a repetition of "the babes in the wood." I covered his eyes, and

swung him around rapidly three or four times, to bewilder him so that he should not know which way he was going. But Tommy was too old a bird to be caught by such chaff. He pulled backward, sidewise, every way but the way he ought to have pulled. I sat down on the root of an old elm-tree, and gazed at him in silent despair. He smiled back at me serene as a summer morning, but the moment I showed symptoms of starting he showed symptoms of squealing, till at length I conquered my compunctions, took him up in my arms, crock and all, and carried him home.

Tommy has a little black kitten, and the understanding between them is wonderful to see. Whenever you see Tommy's pink dress, you may be sure the kitty's glossy fur is not far off; and she whisks around him and tantalizes him in the most provoking manner. Sometimes they both run a steeple-chase after her tail: kitty is too wise by far to let anything so valuable as her tail get into the clutch of those indiscriminating fingers; but she frisks and gambols around him delightfully, and Tommy turns, too, as fast as he can, and doesn't know that the flashing tail is never to be got hold of by him. It is surprising how slowly children develop compared with other animals. Tommy's kitten is a good deal younger than he, yet she makes nothing of climbing up to the ridge-pole of the barn after the doves, which she never catches, or scudding up the tall cherry-tree and peeping down at Tommy from the upper branches. I believe she does it to excite his envy.

Tommy is intimate only with the kitten, but he makes friends with the chickens, and cultivates the acquaintance of the pig by throwing the clothes-pins over into his pen. An old rooster, nearly as tall as himself, seems to have attracted his especial regard. His efforts to catch him are

persistent, though as yet unsuccessful. He evidently has perfect faith in his ultimate success, however, and every time Rooster heaves in sight Tommy makes a lurch after him with both arms extended. Rooster understands perfectly how matters stand, and preserves a dignified composure till Tommy gets within a foot of him, when he leisurely withdraws. Tommy stops a moment, takes a survey, and goes at it again.

The days, and the weeks, and the months pass on, and Tommy's rich Irish blood ripens in the summer sunshine. His tottering legs grow firmer. His dimpled arms forebode strength. As I sit at my window, I see the apple-trees in the orchard grow white with bloom, and under them my best silk umbrella is marching about, as the courts say, without any visible means of support. While I gaze in astonishment, it suddenly gives a lurch, and reveals Tommy under its capacious dome in a seventh heaven of ecstasy. Or I am startled, while sitting alone in the warm afternoon, by seeing a blue eye—just a naked, human eye—peering in through the lowest chink of a closed blind opening on the porch. It turns out to belong to Tommy, who by standing on tiptoe in the porch can just get one eye in range. Now I see him trotting down the lane alone, clad in a gay scarlet frock, *et præterea nihil*, his fat little legs brown with dirt, his white neck, face, and arms mottled with the same, and his curly hair a jungle. From his abstracted and eager manner, I infer that he is bent on some grave errand. "Where going, Tommy?" I call, suspicious of a secret expedition. "O-gah-gi-bah!" shouts Tommy, without slackening his pace. Out comes his mother, with a twig, and gives chase. Tommy becomes cognizant of a fire in the rear, and his eager walk tumbles into a trot, for he feels that he is verily guilty, and knows that he is easily accessible; but fate overtakes

him, and he is borne ignominiously back. Then his mother explains that she had just been trying on his new frock, and had remarked that she must get some buttons, and so Tommy had stolen away and was going "over-shop-get-buttons."

Accidents, we are told, will happen in the best of families, and Tommy awoke one morning and found that his nose was out of joint. A little, lumpy baby sister had sadly deranged the machinery of his life, and he didn't know what to make of it. Formerly, when he stole outdoors unawares, his pretty young mother used to run out after him and toss him up in her stout, bare arms into the house. Now an old woman in a cap came, and brought her hand down very heavily on his sensitiveness. Then, too, he was ousted out of his cradle by the interloper, and his life was in a fair way of becoming a burden to him. But his good nature never failed. To be sure, he would throw the plates, and the flat-irons, and the coal, into the cradle, but it was probably "all in fun." When I went in to see "the baby," the first time, he pointed to it with great exultation, and, as soon as the blanket was rolled down, first poked his finger into her eyes, and then, quick as thought, gave her a rousing slap on the cheek. Baby screamed, as she had a right to do, and Tommy had the slap returned with compound interest, as he richly deserved.

Yet, in senseless, instinctive fashion, in his wild, Irish way, Tommy loved his baby sister. The little life drooped and died while the roses were yet in bloom. Tommy's baby sister was borne to her burial, and Tommy's heart was troubled with a blind fear. What it was he did not know, but something was wrong. He lingered about the cradle where she lay, and when the tiny form was taken up to be placed in the coffin he plucked wildly at her white robe, crying bitterly, and refused to be comforted.

Darling little Tommy! The very thought of your happy face, white and soft, and fine as a lily-cup, of your merry blue eyes, with their long, curling, black eyelashes, of your bungling little feet and your meddlesome little fingers, warms my heart. If I could have my way, you should always stay just as you are now, only having your face washed semi-occasionally. But I cannot have my way, and you will by and by run to school barefoot, and wear blue overalls, and smoke bad tobacco in a dingy pipe, and carry a hod, and vote the "Dimmocratic ticket."

So I said last year, with foolish human prophecy, and now, behold! there is no Democratic ticket to vote, and there is no Tommy to vote it. For Tommy is gone. Never any more while I live shall the gleam of his shining hair light up the greensward, or the irregular thumping of his copper-toed shoes bring music to my ears as he stumbles up the yard and clatters across the kitchen floor. A dreamy October morning, all gold and amethyst with the haze of the Indian summer, took him beyond my sight over the blue waters to the fair island of his fathers, which has been to me ever since a "summer isle of Eden, lying in dark purple spheres of sea;" and it seemed to me for the moment that nothing would be so delightful, nothing looked so winning, as to leave this surging, eager, battling land, and sail over the sea with Tommy, and live quietly in a little brown cottage on the border of Donegal bog, with a well-burnt pipe in the cupboard, plenty of peat on the fire, potatoes smoking in the ashes, a fine fat pig in the corner, and nothing to be careful or troubled about all the days of my life.

While I grieve for Tommy gone, I reflect that he would probably be a little pest if he had stayed. Already his feet were swift to do mischief. His rosy lips could swear you as round an oath as any Flanders soldiers, and he beat

the calf, and chased the hens, and worried the sheep, and poked the cow, and pulled the cat's tail, and worked the key out of the door and lost it, and was perpetually carrying off the hoe and making the gravel fly, and surreptitiously possessing himself of the whip. Fumble, rattle, —Tommy is at the door; creak, creak,—he has got it open; thump, thump, thump,—he is making for the whip; silence,—he is getting it down. "Tommy! Tommy! don't touch the whip, will you?" "No," says Tommy, stoutly, in the very act of marching off with it firmly clasped in both hands, brandishing it right and left, and whisking every living thing, and dead one too, that came in his way, or that didn't, either, for that matter.

In the warm, moonlight evening, Tommy sits again in a high chair in the porch, and his mother tells me of the home to which she is going in Ireland, and of the schools which Tommy will attend, and the books that he will study, and she promises to send me one to look at; but I greatly fear it will never reach me. As the conversation proceeds, I am driven into a corner and forced to admit that I do not reckon among my acquisitions an acquaintance with the Irish language. She is silent for a moment, and never fails in the politeness of her race; but I do not think I shall ever quite recover the ground which that revelation cost me. I fear me my reputation is permanently lowered. Tommy, climbing in and out of his high chair, up his mother's neck, and down the porch steps, wiggling everywhere and clawing everything, takes part in the pleasant chat. "Where are you going, Thomas, by and by?" asks his mother, designing to show his paces. "K-t-ty, k-t-ty," gurgles Tommy, making a dive after the kitten. "Now, Thomas," says she, drawing him back with a strong arm, "tell 'em where you're going next month, in a ship, you know, over the water." "Cōw,"

says Tommy, perversely, having a mortal aversion to water, wholesale and retail. But I know a quick way to his tongue. "Tommy, tell me where you are going, and I'll give you a sugar-plum." "Irle," says he, with a fine brogue, rapidly coming to his senses. "An tell 'em what'll your gran'father be sayin' to you when he sees you." A pink peppermint in my hand becoming visible to the naked eye, he answers, promptly, "Ye! ga! Tom! wi! ko! yah! bk!" which, being interpreted, means, "Here comes Tom with the clock on his back," referring to a clock which is to be carried with them, and which he evidently believes will be his own personal luggage. Sometimes his answer turns into "Here's Tom, coming in at the door!" which seems to me to indicate a decided dramatic power. "Tommy," I say, pathetically, "I am afraid you will forget all about me when you go to Ireland." "Iss," roars Tommy, backing out from under his chair. "But I want you not to forget. Stand still, now, and tell me what my name is." "Yah!" shouts Tommy, jumping up and down. "Yah what?" "Yah *Yah!*" And even when the last morning comes,—when Tommy, gay with scarlet frock and feather and "bran-new" shoes, is borne in his mother's arms up the steps to say his last good-by,—the hard-hearted little pagan is utterly unmoved by her tears, and only jounces up and down, and cries, "Ride! Horse!" and, in virtue of a dough-nut in each fist, marches off for fatherland, triumphant.

But Ireland is glorified henceforth. I see no more there want, nor squalor, nor suffering, but verdurous meadow-depths, and a little child crowned with myrtle and arbutus flinging around him the crushed wealth of daisy and prim-roses and gold-cups, while his upturned face, shining against the morning sun, is as it were the face of an angel.

FAREWELL ADDRESS.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

[Of Washington biographically we have nothing to say. There must be very few of our readers who are not familiar with his biography. He takes a position in general literature mainly by his "Farewell Address to the People of the United States," one of the most notable and valuable documents that was ever issued by the leader of a state, and one which, while the United States exists, must ever remain a portion of its cherished literary treasures. It is written in a clear, eloquent, and forcible manner, and the advice which it gives, if it had had proper weight upon the minds of the American people, might have saved us from the untold horrors of the civil war.]

. . . THE unity of government, which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you. It is justly so; for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence, —the support of your tranquillity at home; your peace abroad; of your safety; of your prosperity; of that very liberty which you so highly prize. But, as it is easy to foresee that, from different causes and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth; as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively, though often covertly and insidiously, directed, it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it, accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest

even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned, and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts. . . .

To the efficacy and permanency of your union, a government for the whole is indispensable. No alliances, however strict, between the parts can be an adequate substitute: they must inevitably experience the infractions and interruptions which all alliances in all times have experienced. Sensible of this momentous truth, you have improved upon your first essay, by the adoption of a Constitution of government better calculated than your former for an intimate union, and for the efficacious management of your common concerns. This government, the offspring of our own choice, uninfluenced and unawed, adopted upon full investigation and mature deliberation, completely free in its principles, in the distribution of its powers, uniting security with energy, and containing within itself a provision for its own amendment, has a just claim to your confidence and your support. Respect for its authority, compliance with its laws, acquiescence in its measures, are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxims of true liberty. The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and to alter their Constitutions of government. But the Constitution which at any time exists, till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish government, presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government.

All obstructions to the execution of the laws, all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, control, counteract,

or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities, are destructive of this fundamental principle, and of fatal tendency. They serve to organize faction, to give it an artificial and extraordinary force, to put in the place of the delegated will of the nation the will of a party, often a small but artful and enterprising minority of the community; and, according to the alternate triumphs of different parties, to make the public administration the mirror of the ill-concerted and incongruous projects of faction, rather than the organ of consistent and wholesome plans digested by common councils and modified by mutual interests. However combinations or associations of the above description may now and then answer popular ends, they are likely, in the course of time and things, to become potent engines by which cunning, ambitious, and unprincipled men will be enabled to subvert the power of the people, and to usurp for themselves the reins of government; destroying afterwards the very engines which have lifted them to unjust dominion.

Towards the preservation of your government and the permanency of your present happy state, it is requisite not only that you steadily discountenance irregular opposition to its acknowledged authority, but also that you resist with care the spirit of innovation upon its principles, however specious the pretexts. One method of assault may be to effect, in the forms of the Constitution, alterations which will impair the energy of the system, and thus to undermine what cannot be directly overthrown. In all the changes to which you may be invited, remember that time and habit are at least as necessary to fix the true character of governments as of other human institutions; that experience is the surest standard by which to test the real tendency of the existing Constitu-

tion of a country ; that facility in changes, upon the credit of mere hypothesis and opinion, exposes to perpetual change, from the endless variety of hypothesis and opinion ; and remember, especially, that for the efficient management of your common interests in a country so extensive as ours, a government of as much vigor as is consistent with the perfect security of liberty is indispensable. Liberty itself will find in such a government, with powers properly distributed and adjusted, its surest guardian. It is, indeed, little else than a name, where the government is too feeble to withstand the enterprises of faction, to confine each member of the society within the limits prescribed by the laws, and to maintain all in the secure and tranquil enjoyment of the rights of person and property. . . .

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in the courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

'Tis substantially true that virtue or morality is a

necessary spring of popular government. The rule, indeed, extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who that is a sincere friend to it can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric?

Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened. . . .

WINTER PLEASURES.

E. H. ROLLINS.

["New England Bygones," the work of Ellen H. Rollins, a lady "to the manner born," is so dainty and full in its picturesque descriptions of home life in the country that it is well worthy of the popular favor into which it has risen. From its many interesting chapters we select one descriptive of winter life and scenery in New England, which is partly good for all time, partly has in it the flavor of a past which has been left behind in the rapid course of American progress. Mrs. Rollins was born in Wakefield, New Hampshire, in 1831, and died in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in 1881.]

How utterly transforming to the country is the first positive snow-fall of winter! It is a thing of life; it clings and hangs everywhere. Its great, fluffy ridges and folds put out of sight fences and rocks and hillocks and highways, and bleach the gray surface of the landscape into a dazzling whiteness. Under this new veneering the most untidy farm-houses are beautiful, and the worst-tilled fields as good as the best. Waking up into such a change some winter morning is like going into a new

world. It is coming out from the gray mourning of the almost dead year into a sublime white silence.

Every country-born person can recall such greeting of an early snow, to meet which he has gone forth with elastic step and heart. Slowly and picturesquely motion is thrust upon the scene. Walkers, scuffling through the light snow, trail slender paths along; smoke coils from chimneys; cattle are let into the sunny barn-yards; life spills out from the farm-houses; troughs are chopped free from ice; men begin to hack at the wood-piles and draw water from the wells; teams are harnessed; children start for school; the new landscape is alive with workers, thrust out with startling distinctness from its snow background.

Directly off from roofs and fences and rocks and higher hillocks, with the sun's march, slips this snow covering, and from the beautiful, evanescent picture arises another, with added warmth and life and color. To one driving through a forest at such a time it is as if fairies had been at work and laden its minutest twigs with a rare white burden. Snow-clad old wood, through which I passed years ago on my way to my grandfather's farm, you are as lovely in memory as you were in reality then. It is early morning. The air seems to crackle with the magic of frost-work. Fleecy fringes are falling from the overburdened branches and fling over me great, foam-like flakes; the horses' hoofs sink deep and noiselessly. Footprints of wild animals are thick in the wood, and all along the wayside are tracks of squirrels, rabbits, and such harmless things. Loaded teams grow frequent, and sleighs fly past. The sound of bells is crisp and loud. Betsy pricks up her ears and flings out a spray-like cloud on either side. The little dog following after shoots over the wall, bounding neck deep into the unbroken snow

sniffs at the tiny footmarks of game, plunges into the wood, and I hear him barking shortly after far ahead. Twigs begin to snap. There is a crackle through the wood, the sun is climbing up, the snow is melting, and, falling from the trees, sinks with a fluffy sound into the cooler bed below. Sharp and distinct is the voice of this dissolving panorama. As the sun gets power, the snow garment shrinks, and all of a sudden it glides off from the grim old wood.

Often a mist or a rain, coming upon the newly-fallen snow, crystallizes it into solid shapes, and the sun gives to this frost-work a bewildering beauty. Nothing could surpass my old wood thus clad. It was a sublime, many-arched, crystal cathedral, outlined with flashing brightness. What a transient thing it was! As quickly as the sun gilded it, just so quickly did it demolish it. Glittering pillar and frieze and cornice suddenly disintegrated, and under the gray, naked old trees thick-strewn twigs and fast-melting icicles were all that was left of this palace of carved ice.

How short the winter days used to seem! how clear-cut they were by snow and cold and lack of growing life! What winters those were of forty years ago, when snow-drifts blotted out the features of a landscape and levelled the country into a monotonous white plain; when people woke in the morning to find their windows blocked up, and the chief labor of months was to keep their roads open.

Much joy the young people got out of these same snow-drifts. The crusts which hid the fences gave them ample coasting-fields, and they burrowed like rabbits in the drifts. I remember a village, beloved by Boreas, which was beset by mimic Laplanders, who used to call out to surprised travellers from their caves in the piled-up way-side. In this same village the adventurous boy used to

shoot over highway and fence, across fields, past a frozen brook, up to the edge of a forest a mile off. His small craft was liable to strand by the way, and lucky was he if he did not bring up against the jagged bark of some outstanding tree. His sled was home-made, of good wood, mortised and pinned together, and shod with supple withes, which with use took a polish like glass, and had seldom to be renewed.

Boys and girls slid and coasted through their childhood, and this keen challenge of the north winds, this flinging of muscle against the rude forces of winter, shaped and strengthened them for after-labor. They glided along the highway, over the ruts made by iron-shod wood-sleds; they guttered the snow-drifts with tracks; and wherever the rain had settled and frozen in the fields or by the wayside, they cleared and cut up the ponds with their swift-flying feet. Ploughing knee-deep through freshly-fallen snows to the village school, roughly clad, rosy-cheeked, joyous, they eagerly beset passing sleds and sleighs, hanging to stakes and clinging to runners, from which they tumbled into the school-house entry, stamping it full of snow. The girls were not a whit behind the boys in their clamor and agility. They slid down the steep snow-banks and up and down the ice-paths, swift and fearless, and burst into the school-room almost as riotously as the boys.

Tea-drinkings were the usual social diversions of the farm-house winter life. They were prim occasions, on which the best china, linen, and silver were brought out. Pound-cake and pies and cheese and dough-nuts and cold meats were set forth, and guests partook of them with appetites sharpened by the rarity of the occasion. Neighbors from miles away were liable, on any winter's evening, to drive into my grandfather's yard for a social cup of tea.

The women took off their wraps, smoothed their cap-borders, and planted themselves, knitting-work in hand, before the hearth in the best room. The men put up their horses, and, coming back, they stamped their feet furiously in the entry, and blustered into the sitting-room, filling it with frosty night-air. They talked of the weather, of the condition of their stock, of how the past year's crops held out, and told their plans for the coming year. The women gossiped of town affairs, the minister, the storekeeper's latest purchase, of their dairies, and webs, and linens, and wools, keeping time with flying fingers to the tales they told. The unconscious old clock in the corner kept ticking away the while, and Hannah, in the next room, set in order the repast, to which they did ample justice, growing more garrulous when inspired by the fine flavor of hospitality. They came and also went away early. When the outer door and big gate had closed after them, there had also gone out with them all extra movement and bustle from the household. Every spoon and fork and plate was already in its place, the remnants of the feast had disappeared, and the family was ready to take up on the morrow the slackened thread of its working ways.

The leave-takings of these ancient hosts and guests were simple and beautiful. They shook hands and passed salutations and good wishes with as much gravity as if they had been going to some far land; and the pleasure which the visitors avowed in the graciousness shown them was heart-felt. Merrily jingled their bells from out the farm-yard into the highway, and, softly dying out with distance, the sound came back from the far-off hills in pleasant echo.

Tender, true hospitality, simple customs, rare entertainments, you left no sting, no weariness, behind you. You

gave and impoverished not. You were ungilded, but dignified and decorous, healthful and pleasure-giving. If you were plain, you were not inelegant, for your silver was pure, your china quaint and costly, your linens were fine-twined, your viands were well cooked and wholesome. You were simply served to simple guests, but not without etiquette and the essence of style. The host carved with dexterity, and the hostess, in her busy passes, was instinctively observant of the tastes and needs of her guests. That which garments lacked in material and make, the ruddy firelight imparted to them, painting these robust farmers and matrons into rarely-costumed pictures. What of high culture was wanting to their speech was given to it by the sweet piety and purity of it. They talked of what made up their daily lives, and that was the yearly marvels and glories of ever-dying, ever-renewing nature. The men, discoursing of winds and rains and cattle and grasses and trees and grains, stumbled upon many truths of high philosophy, and, reviewing with earnest faith the sermons of the Sabbath-day, showed themselves well grounded in all gospel doctrine. The women, innocently prattling of the webs they wove, drawing in and out the threads of much discourse, mixed with it many a fine-spun sentiment, and the golden overshot of the few but keenly-relished diversions of their serious lives. The serving-maid and serving-man, listening to them, and catching the glow of the firelight past them, went into the background of the picture, to be quaint creatures of remembered scenes. They themselves, observant and reverent of their elders, felt the sweets of hospitality in their own hearts, and in ministering generously unto others were themselves being ministered unto.

The winter lull of vegetation was often spent by my grandmother and Hannah in the spinning and dyeing and

weaving of woollen fabrics, to be afterwards fashioned into quilts. The most esteemed of these were made of glossy, dark flannel, lined with yellow, with a slight wadding of carded wool. For such a quilt the best fleece was set aside, and many dyes steeped in the chimney-corner. Fastened to a frame, it was in summer the fine needle-work of the house. Neighbors invited to tea helped to prick into it, stitch by stitch, the shapes of flowers and leaves. They came early and bent over it with grim zeal, helped on by the gradual showing of the pattern. They loved to take out the pins and roll up the thing, counting its coils with delight. The quilting of it was hard work, but the women called this rest, and were made happy by such simple variation of labor. They kept up their harmless babble until sundown, when one, more anxious than the rest, catching sight of a returning herd, would exclaim, "The cows are coming, and I must go." Shortly they might all be seen hurrying hither and thither through green lanes, back to the cares which they had for a few hours shifted.

The finishing of this quilt made a gala day for the neighborhood. It was unrolled and cut out with much excitement. When Hannah took it to the porch door to shake it out, the women all followed her, clutching its edges, remarking upon the plumpness of the stitched leaves and the fineness of its texture. It was truly a beautiful thing, for it was a growth of the farm,—an expression of the life of its occupants, a fit covering for those who made it.

The winter diversions of the young people were just as simple as those of their elders. What could be quainter than the singing-school, held in a country school-house, with its rows of tallow candles planted along the desks, and its loud-voiced master pitching his tunes? The young

men sat on one side and the maidens on the other. Its wild music was heard far away. The tunes sung were of long repute, and what was wanting in melody and harmony was made up by the zeal with which they were roared out. To many of the singers the walk home was the best of all, when, in undertone, they lengthened out the melodies which had been taught them.

Apple-bees and spelling-matches sometimes brought together the fathers and mothers of the district, as well as their sons and daughters. The former were apt to mean frolics, which carried more confusion than profit into a farmer's kitchen. The latter were the occasions of much healthy merriment.

After all, the true zest to these diversions was given to them by the bright moonlight which generally brought them to pass. It was a welcome comer, and turned the introverted evening life of the farm-houses out into illuminated lanes and highways. Solemn highways on gray winter evenings; one got easily bewildered in them and thrown off from his track. Objects loomed up out of the snow, and harmless things took strange shapes and looked ghostly in distance and whiteness. Horses were apt to shy, runners bounced with a sharp click upon the uneven path, and bells rang sharply in the clear, cold air. Merry, merry bells, telling of coming and departing guests,—the one jocund voice of winter, putting the traveller in heart, making glad the listening ear, ringing right joyously into farm lane and yard,—who does not welcome with delight the old-time jingle? The sound of country bells, struck out by the slow, measured pace of farm-horses, was of prolonged measure. It was deep, too, because the bells were made large and of good metal. The peculiar sound of each farmer's bells became as much his personal possession as his own voice, and they were quite sure to last his

lifetime. As much as the winds the bells gave voice to the season. It was joyous mostly, yet with a wild pathos in its music when dying out in tortuous country ways, with that sad indistinctness of any sound which had well-nigh passed into silence.

Akin to the bells for sweetness of expression were the farm-house lights, starring the landscape and telling the traveller of peaceful in-door life. Driving through the country, silent with the rest of winter, one cannot over-estimate the companionship and friendliness of the lighted windows of outlying habitations. The breaking of a farm-light upon your sight is like the grasp of a living hand, and with it comes out to you the peace of firesides; by it, unawares, people send forth to you the warm glow of hospitality. An unlighted house in the sparsely-settled country is most forlorn. It is a body without a soul,—a thing which ought to be alive and is not.

In the simplicity of ancient country life the homespun curtains were seldom let down at eventide. The farm-houses were mostly the length of a lane from the roadside, and so the pictures of their in-door life were sent out from their small windows through a softened perspective. What could be better than the white-headed old man dozing in one chimney-corner, the dear old grandmother nodding in the other, the middle-aged son and daughter resting over light work, the back-log, getting ready for its raking up, the walls hung with tokens of sleeping child-life, such as slates, caps, and comforters,—homely things, catching the light of dying embers?

How bright the winter sunsets were, how clear and starlit the nights, how bracing and electric the air, how much more generous than harsh was that climate which, while it blotted out vegetation, at the same time spread over the landscape a great spectacular glory!

Shut in by frost-work from sight of the out-of-doors world, have you never, when a child, breathed upon an icy pane, and, through the loophole thus made, caught a condensed view of the glories of a winter's day?

Picturesque upon snow were the most common movements of farm-life. Men, chopping logs, seemed more like players than workers. With what steady swing their axes rose and fell! how these glittered in the sunshine! The chips that flew freely about, tilted at all angles, how fresh they were, with their prettily-marked lines of yearly growth, their shaggy bark, and their scent of sap! The sound of the axe was resonant and cheery, putting life into a farm-yard. It echoed still more pleasantly from a woodland, whence it came with a muffled indistinctness, like a regular pulse-beat of labor. The choppers seemed never to tire; only they stopped now and then to brandish their stiffened arms and gaze at their growing piles with thrifty pride. They wore mittens of blue and white, striped, or knit in a curious pattern, called "chariot-wheels," by the housewives. Many of them had leathern patches upon thumb and palm.

How contentedly the cattle stood chewing their cuds and blinking their eyes; looking askance at the long icicles which hung from eaves of barns and trickled drops upon their backs! Women came out with baskets and buckets for wood and water, and, in the silent attitude of labor, paused for a moment and basked in the sunshine. Wood-laden sleds dragged along the highway, with boys and girls clinging to their stakes; and the teamsters' shouts to "Broad" and "Bright" mingled with the chatter and laughter of boys and girls. Roofs, lazily drying, smoked in the sunshine; and you heard the weather-wise farmer saying to his neighbor, "It thaws in the sun to-day."

Beautiful was the heavily-coiling smoke in the crisp morning air. How deliciously its opaque whiteness was piled against a background of sky! What a charming aerial welcome it was from the morning life of the farmhouse!

Beautiful was the fantastic piling of storm-clouds, forerunners of winds; and beautiful were the rugged drifts made by flying snows.

Hush!—I am young again. The homely scenes have all come back,—the old workers into their old ways and places, and the earth they deal with wraps them about with its splendor. Snow King, grand old Master, variously carving out the features of a winter landscape, I salute you!

Dear dwellers in that old-fashioned home, I salute you also! You seem to me in memory as stately and as beautiful as one of the tall oaks of your own possessions. Nature was your godmother. She led you in childhood through her fields and pastures and woodlands. She distilled for you the best balsams of her trees and shrubs. You unwittingly quaffed them as you went with her, and they gave you health and strength and lease of a long life. They inoculated you with a taste for pure pleasures. Your frames, your manners, your desires, your whole life, had a flavor of the land that bore you. You were the true outgrowth, the real aborigines, the rightful, harmonious, delightful denizens of the soil, you long-dead, but never-to-be-forgotten dwellers in my grandfather's home!

SHADOW AND GRIEF.

The poems of shadow far outnumber those of sunshine, as if the tenderness and pathos of a grieving heart were more native to the poetic sentiment than the gay heedlessness of happy days and merry thoughts. Some few of these songs with the shadow of sorrow upon them we here append. The flight of the fresh joyousness of youth, "never again" to return, is neatly rendered in song by Stoddard.

THERE are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain :
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign :
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth, with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain ;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air,
But it never comes again !

Longfellow, whose song is ever full of the wine of human sympathy, thus counsels the grieving to resignation under the affliction of the death-angel :

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there !
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair !

The air is full of farewells to the dying
And mournings for the dead ;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted.

Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mist and vapors ;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps. . . .

And though at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest,

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay,
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

This beautifully-rendered sentiment may be fitly followed by James Aldrich's "Death-Bed" verses :

Her suffering ended with the day ;
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away
In statue-like repose.

But when the sun, in all his state,
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through glory's morning gate,
And walked in Paradise.

Another poet, who prefers to remain in the list of the anonymous, thus sings the song of the mourner who grieves and will not be comforted :

PERDITA.

Under the snows she sleepeth,
Under the cold, immaculate snows,
And my heart is bitter with grief and pain,
For I know, though June brings back the rose,
That my lily will never bloom again,
My pure, pale lily that sleepeth.

Beneath the violet lying ;
No Spring, with its tender and warm excess
Of life and passion, of bud and bloom,
No Summer's infinite loveliness,
Can reach to the depth of that silent tomb
Wherein my love is lying.

In vain they tell me she liveth,
With her warm, sweet face and her tender eyes,
In some divine Beyond, afar :
I only know that out of my skies
Has faded and vanished the morning star :
Not unto me she liveth.

Death, however, has its consolations, as well as its thoughts of gloom. In Phœbe Cary's sweetest song it holds out hands of welcome to clasp our outreaching hands of hope and trust.

NEARER HOME.

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er :
I'm nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before ;

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne;
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross;
Nearer gaining the crown.

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the silent, unknown stream
That leads at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps
Come to the dread abysm;
Closer Death to my lips
Presses the awful chrism.

Oh, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink;
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think;

Father, perfect my trust;
Let my spirit feel in death
That her feet are firmly set
On the rock of a living faith!

We append one other poem, through which runs, like a dark vein through the rock of life, the sentiment of heart-pain and hopelessness.

THE VOICELESS.

We count the broken lyres that rest
Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,

But o'er their silent sister's breast
The wild-flowers who will stoop to number?
A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy Fame is proud to win them:—
Alas for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone
Whose song has told their heart's sad story;
Weep for the voiceless, who have known
The cross without the crown of glory!
Not where Leucadian breezes sweep
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,
But where the glistening night-dews weep
On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

O hearts that break and give no sign,
Save whitening lip and fading tresses,
Till Death pours out his cordial wine
Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing presses,—
If singing breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Poe's musical allegory ends with the same despairing view of human life

THE HAUNTED PALACE.

In the greenest of our valleys,
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace
(Radiant palace) reared its head.

In the monarch Thought's dominion
It stood there !
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair.

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow
(This, all this, was in the olden
Time long ago) ;
And every gentle air that dallied
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A wingéd odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley
Through two luminous windows saw
Spirits moving musically,
To a lute's well-tuned law,
Round about a throne, where, sitting
(Porphyrogene !)
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their King.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate

(Ah! let us mourn, for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him desolate);
And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

And travellers now within that valley
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms that move fantastically
To a discordant melody,
While, like a ghastly, rapid river,
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out forever,
And laugh—but smile no more.
EDGAR A. POE.

POMP'S RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

ANONYMOUS.

[“The Colonel’s Opera-Cloak,” one of the most amusing of recent books, is one of the “No Name Series” of Messrs. Roberts Brothers, a series of anonymous novels whose high literary character has given them a well-deserved popularity with American readers. The unknown author of the “Colonel’s Opera-Cloak” has certainly touched the extreme of the ridiculous in the well-drawn picture of the colonel’s shiftless family and the remarkable adventures of the cloak. The old negro’s idea of heaven and of religious duty, which we give, is among the most amusing parts of the work.]

“Dis yere death’s a mighty myste’ous thing, Miss Leslie,” said Pomp, as the two sat, a short time after this, on

the kitchen stairs, waiting for the kettle to boil. Stairs were much approved of as seats by the St. Johns: they were always safe; and chairs were treacherous, and never could be depended on.

"Yes, Pomp," said Leslie: "a few days ago and we could ask Jasper what he knew or felt or thought; and now, if we asked him, he couldn't tell us so that we could understand."

"Why, Miss Leslie," asked Pomp, in sudden alarm, "why couldn't we un'stan' him? Yer don't 'spect he'll talk de wrong way, like de Jew in de pawn-shop, or de Chinyman, does yer,—so't I can't un'stan' him when I gits dar? I hope he ain't gwine to git so larned dat I shall hev to be int'duced to him! Does yer tink, Miss Leslie, dey grows up, or stays de way dey was when dey goes in?"

"I don't know," said Leslie, who tried in her simple way to be good, and in so trying wrought out a sweet and Christ-like religion. "I don't know: only the hymn says,—

‘We shall know each other there.’

I reckon, Pomp, it will be just as if we had been away from our friends for a good while, and when we saw them again they were changed, and were gentler and kinder and more beautiful, and we should see that they were different, and yet they'd be the same. We'd know them as soon as they spoke, even though it was in a dark room and we didn't know they were there."

Pomp's tearful eyes glistened with pride.

"Dar's good comfort in dat, Miss Leslie," he said. "'Pears like de Lord's speakin' froo yer. 'Pears like I sees John Jasper now, all dressed up an' lookin' as good as Massa Tom; yit he'll be my boy an' yer boy; an' I

done reckon dat chile won't leave his eyes off dat gate a-watchin' fur yer an' fur me.

"De way to Prov'dence is pas' findin' out, Miss Leslie," added he, piously rolling his eyes. "Somehow, I don't look wid no respec', no more, on de Colonel's op'ra-cloak. I feels, somehow or nudder, dat ef dat cloak had done his duty, dat chile would be tumblin' down-stairs, or suthin', dis minute here. I tole Jasper, on Monday, not to go out widout puttin' on de op'ra cloak, fear he'd cotch cold in his chist; an' nowhar could he fin' it. 'Pears sometimes 's ef dat cloak had got legs on to it dat we can't see, an' jes' walked itself off an' hid under tings an' behin' tings. I shouldn't never have foun' whar it was a-hidin', ef I hedn't los' my shoe, an' I was scoochin' down, lookin' under ev'ryting, an' dar was dat op'ra-cloak a-squeezin' in 'tween de wall an' de sofy, whar nobody wouldn't never hev looked fur it.

"Why, we might hev gone away from dis house, an' never hev foun' it, Miss Leslie, an' what would de Colonel hev said? I reckon I knows!"

"Oh, Pomp," said Leslie, the tears filling her beautiful eyes, "don't wish Jasper back! He's better off than we are."

"Yes," said Pomp: "I reckon he's better off; an' yit he was putty good off when he was here. Ef yer count up what folks call massies, he hed mos' on 'em. He hedn't no gran'ma', but there's a good many folks hain't. I hain't got no gran'ma',—no, nor no gran'fa', nuther; but I don't tink much 'bout it, 'cept when I hears folks speakin' on 'em. But how'll dis be?—John Jasper's mo'er died when he was a little baby. She won't know him: he won't know her, 'less his gran'ma' tells him who she is. But, den," said Pomp, falling into confusion in his genealogies, as many others have done, "his gran'ma' she never seen

Jasper! It's me dat hed ought to passed away fust, to hev hed tings all straighted up. 'Pears like nothin' don't go straight, ef I isn't dar to 'tend to it."

"I reckon things will go right in heaven without you, Pomp," said Leslie, with a faint smile; "but I am sure they wouldn't here in this family. I wish we were like the Douglasses. Everything goes so smoothly there, and they are so good! They help poor people, and they go to mission-schools."

Pomp looked very solemn.

"I used to be awful 'ligious," he said. "I used to go to heaps o' woods-meetin's, an' I hollered louder'n any one on 'em. Why, Miss Leslie, I was baptized in de Rappahannick, in jes' de spot, in de very water, dat Gen'l Washin'ton was baptized in,—no, 'twasn't Gen'l Washin'ton, nuther: 'twas Joyce Heth. I done 'member she was Gen'l Washin'ton's nuss! So I was baptized on hysteric groun', yer see!

"Oh, I got 'ligion, in dem days, so dere wa'n't no doin' nothin' wid me; but," Pomp sighed, "I ain't hed no time dese las' years fur 'ligion. I'se had to see to all o' yer."

"They all ran away but you," said Leslie: "that was when I was very little."

"Yes, dey got free, an' so dey run off. Dey said I was a fool to stay here; but I 'membered what I done promise to ole Missus when she was a-dyin'. Says she, 'Don't yer never leave Miss Marie, 'cause she's hard to git 'long wid, an' nobody can't git 'long wid her 'cept jes' yer.' An' den de colonel he got pore, an' I wa'n't goin' to cl'ar out when my frien's gits pore. Dat's de time when yer wants yer frien's.

"My brudder he's in Phil'delphy. He's got a barber's shop, an' he goes out ha'r-dressin',—he can't do it no better nor I kin,—an' he makes heaps o' monev. He dresses

up mighty fine, dey says, an' goes scootin' round wid a cane, an' one o' dem high-top hats, like Massa Tom's. He's putty high in meetin's, too! He passes de box, an' he's one ob de deacons. I 'spect he'll be powerful high in de kingdom. But de good Lord he'll 'cuse me, I 'spect; fur I can't git no time to be 'ligious,—dar's suthin' to do allers. I don't seem to git froo.

"When we gits settled ag'in, I must look up my 'ligion. I ain't kep' but a little on't,—jes' to say my pra'ers, an' do my duty, an' love de Lord an' ev'rybody,—dat is, ev'rybody 'cept—'cept Massa Cavello; but, den, he don't 'mount to much."

"I think that is pretty much the whole of religion," said Leslie. "It always comforts me to know that you pray for us, Pomp; and I'm sure nobody in the world is so unselfish as you."

"Oh, I ain't onselfish," said Pomp. "I hasn't never done tings fur folks. I hasn't visited 'em in prison, an' I hasn't gin clo'es to nobody, an' I hain't fed nobody what was hungry,—'cept de boys, of course: dey's ben hungry times 'nuf, an' I'se put dere clo'es on times 'nuf, too."

"Now, jes' look at dat kittle!" cried Pomp. "I can't talk to nobody, but dat kittle gits so res'less an' biles over, pokin' up de kiver like he couldn't wait tell I gits dar!"

"Pomp!" cried Clarence, coming to the stairs. "Hurry up, there! I'm 'most starved to death. Isn't supper 'most ready?"

"Well," said Leslie, rising, "I almost wish I was where Jasper is. What's the use of being raised, to wish, half the time, you hadn't been born?"

Pomp wiped his tears away.

MY NOTION OF MUSIC.

S. P. PARTON.

[The spicy writer who, some thirty years ago, figured under the pseudonyme of "Fanny Fern," and whose "Fern Leaves" and other works attained great popularity, was a sister of N. P. Willis, the poet, her actual name being Sarah Payson Willis. She married James Parton, the able biographical author. She was born in 1811, and died in 1872. The extracts we give are from "Caper Sauce," and are fair specimens of her humor, pathos, and shrewd worldly wisdom.]

I'VE been defending myself from the charge of "not knowing what music is." Perhaps I don't know. But when I go to a fashionable concert, and the lady "*artiste*," I believe that is the regulation-word, comes out in her best bib and tucker, with a gilt battle-axe in her back hair, and a sunflower in her bosom, led by the tips of her white gloves, by the light of a gleaming bracelet, and stands there twiddling a sheet of music, preparatory to the initiatory scream, I feel like screaming myself. Now, if she would just trot on, in her morning gown, darning a pair of stockings, and sit naturally down in her old rocking-chair, and give me "Auld Robin Gray," instead of running her voice up and down the scales for an hour to show me how high and how low she can go without dropping down in a fit, I'd like it. One trial of her voice that way, to test its capacity, satisfies me. It is as good as a dozen, and a great deal better. I don't want to listen to it a whole evening. I *will* persist that running up and down the scales that way isn't "*music*." Then, if you only knew the agony I'm in when, drawing near the end of one of her musical gymnastics, she essays to wind up with one of those swift, deafening, *don't-stop-to-breathe-finales*, you *would* pity me. I get hysterical. I wish she

would split her throat at once, or stop. I want to be let out. I want the roof lifted. I feel a cold perspiration breaking out on my forehead. I know that presently she will catch up that blue-gauze skirt and skim out that side-door, only to come and do it all over again, in obedience to that dead-head encore. You see, all this machinery disenchanting me. It takes away my appetite, like telling me at dinner how much beef is a pound. I had rather the ropes and pulleys of music would keep *behind* the curtain.

Of course my "taste is not cultivated," and, moreover, the longer I live the less chance there is of it. On that point I'm what country-folks call "sot." Sometimes, when passing one of these concert-rooms of an evening, I *have* caught a note that I took home with me. Caught it with the help of the darkness, and the glimmering stars, and the fresh wind on my forehead, and a blessed ignorance of the distorted mouth and the heaving millinery that sent it forth. But take me *in*, and you'll have an hysterical maniac. The solemn regulation faces, *looking* at that "music," set me bewitched to laugh and outrage that fashion-drilled and kidded audience. Bless you, I can't help it. I had rather hear Dinah sing "Old John Brown" over her wash-tub. I had rather go over to Mr. Beecher's church some Sunday night and hear that vast congregation swell forth Old Hundred, with each man and woman's *soul* so in it that earthly cares and frets are no more remembered than the old garments we cast out of sight.

When the words of a favorite hymn are read from the pulpit, and I am expecting the good old-fashioned tune that has been wedded to it since my earliest recollection, and instead I am treated to a series of quirks and quavers by a professional quartette, I can't help wishing myself

where the whole congregation sing with the heart and the understanding, in the old-fashioned manner. I can have "opera" on week-days, and scenery and fine dresses thrown in. Sunday I want Sunday, not opera in *négligé*.

Of course it is high treason for me to make such an avowal; so, while I am in for it, I may as well give another twist to the rope that is round my neck. The other night I went to hear "The Messiah." The words are lovely, and as familiar to my Puritan ears as the "Assembly's Catechism;" but when they kept on repeating, "The Lord is in his hol—the Lord is in—is in his hol—is in—the Lord is in his hol"—and when the leader, slim, and clothed in inky black, kept his arms going like a Jack-in-a-box, I grew anything but devout. The ludicrous side of it got the better of me; and when my companion, who pretends to be no Christian at all, turned to me, who am reputed to be one, in a state of exaltation, and said, "Isn't that grand, Fanny?" he could have wished that the tears in my eyes were not hysterical from long-suppressed laughter. He says he never will take me there again; and I only hope he will keep his word. All the "music" I got out of it was in one or two lovely "solos."

Now, what I want to know is, which has the most love for *genuine* music,—he or I?

The fact is, I like to find my music in unexpected, simple ways, where the machinery is not visible, like the galvanic gyrations of that "leader," for instance. That kind of thing recalls too vividly my old "fa-sol-la" singing-school, where the boys pulled my curls and gave me candy and misspelt notes.

There is evidently something wanting in my make-up with regard to "music," when I can *cry* at the singing of the following simple verses by the whole congregation in

church, and do the opposite at the scientific performance of "The Messiah." Listen to the verses :

"Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry ;
While on others thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.
Saviour, Saviour,
Hear my humble cry.

"If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay ?
Not till earth and not till heaven
Shall have passed away."

BOSTON BLESSINGS AND BEANS.

New England, all hail to thy peerless thrift ! Thou art cranky and crofchety ; thou art "sot," uncommon "sot," in thy ways, owing doubtless to the amiable sediment of English blood in thy veins. Thou wilt not be cheated in a bargain, even by thy best friend ; but, in the mean time, that enableth thy large heart to give handsomely when charity knocks at thy door. Thy pronunciation may be peculiar ; but, in the mean time, what thou dost not know, and cannot do, is rarely worth knowing or doing. Thou never hast marble, and silver, and plate-glass, and statuary in thy show-parlors, and shabby belongings where the world does not penetrate. Thou hast not stuccoed walls with big cracks in them, or anything in thy domiciles hanging as it were by the eyelids. Every nail is driven so that it will stay ; every hinge hung so that it will work thoroughly. Every bolt and key and lock perform their duty like a martinet, so long as a piece of them endures. If thou hast a garden, be it only a square foot, it is made the most of, with its "long *saace*," and "short *saace*," and "wimmin's notions," in the shape of flowers and caraway-

seed, to chew on Sunday, when the minister gets as far as "seventeenthly," and carnal nature will fondly recur to the waiting pot of baked beans in the kitchen oven. O New England, here could I shed salt tears at the thought of thy baked beans, for Gotham knows them not. Alluding to that edible, I am met with a pitying sneer, accompanied with that dread word to snobs,—"*provincial!*" It is ever thus, my peerless, with the envy which cannot attain to the perfection it derides. For you should see, my thrifty New England, the watery, white-livered, tasteless, swimmy, sticky poultice which Gotham christens "baked beans." My soul revolts at it. It is an unfeeling, wretched mockery of the rich, brown, crispy, succulent contents of that "platter"—yes, *platter*—I will say it!—which erst delighted my eyes in the days when I swallowed the Catechism without a question as to its infallibility.

UNKNOWN ACQUAINTANCES.

You have none? Then I am sorry for you. Much of my pleasure in my daily walks is due to them. Perhaps you go over the ground mechanically, with only dinner or business in your eye when you shall reach your journey's end. Perhaps you "don't see a soul," as you express it. Perhaps you have no "soul" yourself; only a body, of which you are very conscious, and whose claims upon you outweigh every other consideration. That is a pity. I wouldn't go round that treadmill for all the mines of Golconda! It always makes me think of that melancholy old horse one sees, pawing rotatory wood, at the way-stations, on the railroad-tracks; and because the sight makes every bone in me ache, my particular window-seat in the car is always sure to command a view of him. Now, come what will, I'll not be that horse. You may if you like, and I will cling to my dreams. I shan't live in

this world forever, and I won't hurry over the ground and never see a sweet face as it flits past me, or a grand one, or a sorrowful one. I won't be deaf to the rippling laugh of a little child or the musical voice of a refined woman. It may be only two words that she shall speak, but they shall have a pleasant significance for me. Then there are strange faces I meet every day which I hope to keep on meeting till I die. Who was such an idiot as to say that "no woman ever sees beauty in another"? I meet every day a face that no man living could admire more than myself; soulful as well as beautiful. Lovely, blue, pensive eyes; golden hair, waving over a pure white forehead; cheeks like the heart of a "blush rose;" and a grieved little rosy mouth, like that of a baby to whom for the first time you deny something, fearing lest it grow too wilful. I think that day lost in which I do not meet that sweet face, framed in its close mourning-bonnet. Were I a man, it is to that face I should immediately "make love."

Make love? Alas! I did not think how terribly significant was this modern term when I used it. Let no man *make love* to that face. But if there is one who *can* be in dead earnest, and *stay so*, I give my consent, provided he will not attempt to change the expression of that mouth.

I have another acquaintance. I don't care to ask, "Who is that man?" I know that he has *lived* his life and not slept it away. I know that it has been a pure and a good one. It is written in his bright, clear, unclouded eye; in his springing step; in the smile of content upon his lip; in the lift of his shoulders; in the poise of his head; in the free, glad look with which he breathes in his share of the warm sunshine. Were he taken to the bedside of a sick man, it seems to me the very sight of him were health.

I used to have many unknown acquaintances among the little children in the parks; but, what with French nurses and silk velvet coats, I have learned to turn my feet elsewhere. It gives me the heart-ache to see a child slapped for picking up a bright autumn leaf, though it *may* chance to be "dirty;" or denied a smooth, round pebble, on account of a dainty little glove that must be kept immaculate. I get out of temper, and want to call on all their mothers and fight Quixotic battles for the poor little things,—as if it would do any good; as if mothers who dress their children that way to play, cared for anything *but* their looks.

Then I have some unknown acquaintances in the yard of a large house in the upper part of Broadway. I never asked who lives in the house; but I thank him for the rare birds of brilliant plumage who walk to and fro in it, or perch upon the window-sills or steps, as proudly conscious of their gay feathers as the belles who rustle past. I love to imagine the beautiful countries they came from, and the flowers that blossomed there, and the soft skies that arched over them. I love to see them pick up their food so daintily, and, with head on one side, eye their many admirers looking through the fence, as if to say, Beat *that* if you can in America! Ah! my birdies, stop your crowing; just wait a bit and see how the "*American eagle*" is going to come out, and how each time they who have tried to clip his wings have only found that it made them grow broader and stronger. Soft skies and sweet flowers are very nice things, birdies; but rough winds and freedom are better for the soul.

I have said nothing of unknown acquaintances among my favorite authors. How many times—did I not so hate the sight of a pen when "school is let out"—have I longed to express to them my love and gratitude! Nor, judging

by myself, could I ever say, "they do not need it;" since there are, or should be, moments in the experience of all writers when they regard with a dissatisfied eye what they have already given to the world, when sympathetic, appreciative words, warm from the heart, are hope and inspiration to the receiver.

LIFE AND ITS MYSTERIES.

Was there ever a romance in that man or that woman's life? I *used* to ask myself, as I looked upon a hard face which stoicism seemed to have frozen over through the long years. Was there ever a moment when for that man, or woman, love transfigured everything, or the want of it threw over the wide earth the pall of unrest? Have they ever wept, or laughed, or sighed, or clasped hands in passionate joy or sorrow? *Had* they any life? Or have they simply vegetated like animals? Did they see any beauty in rock, mountain, sky, or river, or was this green earth a browsing-place, nothing more?

I never ask those questions now; for I know how much fire may be hidden under a lava-crusted exterior. I know that though the treasure-chest *may* sometimes be locked when it is empty, oftener beneath the fastening lies the wealth which the right touch can at any moment set free. There are divers masks worn in this harlequin world of ours. Years ago I met, in travelling, a lady who seemed to me the very embodiment of fun and frolic. Like a humming-bird, she never was still; alighting now here, now there, wheresoever were sunshine, sweetness, and perfume. One day, as we were rambling in the woods, we sat down to rest under a tree, after our frolicking. Some little word of mine, as I drew her head into my lap and smoothed the hair on her temples, transformed her. With a sharp, quick cry of agony, she threw her arms

about my neck, weeping as I never saw a woman weep. When she was quiet came the sad story. The trouble battled with, and bravely borne. The short, joyous years; then the long days, and nights, and weeks, and months, so full of desolation and bitterness, and life yet at its meridian. How should she meet the long, slow-moving years? That was the question she asked me. "Tell me how! you who know—tell me how!"

And this was the woman I thought frivolous and pleasure-seeking! Wearing beneath that robe the penitential cross, reminding her at every moment, with its sharp twinge of pain, that, try as she might, she could never fly from herself.

How often, when I have been inclined to judge harshly, have I thought of that Gethsemane cry! It is sorrowful how we misjudge each other in this busy world. How very near we may be to a warm heart, and yet be frozen! How carelessly we pass by the pool of Bethesda, with its waiting crowd, without thinking that we might be the angel to trouble the waters! This thought is often oppressive to me in the crowd of a city hurrying home at nightfall. What burden does this man or that woman carry, known only to their Maker? How many among them may be just at the dividing-line between hope and despair! And how some faces remind you of a dumb animal, who bears its pain meekly and mournfully, yet cringing lest some careless foot should, at any moment, render it unendurable; haunting you as you go to your home as if you were verily guilty in ignoring it.

Have you never felt this? and, although you may have been cheated and imposed upon seventy times seven, can you wholly stifle it? and *ought* you to try, even though you know how well the devil can wear the livery of heaven?

I think it is this that, to the reflecting and observing, makes soul and body wear out so quickly in the city, —these constantly-recurring, unsolvable problems, which cloud faith and make life terrible, instead of peaceful and sweet; which lead us sometimes to look upon the little child, so dear to us, with such cowardly fear that it would be a relief to lay it, then and there, in the arms of the Good Shepherd, lest *it*, too, stray away from the fold.

THE RUINS OF UXMAL.

FELIX L. OSWALD.

[The author from whose works we select our present Half-Hour is a naturalist of rising reputation as a close observer and an attractive writer. He is a native of Belgium, where he was born in 1845. His works are "Physical Education," "Summerland Sketches," "Zoölogical Sketches," etc. From "Summerland Sketches," an enthusiastic narrative of travel in the tropical region of Mexico, Yucatan, etc., we take the following interesting description of a visit to the most striking of the forest-buried cities of the older civilization of America, with a preliminary account of the original discovery of these extraordinary ruins.]

"EVERY tomb is a cradle," says Jean Paul; and his apothegm holds good wherever the organism of Nature exerts its functions in undisturbed harmony. Life is the heir of Death; every mouldering plant fertilizes an after-growth of its kind, and if the races of mankind succeeded each other as the trees of the forest, a superior spirit might view the decay of an oak and of a nation with equal unconcern.

But, while the fading flowers of the old year may console us with the hope of a coming spring, our lament over

the withered empires of the Old World has a deeper significance: the dying nations of the East have involved their fields and forests in an equal fate; the lands that know them no more have themselves withered, and no spring can restore the prime of an exhausted soil. From Eastern Persia to Western Morocco, Earth has thus perished together with her inhabitants: Vishnu has resigned his power to Shiva, and the Buddhistic Nirvan, the final departure of the Genius of Life, has already begun for some of the fairest countries ever brightened by the sun of the *Juventus Mundi*.

The western shores of the Atlantic, too, have seen the rise and decline of mighty empires: the ruins of Uxmal equal those of Nineveh in grandeur as well as in the hopelessness of their decay, but the soil of Yucatan has survived its tyrants. In the struggle between Chaos and Cosmos the organic powers have here prevailed, and the sylvan deities have resumed their ancient sway.

There is a well-defined ridge of tertiary limestone formation which divides the table-lands of the eastern peninsula from the wooded lowlands of the west, and the ruins of Uxmal, Chichen, Izamal, and Macoba have all been discovered in the western timber-lands, but have nowhere betrayed their existence by the diminished exuberance of the vegetation. Their walls are hedged, interlocked, and covered with trees, and while the Oriental archæologist has to grope in the sand-drifts of burning deserts, his transatlantic colleague can thus pursue his studies in the shade of a forest-region whose living wonders may well divide his attention with the marvels of the past. Eighty years ago the district of Macoba and Belonchen was an unexplored wilderness. The Jesuit missionaries of Valladolid had recorded an Indian tradition about the vestiges of a giant city in the neighborhood of Merida, but their

vague descriptions were supposed to refer to the large *teocalli* near the convent of *Sacrificios*, and the rediscovery of the *Casas Grandes* seems to have been as complete a surprise to the citizens of Merida as the exhumation of Pompeii to the burghers of Nola and Castellamare.

The great treasure-trove of 1829 has often been ascribed to the Baron Frédéric de Waldeck, though since the publication of his memoirs in 1837 his countrymen have never claimed that honor. His subsequent explorations made Uxmal the Mecca of American antiquarians, but the amusing account of the original discovery, as given in the "*Voyage Pittoresque*," proves that in archæology, not less than in other sciences, the better part of our knowledge is what Lessing called a "museum of collected curiosities, discovered by accident and independently of each other." On the evening of the 1st of November, 1828, Don Pancho Yegros, a Yucatan planter, and his guest, Dr. Lewis Mitchel, a Scotch surgeon of Sisal harbor, returned from a hunting expedition in the Sierra Marina, and, seeking shelter from the threatening weather, happened to come across an Indian wood-chopper, who guided them to a *sacristia*, an old Indian temple in the depths of the forest. They lighted a fire, and, having noticed some curious sculptures in a sort of peristyle, the Scotchman proceeded to inspect the interior of the building. The masonry was covered with dust and spider-webs, but the application of wet rags discovered a triple row of bas-relief decorations running along the walls horizontally and at equal intervals, and between the roof and the upper lintel of the door the limestone slabs were covered with small figures which seemed too irregular for simple ornaments, and might be hieroglyphic symbols. After daybreak the Scotchman rummaged a pile of *débris* behind the temple, and unearthed the torso of a little image, which he pocketed

with an enthusiasm that puzzled the Spanish planter as much as his Indian serf. The natives were unable to give any satisfactory account of the building, and, taking his leave, the doctor requested his host to interview the old Indian residents of the neighborhood in regard to the problematic temple, and rode away with the promise to renew his visit in the course of the year.

"Isn't it strange," said Don Yegros when he was alone with his peon, "that we have lived here for a lifetime without suspecting that there was such a curiosity in our neighborhood? Why, that caballero tells me that some of his countrymen would buy those pictured stones for their weight in silver!"

"He gave me half a dollar anyhow," chuckled the Indian. "He ought to take those countrymen of his to the north end of the sierra: in the chaparral of the Rio Macoba there is a square league of ground just covered with such empty old buildings."

The hacendado turned on his heel: "Are you deranged? A square league of such ruins! You do not mean buildings like that we slept in last night?"

"No, señor; very different buildings,—houses as high as yours, and forty times as long. One of them has more rooms in it than there are tiles on your roof, and long galleries with sculptured heads and figures."

Don Yegros stood speechless for a moment. "Mil demonios!" he burst out when the stolid countenance of his serf told him that the fellow was in sober earnest. "Why, in the name of your five senses, could you not tell us that a minute sooner? Did you not see how delighted the caballero was to find that one old broken statue?"

"He liked it, did he? Well, I didn't know that, señor. I found a much prettier one in that same place a few years ago, and took it to our village priest, but came very

near getting a good hiding for it. He smashed it, and cursed it for an idolatrous monster and me for a monstrous idiot."

"Well, so you are. Get on that horse now, and I give you just twenty minutes to overtake the caballero and bring him back here. Why, man, you came very near missing the only opportunity you ever had of being of any use in the world."

The caballero and the opportunity were retrieved, and on the next day the peon led an exploring-party to the jungles of the Rio Macoba, where they had to make their way through all the obstacles of a pathless wilderness, but on the third day found themselves in the midst of a liana-shrouded Pompeii, and entered different edifices whose dimensions so far exceeded the expectations of their archæological companion that he decided to return at once and carry the news to the foreign residents of Sisal. They had discovered the ruins of Uxmal, which rival those of Thebes and Persepolis in beauty and grandeur as well as in extent, and stand unequalled and unapproached among the architectural relics of our own continent. While volumes had been written about the clumsy burrows of the Mound-builders and the naked brick walls on the Rio Gila, this city of palaces had slumbered in its forest shroud, unexplored by any visitor save the prying catamount and the silent tribe of the tropical bats, and, but for the accident of the rain-storm on that November night of 1828, might thus have slumbered forever, like the lost Atlantis in her ocean grave. . . .

In the winter of 1872 the long-delayed work [of investigation] was commenced in earnest. The dimensions of the ancient city were found to exceed even the conjectures of Baron Waldeck. The *muralla*, or rampart-wall, was traced southward to a quarter of a mile beyond the Rio

Macoba and east to the foot-hills of the Sierra de Belonchen, and must have enclosed an area of at least twelve English square miles. To clear such a space of its jungle-maze and the organic deposits of centuries would have exhausted the scanty appropriation, and the trustees of the fund had to content themselves with clearing the main buildings and connecting them by avenues with each other and with the carriage-road that is now finished to San Lorenzo, where it connects with the old military highway to Merida. Even thus the undertaking could only be completed by employing peons, or Indian serfs, whom the neighboring planters volunteered to furnish gratis, the trustees only providing their food and the necessary tools.

For the same work of destruction and obstruction which the fire-deluge of Mount Vesuvius accomplished in a single night has here been effected by the silent progress of arboreal vegetation and decay in a manner which illustrates the scientific axiom that in dynamics force and time are convertible factors. The mixture of ashes and porous lava which covers the city of Pompeii is far easier to remove than the tegumen of mould, gnarled roots, and tanglewood that has spread itself over the ruins of Uxmal. Like the coils of a boa-constrictor, the flexible arms of the lianas and the cordero-vines have wound themselves around the columns and projecting rocks; nay, forced their sprouts through the crevices of the thickest walls, sending out lateral shoots along the inner surface, so that often their grip can only be broken at the risk of breaking the building at the same time. Trees were found which had incorporated themselves with a detached pillar or window-sill after wrenching it from its place, or by growing completely around it if it proved immovable; and it has been supposed that the remarkable absence of

smaller buildings is owing to this cause. They were disintegrated by trees and vines that had fastened themselves upon them and in the course of their growth dislodged them from their foundations. Only the enormous weight of the larger edifices could preserve them from the same fate. If much longer, would have been a different question; but the buildings which have so far stood their ground are now probably safe. . . .

[We proceed to the personal investigations of the author and his friends.]

We left our baggage in the antechamber, and tethered our mules on the north side of the building in a sort of moat with plenty of grass and weeds. Seen from the distance, our casa resembled a Spanish inn with a Moorish court-yard below and a row of small bedrooms above, but in its original dimensions it seemed to have extended along the entire length of the moat, which is flanked with the vestiges of a foundation-wall for a distance of more than sixty yards beyond the present east end of the building. The woods behind the moat are intersected by a similar wall, which at different places rises to a height of twenty feet. "El Cuartel—the Barracks—we call this building," said the captain: "the large hall below is supposed to be the drill-shed."

No other ruins were in sight, but on the summit of a rock-strewn acclivity the woods opened and revealed a grayish stone pile rising like a mountain rather than like a building from a wilderness of weeds and débris, but assuming more symmetrical outlines as the road approaches. A quadrangular esplanade, with a range of stone steps, leads up to a narrow terrace that forms the foundation of a mound of cyclopean blocks, house-shaped, but craggy and cliff-like from the massiveness of the pillars

and walls. The entire structure rising to a height of eighty-four feet, with a façade of three hundred and twenty and a circumference of eight hundred feet, it stands there with its open and desolate doors like an antediluvian skeleton,—“La Casa del Gobernador, the most massive, though not the highest, of the main buildings,” says our guide.

At Uxmal the Spaniards have illustrated that talent for nomenclature which has made them such useful pioneers in the river- and mountain-labyrinths of the New World. All the houses, temples, and caves, and even the more conspicuous statues, have their names, most of them singularly appropriate as well as pretty. If Yucatan was a province of prehistoric Mexico, and Uxmal the state capital, the house on the double terrace must have been the residence of the governor. These high portals with their carved columns, and these sculptured walls, were not built for a granary or a fort, and the character of the bas-reliefs, as well as the absence of altars and idols, makes it unlikely that the edifice was a temple.

From the upper terrace to the third story the walls are entirely covered with ornaments that might be described as sculptured mosaic, each figure being formed by a combination of carved stones. These sculptures represent human heads, colossal figures, fantastic birds and quadrupeds, and every variety of arabesques, which, viewed at a certain angle, give the walls the appearance of those rough-hewn granite blocks our architects love to display over the entrance of a tunnel or massive gateway. The lower halls are partly obstructed by a pile of débris, for the range of stairs leading to the second floor has fallen down, and has been replaced by a wooden ladder. The most interesting rooms are on the second and third floors, which also connect with outer galleries bordered by long

balustrades of graceful fretwork. According to the measurements of Señor Devegaz, the walls of these two stories contain thirty-four hundred yards—or nearly two English miles—of bas-relief, most of them at a height of about four feet from the floor, and running along the wall in an unbroken row, the lower border being on a line with the lintels of the windows and doors. These decorations are often coarse in execution and defective in the details of design, but the total impression is nevertheless strangely pleasing. There are long processions of men-at-arms, groups of animals and stars,—the latter perhaps astrological symbols,—and countless faces (*portraits* our guide called them) in profile, some of them distinguished by a turban-like head-dress. One of the more elaborate groups represents a warrior promenading on a row of prostrate bodies, probably a symbol of royal power if not a memorial of a martial triumph. Another shows a procession of mutilated men, one-legged, armless, or entirely dismembered, which our cicerone supposed to be a regiment of veterans returning from war, but which may possibly have had an allegorical significance. In one of the third-story rooms a portion of the floor is paved with a coarse mosaic representing a battle between light-armed and naked giants and warriors of smaller stature but well equipped with a panoply of heavy arms. The faces and attitudes of the antagonists are well distinguished, and the whole conveys the impression of having been suggested by an actual occurrence, perhaps an encounter between the citizen-soldiers of the ancient empire and some savage tribe of the northern forests. It has been observed that the black marble which is used in the composition of these and other mosaics is not found anywhere in Yucatan, and must have been brought from Central Mexico, if not from Cuba.

Before the arrival of the present superintendent this building was infested with every possible variety of creepers and air-plants: in the basement their growth was somewhat checked by lack of sunshine, but in the upper stories they formed a continuous tapestry along the walls of every apartment, and vestiges of these expletive decorations still defy the pruning-hook of the mayoral. The arm of an idol here and there or the head of a long-snouted animal is wreathed with leaves like a thyrsus-staff, and many of the coarse arabesques around the larger *retratos* are mingled with the delicate folioles of a twining grenadilla. With a sort of vegetable instinct, most of these intruders have pierced the walls at places where the convolution of their tendrils is favored by a pilaster or the protuberances of a bas-relief.

The next turn of the road leads to the *plaza*, or market-square, a partly-cleared field of about sixty acres, offering a view of the three largest and most interesting buildings in Uxmal,—the Casa de las Monjas, the Palomal, and the Casa del Enano. The largest of these—and, indeed, the largest architectural relic of our continent—is the Casa de las Monjas, the “House of the Nuns,” so called from the vast number of little cell-like apartments. There are eighty-seven larger and half a hundred smaller rooms, besides extensive corridors and several halls, distributed over a three-story building of four wings, which enclose what may have been a spacious court-yard, but now resembles a neglected garden.

Entering from the north, you pass through a gateway supported by pillars of enormous thickness, and an inner vestibule that communicates with a broad gallery or interior veranda, stone-paved and inviting by the grotto-like coolness of its shady recesses. The builders of this city were not acquainted with the keystone arch, but formed

their vaults by overlapping stones, held in place by the weight of the superstructure and covered with a large slab or with lintels of wood, the latter being found over every door and window whose horizontal diameter exceeds two feet. The wood used for these lintels is of iron toughness and texture, and has been identified with a species of *lignum-vitæ* that is found in the mountains of Guatemala, but nowhere in Yucatan or Eastern Mexico. From the middle of the first flight of steps upward the walls are decorated with glaring pictures, checkered and polychromatic like a collection of butterflies, though a pale carmine and a brilliant golden yellow predominate. Frescos the mayoral calls them, but the process of their production seems to have involved a preliminary plastering of the walls with a grayish-brown substance that makes an effective foil for the brighter tints, and the employment of a very durable varnish that would explain the freshness and the metallic lustre of some of the colors. On the second floor the cells begin, and monopolize the two larger wings of that story. Few of them are provided with more than one aperture, either a door communicating with the corridor or a window opening upon the outer gallery, their average size being five yards square by four high. Many cells in the second story are paved with polished and variegated marble slabs, while the walls opposite the entrance are covered with pictures; and if the dwelling was a nunnery the convent rules cannot have been very ascetic, the character of these retratos being decidedly secular,—so much so, indeed, that some of the artists must have belonged to what poor Southey called the “Satanic school.” The windows are festooned with rock-ivy and grenadilla-vines with small red pipe-flowers, and in one of the lower rooms an abeto-bush, a species of juniper, has forced its way through the masonry of the floor and of a sort of

stone bench near the window, rising from the flags like a Christmas-tree from a table.

All the cornices and window-sills of these countless chambers, all the balustrades of the long galleries and the balconies overhanging the court, are ornamented with bas-relief figures, colored stuccoes, and sculptured mosaic, carved with an unrivalled richness and variety of detail; and if it is true that a portion of the material was brought from a great distance, the treasures of a wealthy empire must have been lavished on the Casa de las Monjas. Señor Escalante, an intelligent Mexican architect, estimates that even with all the raw material on hand the present cost of such a building would exceed four million piasters, and thinks that the carvings of some of the larger pillars would employ a hard-working statuary for six months. Bats are now the only tenants of this sculptured Coliseum, since a colony of *monos chicos*, or Mexican raccoons, that had established themselves in the basement, were ejected by order of the mayoral. . . .

Proceeding southward and upward, we reach the platform of a little hill, and are brought face to face with a dome-like pile of colossal dimensions, the Casa del Enano, or "House of the Dwarf," so called from the narrowness of the sally-port, which is, in fact, a mere loop-hole in what originally may have been the second story, the basement having been buried by avalanches of débris that have tumbled from the decaying walls. A tower encircled by galleries that contract toward the top is the nucleus of this pile, and leads to a circular platform of about forty yards in circumference. The strength of this central tower has supported the building, but the galleries with their substructures have collapsed all around, and give to the whole the appearance of a conical mound covered with a wilderness of broken fragments and weeds. Goats, and

even cows, frequent the slopes of this artificial hill, and make their way to the very top, where mountain-breezes and patches of rank wall-grass reward them for the somewhat arduous ascent.

The interior of the edifice forms a striking contrast to this rustic outside. After passing (on all-fours) through the loop-hole above mentioned, the visitor finds himself in the vestibule of the tower-hall, which he enters through a portal of pillar-like buttresses. This hall seems formerly to have been lighted from above; but the wall on the south side is now full of cracks and holes, which serve as so many windows, but have admitted rain as well as sunshine, as attested by a considerable pool at the lower end of the sloping floor. The wall on the west side rises like a terrace or a range of colossal stairs, tier above tier, receding a yard and a half after every three yards of elevation. The upper tier is a shapeless mass of ruins, connected with the ceiling and the opposite walls by a network of liana-coils, some of which have become detached with the crumbling stones and hang across the hall like tight-ropes in a circus-tent. But farther down the vertical surfaces of the terrace are covered with hieroglyphics, while the intermediate levels afford seats for a large assembly of "idols," as the Spaniards call them indiscriminately, though the plurality of these shapes seems to have been suggested by the exigencies of symmetry, since they reappear at equal intervals from a common centre, and may have been nothing but architectural extravaganzas, like the caryatides and griffins of our Gothic chapels. The human—or rather anthropoid—shapes *were* idols, to judge by their central positions and heroic proportions, and some of them are as composite, though not quite as monstrous, as the divinities of a Hindoo pagoda.

On a special pedestal about four feet above the floor sits

a four-armed giant with a disproportionately large but not altogether repulsive face, and with a corselet that resembles the scaly hide of a crocodile. Two of his arms are akimbo; the other pair are extended, with the palms of the hands down, as if in the act of delivering a benediction. Just above him, on the third terrace, stands the semi-torso of a youth with a coronet of spikes or rays upon his head and a sort of rosary wound about his waist. Both his arms are broken off at the elbow, but seem to have been lifted above his head or to have supported a shield, like a similar but smaller statue farther up. The figure is supposed to be a symbol of the Chasca, or evening star, whose statues in the old Peruvian temples were distinguished by a halo of vertical rays. In the menagerie of animals and animal fragments there are six elephants' heads, distributed in the corners of three successive tiers. Whatever they are intended to represent, the curled and tapering trunks and pendent ears are decidedly elephantine, and even the small piggish eyes are characteristic of pachyderms, though it ought to be mentioned that the tusks are uniformly omitted. These heads have caused a good deal of curious speculation, since even the illiterate Yucatecos know that only imported elephants have ever displayed their trunks on this side of the Atlantic. Did the fauna of prehistoric Mexico include elephants, or had the builders of this city preserved traditions of a transatlantic fatherland,—India, Siam, or Southern Africa? Or may it be possible that ante-Columbian visitors from the East had carried elephants, or the pictures or descriptions of such animals, to the Western World? *Quien sabe?* But it would certainly be curious if unassisted fancy had produced such *congruous* combinations.

The hieroglyphics that alternate with the sculptured rows are subdivided by vertical mouldings at irregular

intervals, forming longer or shorter quadrangles that seem to enclose separate inscriptions. Many of these mouldings are ornamented with a sort of arabesque, while the elaborate characters are strongly suggestive of an important meaning. Different recent visitors have copied such inscriptions *in extenso*, but it is to be feared that their labors have been in vain: the key to that picturesque alphabet has been lost forever.

The ghost-ridden natives give the *casas* a wide berth, but the House of the Dwarf is an object of their especial dread. Mezequenho, the Good Spirit, was never properly worshipped by the citizens of Uxmal, they say; and when the boundary between his patience and his wrath was passed he turned the entire population into stone and confined them in this building. But after sunset the petrified assembly revives, and woe to the wight that passes the Casa del Enano in a moonless night! The north side of the building looks, indeed, as fantastic as any castle in Fairydom: a lofty dome, crowned with a tuft of vegetation not unlike a colossal cactus or a gigantic skull with a wisp of hair standing on end and bristling in the breeze, while the shroud of creepers forms a compact mass of foliage from the middle terrace—*i.e.*, from a height of sixty-five feet—to the ground, recalling the legend of Dornröschen's Burg circumvallated with a rampart of wil-
dering roses.

Southwest of the Casa del Enano there are different smaller buildings, too rude and artless or too far advanced in decay to merit a separate description, though I might mention the Casa de la Vieja, the "House of the Old Woman," an ivy-mantled, snug little cottage with a balcony and a single alcove; and the Casa Cerrada, or "Closed House," a cubic mass of masonry without any opening whatever,—a watch-tower, perhaps, or a mausoleum.

Besides these buildings the excavations have brought to light a considerable number of detached statues, terraces, paved court-yards, etc., and some miscellaneous objects whose significance is as problematic as that of the hieroglyphics. There are an amphitheatre and an artificial lake, both excavated from the solid rock; a "tennis-court" or gymnasium, paved, and encircled by a low wall; and a nameless rotunda with fragments of carved columns. On an artificial mound northeast of the Casa Cerrada stands a double-headed sphinx, twelve feet long and five feet high, and a little farther back a six-sided nondescript cut from a single block and with a polished surface about eight feet square. Some American merchants from Sisal had the bad taste to christen it the "Altar of Abraham," and the mayoral, in commemoration of their visit, now calls it the "Altar of Abraham Lincoln," which is certainly worse; but Lincoln is popular in Mexico.

I have already referred to the open-air museum on the river-terrace, where the superintendent has amassed a ship-load of idols and sculptured tablets. He boasts that he has hieroglyphic slabs enough now to roof the largest building in Yucatan; and the excavations which are still progressing will probably increase his collection.

Neither the descent of man nor the purpose of the Pyramids is shrouded in deeper mystery than the origin of these ruins. All we know with certainty is this: that they antedate the advent of Columbus by a period which reaches far beyond the oldest records and traditions of the American aborigines, for that Uxmal was not built by the Aztecs is positively demonstrated by architectural and archæological evidence, and indirectly by the entire absence of local tradition.

CARE OF THE BODY.

M. V. TERHUNE.

["Marion Harland," under which pseudonyme Mrs. Terhune has long been known, is the author of numerous popular novels, of which the first published, "Alone," has been most widely read. Recently she has entered a new field, in her "Common Sense in the Household" and other works on domestic economy, and her "Eve's Daughters," "Our Daughters," etc. Our selection is from "Eve's Daughters," a volume full of sensible and excellently-presented advice to women. Mrs. Terhune (Mary Virginia Hawes) is a native of Virginia, where she was born about 1837.]

THERE is nothing in the history of human folly more egregiously inconsistent than the admixture of vanity and aversion, the loving care and gross neglect, manifested by most young women with regard to their bodies. She whom we saw, awhile ago, disdainfully scouting the prospect of intellectual veneer and varnish, concentrates the attention she bestows upon her *physique* upon the exterior. The hidden works rust and clog and are worn into uselessness by attrition, disregarded by the owner who should also be the kindly keeper. It is true, as you remind me, that the body is, at best, but the vehicle of the higher being, the spiritual and mental, the immortal essence that shall outlive by all eternity to come this crumbling house of our pilgrimage, this urn wherein the soul tarries for a night. So the train that bears a living freight of a thousand souls from the eastern to the western ocean is but an ingenious combination of mechanical powers. What is your opinion of the engineer who remits his watch of every joint and bar of the locomotive, who lets his fire go down, or the boiler run dry?

The girl who devotes an hour a day for a fortnight to

learning how to "do" the fantastic scallops of her fore-top, or to dispose her back-hair in a graceful coil or knot; who discourses seriously of the absolute necessity of spending at least ten minutes each morning in cleaning, trimming, and polishing, by help of a dainty set of utensils, the finger-nails that in consequence of this attention are like pink sea-shells or curled rose-petals; who studies the effect upon her style and complexion of coiffure, cut, and color as diligently as she cons Xenophon's *Anabasis* or Spherical Trigonometry, cannot with any show of reason affect contempt of her corporeal substance.

She does love her body—the outside of it—with idolatrous affection that absorbs and dwarfs many worthier emotions. Her neglect of the exquisite machinery it encases is as puerile as it would be to pass hours in bur-nishing the outside of a watch she never takes the pains to wind up.

If I return once and again upon this branch of our subject, it is because of my conviction that imperfect appreciation of its value is the main cause of the national invalidism of our sex. The climate has to do with it in so far as extremes of heat and cold, long rain, deep snows, and spring mire, hinder out-door exercise. But if mothers and daughters believed in the need of physical culture with one-half the earnestness they feel in the matter of intellectual improvement, these obstacles would lose their formidableness in less than one generation.

I hold firmly, furthermore, to the opinion that the rapid degeneration of women foreigners after a short residence in our country is owing chiefly, if not altogether, to their adoption of certain, and those the least desirable, of our modes of life.

Bridget, whose ideas of in-door comfort have been formed upon the smoky interior of a bog-trotter's cabin

warmed by a handful of peat and lighted by a farthing rush-candle, soon learns, with the prodigality of genuine parvenuism, to fill the range up to the warped, red-hot plate with coal at five dollars a ton. She demands a drop-light upon the kitchen gas-burner, and "wouldn't do a hand's turn in a situation where she had to put her foot out o' doors to draw water or to fetch in kindlin'-wood for the fire." Thin boots take the place of the stout brogans in which she used to tramp four or five miles to market or to church in all weathers. Her walks are now confined to a stroll in her best clothes to church on Sunday, and to the house of an "acquaintance" after dark on week-days. She washes in a steaming-hot laundry, and, without exchanging her wet slippers for rubbers, or donning shawl or hood, goes into the windy back-yard, perhaps covered with snow, to hang out the clothes. The climate begins to tell on her after a year or two of this sort of work, and what wonder? If these violent variations upon her former self and existence are insufficient to break her down, there are not wanting accessories to the unholy deed in her close bedroom, where the windows are never opened in winter unless by her disgusted employer; in the mountainous feather-bed and half-dozen blankets without which she is quick to declare that she "could not get a wink o' slape at night, havin' been used to kapin' warm all her life." Add that she devours meat three times a day with the rapacity of long-repressed carnivorousness and keeps the teapot on the stove from morning until night,—that she "could live upon sweets" of the most unwholesome and most expensive varieties, and abhors early breakfasts,—and we wax charitable toward our maligned climate.

Dr. Beard says of "American women, even of direct German and English descent," "Subject a part of the

year to the tyranny of heat, and a part to the tyranny of cold, they grow unused to leaving the house: to live in-doors is the rule; it is a rarity to go out, as with those of Continental Europe it is to go in."

Bridget and Gretchen are overgrown children, gross and undisciplined. If one of them bruises her head or cuts her finger, she will wail or howl like a yearling baby. Without work they cannot have savory victuals or fine clothes: hence they must labor so many hours *per diem*. Thought and planning seldom go further, especially if the settled purpose of catching husbands whose wages will relieve them from the necessity of "living out" be accepted as an extension of their clumsy scheming.

Still, Bridget is an imitative animal, and develops with civilization into a sort of aptness in this respect. She apes "the quality," while affecting to consider herself as good as anybody else. Before she can be reformed, her mistress must regulate her own habits and those of her daughters in accordance with the dictates of reason and a right knowledge of established hygienic laws. Our domestics,—Celtic, Gaelic, Teutonic, American or African descent,—being human creatures of habit, copy their employers' language, and, to some extent, their bearing. In some instances the resemblance, unintentional though it may be, is absurdly accurate. The maid models her apparel after that of the young ladies of the house, and grafts upon her brogue or *patois* the intonations of her mistress. These are tokens, and not trivial ones, of the involuntary homage paid by ignorance to knowledge. When Mrs. Lofty and her daughters reckon pure air and abundance of exercise out-of-doors, wholesome food, sound sleep in cold rooms, stout shoes in wet weather, and invariable cleanliness of person, among the necessities of life and requisites to beauty, when they prohibit feather-

beds as unfashionable abominations, and tea-tipping as vulgar, the kitchen cabinet will follow suit, slowly, but inevitably.

Until then, I fear that "the sons of the New World" will be disappointed in the effect upon the next generation of their "magnificent experiment," should their fresh-blooded foreign wives take up their residence in America.

The simple truth is that the expression "care of the health" conveys to the average listener the instant thought of *remedial* measures,—nothing more, and nothing less. It is unnatural, argues the popular intellect, for a well person to think constantly of preserving bodily soundness, unless it is threatened or has been recently imperilled. A burnt child dreads the fire. That a child that has never been scorched should habitually keep at a safe distance from the flame is without precedent, if not opposed to rational expectation. Yet the average listener, with the popular intellect, if he is a man, greases the wheels and looks to the linch-pins of his wagon before he sets off on a journey; has the sense to be angry with himself, as well as ashamed, when a worn-out breeching-strap gives way in going down-hill, or the swivel-tree, he "now remembers has been cracked this great while," snaps asunder behind a skittish horse. The dullest household drudge shakes out and removes the ashes and adjusts the dampers before she makes up her morning fires.

We have spoken together, and more than once, of the propriety of creating a stomachic or dietetic conscience. It is every whit as important to cultivate conscientiousness in all respects towards the oft-defrauded, incessantly ill-used body. In your schedule of study and recreation, leave blanks to be filled out generously by the fulfilment of the duties you owe to this co-laborer with soul and mind. Do not be startled when I enjoin that, should the

mental duty clash with the physical, it is the former that ought, with a young growing girl, to yield to the assertion of the latter. It is folly in a sick girl to study,—an error which she should perceive instinctively, however unversed she may be in the details of physiology. In you, who know why the blood pumped through artery and vein thickens, or thins, or falters,—why your headaches and dumb nausea throw the cold sweat to the congesting surface,—it is SIN.

You have no more right to eat or drink what you know will disagree with your digestion than you have to drop a furtive pinch of arsenic, just enough to sicken her slightly, into your school-fellow's cup of tea. It is as truly your duty to eat regularly and enough of wholesome, strength-giving food, wisely adapted to your needs, as to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread." Faith without sensible works does not bring about miracles in our age. There is the same sin in kind, if not in degree, in omitting your "constitutional" walk to study a hard lesson you would like to make sure of for to-morrow, that there is in picking your neighbor's pocket or cheating her in a bargain. Both are dishonest actions, and, in the long but certain run of justice, both are sure to be punished. Put yourself in thought outside of your body; make an inventory of its capabilities and necessities. It is your soul's nearest neighbor. See to it that the soul loves it as itself.

If your teachers are sagacious and just in apportioning seasons for rest, exercise, and recreation, your duty is the easier. If they are negligent of this in their mistaken zeal for the intellectual advancement of their pupils, be a higher law unto yourself. It is the ignoramus or the shirk who waits to be warned by the ominous creak of the wheel that the oilless axle is heated and a break-down

imminent. It may be "plucky" to persist in studying, with a blind headache that would distract a girl of weaker will out of all power of concentration. It is undoubtedly foolhardy.

I have in my mind now a gifted woman who told me, in the course of a talk upon the conservation of forces, how she had read and made an elaborate digest of a scientific treatise while her head was bound about with ice-cloths to assuage the anguished throbbing of her temples, and her eyes could bear no more light than the one powerful ray admitted between the curtains to fall over her left shoulder directly upon the page.

Another rash adventurer of the same sex, determined to lose no time in her musical education, was propped up in bed during her convalescence from a spell of typhoid fever. Her exercise-book was set up before her on a frame, and she practised first thirty minutes, then an hour, finally two hours, each day, in dumb show upon a keyboard pencilled on a pillow. She has been in her grave for twenty years now. Her friends were wont to tell proudly of the heroic battle with languor and pain I have described, and regret in the same breath that "that fever left her a mere wreck. With strength and health she would doubtless have accomplished much in the musical world."

The heroine of headache and scientific tastes still lives and still fights with bodily ills as with a visible Apollyon. She cannot walk across the room without assistance, so abject is the ruin of the nervous system; and in every day she dies a hundred deaths with *tic-douloureux* and *sciatica*. We may reiterate here, with a different application, Dr. Beard's words:

"So inevitable was this result, that, had it been otherwise, one might well suspect that the law of causation had been suspended."

It is, then, absurd, and as cruel as foolish, to lash on with whip and spur a faithful servitor to whom you owe the liberty to study at all. How unwise and short-sighted is the self-will you vaunt, let an abler pen than mine tell you, and in formula instead of illustration. Dr. Anstie, in a treatise upon "Neuralgia,"—which I commend to the perusal of all afflicted with that malady,—thus writes:

"In the abnormal strain that is being put on the brain in many cases by a forcing plan of education, we shall perceive a source not merely of exhaustive expenditure of nervous power, but of secondary irritation of centres like the *medulla oblongata*, that are probably already somewhat lowered in power of vital resistance and proportionably irritable."

The *medulla oblongata* is, as your physiological books have taught you, a marrowy, oblong body connecting the spinal cord with the brain. To strain this delicate nerve-centre is to deplete the nervous tissues more rapidly than they can be repaired. In more direct terms, it is to sap the citadel of Reason and of Life. To irritate the *medulla oblongata* is to risk brain-fever. Excessive mental application without recuperation of mind and body, loss of sleep, stress of excited thought, particularly upon one agitating theme, are both strain and irritation.

You have a fixed income of physical energy. Your "pluck" is mental force. The two together accomplish the finest results of which human kind is capable. The bodily powers are the treasure-house in which Nature has deposited your wealth, the dowry settled upon you as your birthright, to be controlled by yourself alone, with your parents as trustees during your infancy and childhood. Their judicious management has augmented the original deposit, until you find yourself now in possession of a handsome competency, invested in stocks that will

yield fair and ample returns. We will call the will-power or moral force the checks that draw upon the invested sums. So long as only the regularly-accruing interest is used up by your daily and yearly expenses you are none the poorer, and the community in which you live is the richer for what you throw into general circulation. From the day in which you begin to draw upon the principal, the interest becomes smaller. The necessity of accumulation obtrudes itself if you would not be gradually impoverished.

SPRING-TIME AND BOYHOOD.

DONALD G. MITCHELL.

[“Ik Marvel,” under which pseudonyme Donald G. Mitchell has long been known, stands as the author of several beautifully-written books, of a philosophically reflective character, which have enjoyed a high degree of favor with the reading public. The “Reveries of a Bachelor” and “Dream-Life” but put into words the thoughts which float through every imaginative mind, and in reading them we seem to behold our own waking dreams mirrored on the printed page. Mr. Mitchell is the author of several other works, among them a record of a tour in Europe, and “Dr. Johns,” an ably-written novel. The selection given below is from “Dream-Life.” Mr. Mitchell was born at Norwich, Connecticut, in 1822.]

THE old chroniclers made the year begin in the season of frosts; and they have launched us upon the current of the months from the snowy banks of January. I love better to count time from Spring to Spring: it seems to me far more cheerful to reckon the year by blossoms than by blight.

Bernardin de St. Pierre, in his sweet story of Virginia, makes the bloom of the cocoa-tree, or the growth of the

banana, a yearly and a loved monitor of the passage of her life. How cold and cheerless in the comparison would be the icy chronology of the North!—So many years have I seen the lakes locked, and the foliage die!

The budding and blooming of Spring seem to belong properly to the opening of the months. It is the season of the quickest expansion, of the warmest blood, of the readiest growth; it is the boy-age of the year. The birds sing in chorus in the Spring,—just as children prattle; the brooks run full,—like the overflow of young hearts; the showers drop easily,—as young tears flow; and the whole sky is as capricious as the mind of a boy.

Between tears and smiles, the year, like the child, struggles into the warmth of life. The Old Year—say what the chronologists will—lingers upon the very lap of Spring, and is only fairly gone when the blossoms of April have strown their pall of glory upon his tomb and the bluebirds have chanted his requiem.

It always seems to me as if an access of life came with the melting of the winter's snows, and as if every rootlet of grass, that lifted its first green blade from the matted *débris* of the old year's decay, bore my spirit upon it, nearer to the largess of Heaven.

I love to trace the break of Spring step by step; I love even those long rain-storms, that sap the icy fortresses of the lingering winter,—that melt the snows upon the hills, and swell the mountain-brooks,—that make the pools heave up their glassy cerements of ice, and hurry down the crashing fragments into the wastes of ocean.

I love the gentle thaws that you can trace, day by day, by the stained snow-banks, shrinking from the grass, and by the quiet drip of the cottage eaves. I love to search out the sunny slopes under some northern shelter, where the reflected sun does double duty to the earth, and

where the frail hepatica, or the faint blush of the arbutus, in the midst of the bleak March atmosphere, will touch your heart, like a hope of heaven in a field of graves. Later come those soft, smoky days, when the patches of winter grain show green under the shelter of leafless woods, and the last snow-drifts, reduced to shrunken skeletons of ice, lie upon the slope of northern hills, leaking away their life.

Then the grass at your door grows into the color of the sprouting grain, and the buds upon the lilacs swell and burst. The peaches bloom upon the wall, and the plums wear bodices of white. The sparkling oriole picks string for his hammock on the sycamore, and the sparrows twitter in pairs. The old elms throw down their dingy flowers, and color their spray with green; and the brooks, where you throw your worm or the minnow, float down whole fleets of the crimson blossoms of the maple. Finally the oaks step into the opening quadrille of spring, with grayish tufts of a modest verdure, which by and by will be long and glossy leaves. The dog-wood pitches his broad, white tent in the edge of the forest; the dandelions lie along the hillocks, like stars in a sky of green; and the wild cherry, growing in all the hedge-rows, without other culture than God's, lifts up to Him thankfully its tremulous white fingers.

Amid all this come the rich rains of Spring. The affections of a boy grow up with tears to water them; and the year blooms with showers. But the clouds hover over an April sky timidly, like shadows upon innocence. The showers come gently, and drop daintily to the earth,—with now and then a glimpse of sunshine to make the drops bright,—like so many bubbles of joy.

The rain of winter is cold, and it comes in bitter scuds that blind you; but the rain of April steals upon you

coily, half reluctantly,—yet lovingly,—like the steps of a bride to the altar.

It does not gather like the storm-clouds of winter, gray and heavy along the horizon, and creep with subtle and insensible approaches (like age) to the very zenith; but there are a score of white-winged swimmers afloat, that your eye has chased as you lay beguiled with the delicious warmth of an April sun; nor have you scarce noticed that a little bevy of those floating clouds had grouped together in a sombre company. But presently you see across the fields the dark gray streaks, stretching like lines of mist from the green bosom of the valley to that spot of sky where the company of clouds is loitering; and with an easy shifting of the helm the fleet of swimmers come, drifting over you, and drop their burden into the dancing pools, and make the flowers glisten and the eaves drip with their crystal bounty.

The cattle linger by the watercourses, cropping eagerly the firstlings of the grass; and childhood laughs joyously at the warm rain, or under the cottage roof catches with eager ear the patter of its fall.

—And with that patter on the roof—so like to the patter of childish feet—my story of boyish dreams shall begin.

It is an old garret, with big brown rafters; and the boards between are stained darkly with the rain-storms of fifty years. And as the sportive April shower quickens its flood, it seems as if its torrents would come dashing through the shingles upon you, and upon your play. But they will not; for you know that the old roof is strong, and that it has kept you, and all that love you, for long years from the rain and from the cold; you know that the hardest storms of winter will only make a little oozing leak, that trickles down, leaving homely brown stains.

You love that old garret-roof; and you nestle down under its slope with a sense of its protecting power that no castle-walls can give to your maturer years. Ay, your heart clings in boyhood to the roof-tree of the old family garret with a grateful affection and an abiding confidence, that the after-years—whatever may be their successes or their honors—can never re-create. Under the roof-tree of his home the boy feels *SAFE*: and where in the whole realm of life, with its bitter toils and its bitterer temptations, will he feel *safe* again?

But this you do not know. It seems only a grand old place; and it is capital fun to search in its corners, and drag out some bit of quaint furniture, with a leg broken, and lay a cushion across it, and fix your reins upon the lion's claws of the feet, and then—gallop away! And you offer sister Nelly a chance, if she will be good; and throw out very patronizing words to little Charlie, who is mounted upon a much humbler horse,—to wit, a decrepit nursery-chair,—as he of right should be, since he is three years your junior.

I know no nobler forage-ground for a romantic, venturesome, mischievous boy, than the garret of an old family mansion on a day of storm. It is a perfect field of chivalry. The heavy rafters, the dashing rain, the piles of spare mattresses to carouse upon, the big trunks to hide in, the ancient white coats and hats hanging in obscure corners, like ghosts, are great! And it is so far away from the old lady who keeps rule in the nursery, that there is no possible risk of a scolding for twisting off the fringe of the rug. There is no baby in the garret to wake up. There is no "company" in the garret to be disturbed by the noise. There is no crotchety uncle, or grandmamma, with their everlasting "Boys, boys!" and then a look of such horror!

There is great fun in groping through a tall barrel of books and pamphlets, on the lookout for startling pictures; and there are chestnuts in the garret drying, which you have discovered on a ledge of the chimney; and you slide a few into your pocket, and munch them quietly,—giving now and then one to Nelly, and begging her to keep silent,—for you have a great fear of its being forbidden fruit.

Old family garrets have their stock, as I said, of cast-away clothes of twenty years gone by; and it is rare sport to put them on, buttoning in a pillow or two for the sake of good fulness; and then to trick out Nelly in some strange-shaped head-gear, and ancient brocade petticoat caught up with pins, and in such guise to steal cautiously down-stairs, and creep slyly into the sitting-room,—half afraid of a scolding, and very sure of good fun,—trying to look very sober, and yet almost ready to die with the laugh that you know you will make. And your mother tries to look harshly at little Nelly for putting on her grandmother's best bonnet; but Nelly's laughing eyes forbid it utterly; and the mother spoils all her scolding with a perfect shower of kisses.

After this you go, marching very stately, into the nursery, and utterly amaze the old nurse, and make a deal of wonderment for the staring, half-frightened baby, who drops his rattle, and makes a bob at you as if he would jump into your waistcoat-pocket.

But you grow tired of this; you tire even of the swing, and of the pranks of Charlie; and you glide away into a corner with an old, dog's-eared copy of "Robinson Crusoe," and you grow heart and soul into the story, until you tremble for the poor fellow with his guns behind the palisade, and are yourself half dead with fright when you peep cautiously over the hill with your glass and see the cannibals at their orgies around the fire.

Yet, after all, you think the old fellow must have had a capital time with a whole island to himself; and you think you would like such a time yourself, if only Nelly and Charlie could be there with you. But this thought does not come till afterward: for the time you are nothing but Crusoe; you are living in his cave with Poll the parrot, and are looking out for your goats and man Friday.

You dream what a nice thing it would be for you to slip away some pleasant morning—not to York, as young Crusoe did, but to New York—and take passage as a sailor; and how, if they knew you were going, there would be such a world of good-byes; and how, if they did not know it, there would be such a world of wonder!

And then the sailor's dress would be altogether such a jaunty affair; and it would be such rare sport to lie off upon the yards far aloft, as you have seen sailors in pictures, looking out upon the blue and tumbling sea. No thought now, in your boyish dreams, of sleety storms, and cables stiffened with ice, and crashing spars, and great icebergs towering fearfully around you!

You would have better luck than even Crusoe; you would save a compass, and a Bible, and stores of hatchets, and the captain's dog, and great puncheons of sweetmeats (which Crusoe altogether overlooked); and you would save a tent or two, which you could set up on the shore, and an American flag, and a small piece of cannon, which you could fire as often as you liked. At night you would sleep in a tree,—though you wonder how Crusoe did it, and would say the prayers you had been taught to say at home, and fall to sleep, dreaming of Nelly and Charlie.

At sunrise, or thereabouts, you would come down, feeling very much refreshed, and make a very nice breakfast off of smoked herring and sea-bread, with a little currant jam and a few oranges. After this you would haul ashore

a chest or two of the sailors' clothes, and, putting a few large jack-knives in your pocket, would take a stroll over the island, and dig a cave somewhere, and roll in a cask or two of sea-bread. And you fancy yourself growing after a time very tall and corpulent, and wearing a magnificent goat-skin cap trimmed with green ribbons and set off with a plume. You think you would have put a few more guns in the palisade than Crusoe did, and charged them with a little more grape.

After a long while, you fancy, a ship would arrive which would carry you back; and you count upon very great surprise on the part of your father and little Nelly, as you march up to the door of the old family mansion, with plenty of gold in your pocket, and a small bag of coconuts for Charlie, and with a great deal of pleasant talk about your island far away in the South Seas.

—Or perhaps it is not Crusoe at all that your eyes and your heart cling to, but only some little story about Paul and Virginia;—that dear little Virginia! how many tears have been shed over her,—not in garrets only, or by boys only!

You would have liked Virginia,—you know you would; but you perfectly hate the beldame aunt who sent for her to come to France; you think she must have been like the old schoolmistress who occasionally boxes your ears with the cover of the spelling-book, or makes you wear one of the girls' bonnets, that smells strongly of paste-board and calico.

As for black Domingue, you think he was a capital old fellow; and you think more of him and his bananas than you do of the bursting, throbbing heart of poor Paul. As yet Dream-life does not take hold on love. A little maturity of heart is wanted to make up what the poets call sensibility. If love should come to be a dangerous, chi-

valric matter, as in the case of Helen Mar and Wallace, you can very easily conceive of it, and can take hold of all the little accessories of male costume and embroidering of banners; but as for pure sentiment, such as lies in the sweet story of Bernardin de St. Pierre, it is quite beyond you.

The rich, soft nights, in which one might doze in his hammock, watching the play of the silvery moon-beams upon the orange-leaves and upon the waves, you can understand; and you fall to dreaming of that lovely Isle of France, and wondering if Virginia did not perhaps have some relations on the island, who raise pineapples, and such sort of things, still.

—And so, with your head upon your hand, in your quiet garret corner, over some such beguiling story, your thought leans away from the book into your own dreamy cruise over the sea of life.

THE NOTCH OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

[Our present selection is from one of the American authors of the eighteenth century. The list of these authors is not a long one, yet it contains several names which have attained a high position in the literary world, and among these that of Timothy Dwight must be included. He was a native of Massachusetts, where he was born in 1752. He died in 1817. His first literary work was in verse, and consisted of "The Conquest of Canaan," an epic poem completed when he was twenty-two years of age. He wrote much other poetry, but his reputation rests upon his prose works, which are of high literary value. They are mainly theological. His "Theology Explained and Defended" has been one of the most widely read of such works in the

English language. Of secular writings his chief work is "Travels in New England and New York," from which our selection is taken. It is in four volumes, and is highly valuable for its historical, statistical, and topographical information, and for its record of American society and manners in the early part of the present century. It is written in a fluent and glowing style, and displays close observation and an ardent love of the beauties of nature.]

THE Notch of the White Mountains is a phrase appropriated to a very narrow defile, extending two miles in length between two huge cliffs apparently rent asunder by some vast convulsion of nature. . . . The entrance of the chasm is formed by two rocks standing perpendicularly at the distance of twenty-two feet from each other; one about twenty feet in height, the other about twelve. Half of the space is occupied by the brook mentioned as the head-stream of the Saco; the other half by the road. The stream is lost and invisible beneath a mass of fragments partly blown out of the road and partly thrown down by some great convulsion.

When we entered the Notch we were struck with the wild and solemn appearance of everything before us. The scale on which all the objects in view were formed was the scale of grandeur only. The rocks, rude and ragged in a manner rarely paralleled, were fashioned and piled on each other by a hand operating only in the boldest and most irregular manner. As we advanced, these appearances increased rapidly. Huge masses of granite, of every abrupt form, and hoary with a moss which seemed the product of ages, recalling to the mind the *saxum vetustum* of Virgil, speedily rose to a mountainous height. Before us the view widened fast to the southeast. Behind us it closed almost instantaneously, and presented nothing to the eye but an impassable barrier of mountains.

About half a mile from the entrance of the chasm we

saw, in full view, the most beautiful cascade, perhaps, in the world. It issued from a mountain on the right, about eight hundred feet above the subjacent valley, and at the distance of about two miles from us. The stream ran over a series of rocks almost perpendicular, with a course so little broken as to preserve the appearance of a uniform current, and yet so far disturbed as to be perfectly white. The sun shone with the clearest splendor from a station in the heavens the most advantageous to our prospect; and the cascade glittered down the vast steep like a stream of burnished silver.

At the distance of three-quarters of a mile from the entrance we passed a brook known in this region by the name of *the Flume*, from the strong resemblance to that object exhibited by the channel which it has worn for a considerable length in a bed of rocks, the sides being perpendicular to the bottom. This elegant piece of water we determined to examine further, and, alighting from our horses, walked up the acclivity perhaps a furlong. The stream fell from a height of two hundred and forty or two hundred and fifty feet over three precipices; the second receding a small distance from the front of the first, and the third from that of the second. Down the first and second it fell in a single current; and down the third in three, which united their streams at the bottom in a fine basin, formed by the hand of nature in the rocks immediately beneath us. It is impossible for a brook of this size to be modelled into more diversified or more delightful forms, or for a cascade to descend over precipices more happily fitted to finish its beauty. The cliffs, together with a level at their foot, furnished a considerable opening, surrounded by the forest. The sunbeams, penetrating through the trees, painted here a great variety of fine images of light, and edged an equally numerous and

diversified collection of shadows; both dancing on the waters, and alternately silvering and obscuring their course. Purer water was never seen. Exclusively of its murmurs, the world around us was solemn and silent. Everything assumed the character of enchantment; and had I been educated in the Grecian mythology I should scarcely have been surprised to find an assemblage of Dryads, Naiads, and Oreades sporting on the little plain below our feet. The purity of this water was discernible not only by its limpid appearance and its taste, but from several other circumstances. Its course is wholly over hard granite; and the rocks and the stones in its bed and at its side, instead of being covered with adventitious substances, were washed perfectly clean, and by their neat appearance added not a little to the beauty of the scenery. . . .

From this spot the mountains speedily began to open with increased majesty, and in several instances rose to a perpendicular height little less than a mile. The bosom of both ranges was overspread, in all the inferior regions, by a mixture of evergreens with trees whose leaves are deciduous. The annual foliage had been already changed by the frost. Of the effects of this change it is, perhaps, impossible for an inhabitant of Great Britain, as I have been assured by several foreigners, to form an adequate conception without visiting an American forest. When I was a youth I remarked that Thomson had entirely omitted, in his *Seasons*, this fine part of autumnal imagery. Upon inquiring of an English gentleman the probable cause of the omission, he informed me that no such scenery existed in Great Britain. In this country it is often among the most splendid beauties of nature. All the leaves of trees which are not evergreens are by the first severe frost changed from their verdure towards the perfection

of that color which they are capable of ultimately assuming, through yellow, orange, and red, to a pretty deep brown. As the frost affects different trees, and the different leaves of the same tree, in very different degrees, a vast multitude of tinctures are commonly found on those of a single tree, and always on those of a grove or forest. These colors also, in all their varieties, are generally full, and in many instances are among the most exquisite which are found in the regions of nature. Different sorts of trees are susceptible of different degrees of this beauty. Among them the maple is pre-eminently distinguished by the prodigious varieties, the finished beauty, and the intense lustre of its hues; varying through all the dyes between a rich green and the most perfect crimson, or, more definitely, the red of the prismatic image.

There is, however, a sensible difference in the beauty of this appearance of nature in different parts of the country, even where the forest trees are the same. I have seen no tract where its splendor was so highly finished as in the region which surrounds Lancaster for a distance of thirty miles. The colors are more varied and more intense; and the numerous evergreens furnish, in their deep hues, the best groundwork of the picture.

I have remarked that the annual foliage on these mountains had been already changed by the frost. Of course, the darkness of the evergreens was finely illumined by the brilliant yellow of the birch, the beech, and the cherry, and the more brilliant orange and crimson of the maple. The effect of this universal diffusion of gay and splendid light was to render the preponderating deep green more solemn. The mind, encircled by this scenery, irresistibly remembered that the light was the light of decay, autumnal and melancholy. The dark was the gloom of evening, approximating to night. Over the whole the

azure of the sky cast a deep, misty blue, blending, toward the summits, every other hue, and predominating over all.

As the eye ascended these steeps, the light decayed, and gradually ceased. On the inferior summits rose crowns of conical firs and spruces. On the superior eminences, the trees, growing less and less, yielded to the chilling atmosphere, and marked the limit of forest vegetation. Above, the surface was covered with a mass of shrubs, terminating, at a still higher elevation, in a shroud of dark-colored moss.

As we passed onward through this singular valley, occasional torrents, formed by the rains and dissolving snows at the close of winter, had left behind them, in many places, perpetual monuments of their progress, in perpendicular, narrow, and irregular paths of immense length, where they had washed the precipices naked and white, from the summit of the mountain to the base.

Wide and deep chasms also at times met the eye, both on the summits and the sides, and strongly impressed the imagination with the thought that a hand of immeasurable power had rent asunder the solid rocks and tumbled them into the subjacent valley. Over all, hoary cliffs, rising with proud supremacy, frowned awfully on the world below, and finished the landscape.

By our side, the Saco was alternately visible and lost, and increased almost at every step by the junction of tributary streams. Its course was a perpetual cascade, and with its sprightly murmurs furnished the only contrast to the majestic scenery around us.

SONG OF THE REDWOOD-TREE.

WALT WHITMAN.

[We can only say of Walt Whitman's poetry that it is never likely to become popular. Its lack of rhyme and rhythm reduces it to the form of prose, above which its poetical power seldom elevates it. It is frequently a rhapsody, without beginning, middle, or end, and, though full of imaginative fervor, and with many passages of fine power, there is an apotheosis of the grosser bodily element, and a lack of the spiritual element of thought. The poem we quote has a deeper and more elevating significance than is usual with the author, and if judiciously pruned might take high rank in the poetic world. Walt Whitman was born in 1819, at West Hills, Long Island.]

I.

A CALIFORNIA song,

A prophecy and indirection, a thought impalpable to
breathe as air,

A chorus of dryads, fading, departing, or hamadryads
departing,

A murmuring, fateful, giant voice, out of the earth and
sky,

Voice of a mighty dying tree in the redwood forest dense.

Farewell, my brethren,

Farewell, O earth and sky, farewell, ye neighboring waters,

My time has ended, my term has come.

Along the northern coast,

Just back from the rock-bound shore and the caves,

In the saline air from the sea, in the Mendocino country,

With the surge for bass and accompaniment low and
hoarse,

With crackling blows of axes sounding musically, driven
by strong arms,

Riven deep by the sharp tongues of the axes, there in the
redwood forest dense,
I heard the mighty tree its death-chant chanting.

The choppers heard not, the camp-shanties echoed not,
The quick-eared teamsters and chain and jack-screw men
heard not,
As the wood-spirits came from their haunts of a thousand
years to join the refrain,
But in my soul I plainly heard,

Murmuring out of its myriad leaves,
Down from its lofty top rising two hundred feet high,
Out of its stalwart trunk and limbs, out of its foot-thick
bark,
That chant of the seasons and time, chant not of the past
only but the future.

*You untold life of me,
And all you venerable and innocent joys,
Perennial hardy life of me with joys 'mid rain and many a
summer sun,
And the white snows and night and the wild winds ;
O the great patient rugged joys, my soul's strong joys un-
recked by man
(For know I bear the soul befitting me, I too have conscious-
ness, identity,
And all the rocks and mountains have, and all the earth),
Joys of the life befitting me and brothers mine,
Our time, our term has come.*

*Nor yield we mournfully, majestic brothers,
We who have grandly filled our time ;
With Nature's calm content, with tacit huge delight,*

*We welcome what we wrought for through the past,
And leave the field for them.*

*For them predicted long,
For a superber race, they too to grandly fill their time,
For them we abdicate, in them ourselves, ye forest kings!
In them these skies and airs, these mountain-peaks, Shasta,
Nevadas,
These huge precipitous cliffs, this amplitude, these valleys, far
Yosemite,
To be in them absorbed, assimilated.*

*Then to a loftier strain,
Still prouder, more ecstatic, rose the chant,
As if the heirs, the deities of the West,
Joining with master-tongue bore part.*

*Not wan from Asia's fetiches,
Nor red from Europe's old dynastic slaughter-house
(Area of murder-plots of thrones, with scent left yet of wars
and scaffolds everywhere),
But come from Nature's long and harmless throes, peacefully
builded thence,
These virgin lands, lands of the Western shore,
To the new culminating man, to you, the empire new,
You promised long, we pledge, we dedicate.*

*You occult deep volitions,
You average spiritual manhood, purpose of all, poised on
yourself, giving not taking law,
You womanhood divine, mistress and source of all, whence life
and love and aught that comes from life and love,
You unseen moral essence of all the vast materials of America
(age upon age working in death the same as life),*

*You that, sometimes known, oftener unknown, really shape and
mould the New World, adjusting it to Time and Space,
You hidden national will lying in your abysms, concealed but
ever alert,
You past and present purposes tenaciously pursued, maybe
unconscious of yourselves,
Unswerved by all the passing errors, perturbations of the
surface;
You vital, universal, deathless germs, beneath all creeds, arts,
statutes, literatures,
Here build your homes for good, establish here, these areas
entire, lands of the Western shore,
We pledge, we dedicate to you.*

*For man of you, your characteristic race,
Here may be hardy, sweet, gigantic grow, here tower propor-
tionate to Nature,
Here climb the vast pure spaces unconfined, unchecked by wall
or roof,
Here laugh with storm or sun, here joy, here patiently inure,
Here heed himself, unfold himself (not others' formulas heed),
here fill his time,
To duly fall, to aid, unrecked at last,
To disappear, to serve.*

*Thus on the northern coast,
In the echo of teamsters' calls and the clinking chains. and
the music of choppers' axes,
The falling trunk and limbs, the crash, the muffled shriek,
the groan,
Such words combined from the redwood-tree, as of voices
ecstatic, ancient and rustling,
The century-lasting, unseen dryads, singing, withdrawing.
All their recesses of forests and mountains leaving,*

From the Cascade range to the Wasatch, or Idaho far, or
Utah,
To the deities of the modern henceforth yielding,
The chorus and indications, the vistas of coming humanity,
the settlements, features all,
In the Mendocino woods I caught.

II.

The flashing and golden pageant of California,
The sudden and gorgeous drama, the sunny and ample lands,
The long and varied stretch from Puget Sound to Colorado
south,
Lands bathed in sweeter, rarer, healthier air, valleys and
mountain cliffs ;
The fields of Nature long prepared and fallow, the silent,
cyclic chemistry,
The slow and steady ages plodding, the unoccupied surface
ripening, the rich ores forming beneath ;
At last the New arriving, assuming, taking possession,
A swarming and busy race settling and organizing every
where,
Ships coming in from the whole round world, and going
out to the whole world,
To India and China and Australia and the thousand island
paradises of the Pacific,
Populous cities, the latest inventions, the steamers on the
rivers, the railroads, with many a thrifty farm, with
machinery,
And wool and wheat and the grape, and diggings of yellow
gold.

III.

But more in you than these, lands of the Western shore
(These but the means, the implements, the standing-
ground),

I see in you, certain to come, the promise of thousands of
years, till now deferred,
Promised to be fulfilled, our common kind, the race.

The new society at last, proportionate to Nature,
In man of you, more than your mountain-peaks or stalwart
trees imperial,
In woman more, far more, than all your gold or vines, or
even vital air.

Fresh come, to a new world indeed, yet long prepared,
I see the genius of the modern, child of the real and
ideal,
Clearing the ground for broad humanity, the true Amer-
ica, heir of the past so grand,
To build a grander future.

JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE CALLS ON THE PRESIDENT.

MARIETTA HOLLEY.

[Of recent dialectical works of humor those of Marietta Holley have attained an extraordinary popularity, and the "opinions" of Josiah Allen's wife are widely quoted. In fact, under their nonsense there is revealed a vein of shrewd common sense which appeals to all who possess a shred of this somewhat uncommon quality. "Josiah Allen's Wife," "My Opinions and Betsy Bobbet's," and other works of the author, are a *mélange* of ridiculous conversations and sensible observations on general subjects, while "Sweet Cicely," her latest work, deals with keen wit with the questions of intemperance, political rascality, and the like crying evils of the land. Josiah Allen takes the political fever badly, and his wife, much exercised in mind thereat,

finally concludes to visit Washington, and take the advice of the President on the disturbing question. This interview with the President is a fair example of the author's style.]

AND so we wended our way down the broad, beautiful streets towards the White House.

Handsomere streets I never see. I had thought Jonesville streets wus middlin' handsome and roomy. Why, two double wagons can go by each other with perfect safety, right in front of the grocery-stores, where there is lots of boxes too; and wimmen can be a-walkin' there too at the same time, hefty ones.

But, good land! loads of hay could pass each other here, and droves of dromedaries, and camels, and not touch each other, and then there would be lots of room for men and wimmen, and for wagons to rumble, and perioguers to float up and down—if perioguers could sail on dry land.

Roomier, handsomere, well-shadedder streets I never want to see, nor don't expect to. Why, Jonesville streets are like tape compared with 'em; and Loontown and Toad Holler, they are like thread, No. 50 (allegory).

Bub Smith wus well acquainted with the President's hired man, so he let us in without parlay.

I don't believe in talkin' big as a general thing. But thinks'es I, Here I be, a-holdin' up the dignity of Jonesville: and here I be, on a deep, heart-searchin' errent to the Nation. So I said, in words and axents a good deal like them I have read of in "Children of the Abbey" and "Charlotte Temple,"—

"Is the President of the United States within?"

He said he was, but said sunthin' about his not receiving calls in the mornings.

But I says in a very polite way,—for I like to put folks at their ease, presidents or peddlers or anything,—

"It hain't no matter at all if he hain't dressed up; of

course he wuzn't expectin' company. Josiah don't dress up mornin's."

And then he says something about "he didn't know but he was engaged."

Says I, "That hain't no news to me, nor the Nation. We have been a-hearin' that for three years, right along. And if he is engaged, it hain't no good reason why he shouldn't speak to other wimmen,—good, honorable married ones too."

"Well," says he, finally, "I will take up your card."

"No, you won't!" says I, firmly. "I am a Methodist! I guess I can start off on a short tower without takin' a pack of cards with me. And if I had 'em right here in my pocket, or a set of dominoes, I shouldn't expect to take up the time of the President of the United States a-playin' games at this time of the day." Says I, in deep tones, "I am a-carrien' errents to the President that the world knows not of."

He blushed up red; he was ashamed; and he said "he would see if I could be admitted."

And he led the way along, and I follered, and the boy. Bub Smith had left us at the door.

The hired man seemed to think I would want to look round some; and he walked sort o' slow, out of courtesy. But, good land! how little that hired man knew my feelin's, as he led me on, I a-thinkin' to myself,—

"Here I am, a-steppin' where G. Washington strode." Oh the grandeur of my feelins'! The nobility of 'em! and the quantity! Why, it was a perfect sight.

But right into these exalted sentiments the hired man intruded with his frivolous remarks,—worse than frivolous.

He says agin something about "not knowin' whether the President would be ready to receive me."

And I stepped down sudden from that lofty pillar I had trod on in my mind, and says I,—

"I tell you agin, I don't care whether he is dressed up or not. I come on principle, and I shall look at him through that eye, and no other."

"Wall," says he, turnin' sort o' red agin (he was ashamed), "have you noticed the beauty of the didos?"

But I kep' my head right up in the air nobly, and never turned to the right or the left; and says I,—

"I don't see no beauty in cuttin' up didos, nor never did. I have heard that they did such things here in Washington, D. C., but I do not choose to have my attention drawed to 'em."

But I pondered a minute, and the word "meetin'-house" struck a fearful blow ag'inst my conscience; and I says, in milder axents,—

"If I looked upon a dido at all, it would be, not with a human woman's eye, but the eye of a Methodist. My duty draws me: point out the dido, and I will look at it through that one eye."

And he says, "I was a-talkin' about the walls of this room."

And I says, "Why couldn't you say so in the first place? The idee of skairin' folks! or tryin' to," I added; for I hain't easily skairt.

The walls wus perfectly beautiful, and so wus the ceilin' and floors. There wuzn't a house in Jonesville that could compare with it, though we had painted our meetin'-house over at a cost of upwards of 28 dollars. But it didn't come up to this—not half. President Arthur has got good taste; and I thought to myself, and I says to the hired man, as I looked round and see the soft richness and quiet beauty and grandeur of the surroundings,—

"I had just as lives have him pick me out a calico dress

as to pick it out myself. And that is sayin' a great deal," says I. "I am always very putickuler in calico: richness and beauty is what I look out for, and wear."

Jest as I wus sayin' this, the hired man opened a door into a lofty, beautiful room; and says he,—

"Step in here, madam, into the antick room, and I'll see if the President can see you;" and he started off sudden, bein' called. And I jest turned round and looked after him, for I wanted to enquire into it. I had heard of their cuttin' up anticks at Washington,—I had come prepared for it; but I didn't know as they was bold enough to come right out and have rooms devoted to that purpose. And I looked all round the room before I ventured in. But it looked neat as a pin, and not a soul in there; and thinks'es I, "It hain't probable their day for cuttin' up anticks. I guess I'll venture." So I went in.

But I sot pretty near the edge of the chair, ready to jump at the first thing I didn't like. And I kep' a close holt of the boy. I felt that I was right in the midst of dangers. I had feared and foreboded,—oh, how I had feared and foreboded about the dangers and deep perils of Washington, D. C.! And here I wuz, the very first thing, invited right in broad daylight, with no excuse or anything, right into a antick room.

Oh, how thankful, how thankful I wuz that Josiah Allen wuzn't there!

I knew, as he felt a good deal of the time, an antick room was what he would choose out of all others. And I felt stronger than ever the deep resolve that Josiah Allen should not run. He must not be exposed to such dangers, with his mind as it wuz, and his heft. I felt that he would suckumb.

And I wondered that President Arthur, who I had always heard was a perfect gentleman, should come to

have a room called like that, but s'posed it was there when he went. I don't believe he'd countenance anything of the kind.

I was jest a-thinkin' this when the hired man come back, and said,—

"The President would receive me."

"Wall," says I, calmly, "I am ready to be received."

So I follered him; and he led the way into a beautiful room, kinder round, and red-colored, with lots of elegant pictures and lookin'-glasses and books.

The President sot before a table covered with books and papers; and, good land! he no need to have been afraid and hung back; he was dressed up slick,—slick enough for meetin', or a parin'-bee, or anything. He had on a sort of a gray suit, and a rose-bud in his button-hole.

He was a good-lookin' man, though he had a middlin' tired look in his kinder brown eyes as he looked up.

I had calculated to act noble on that occasion, as I appeared before him who stood in the large, lofty shoes of the revered G. W. and sot in the chair of the (nearly) angel Garfield. I had thought that likely as not, entirely unbeknown to me, I should soar right off into a eloquent oration. For I honored him as a President. I felt like neighborin' with him on account of his name,—Allen! (That name I took at the alter of Jonesville, and pure love.)

But how little can we calculate on future contingencies, or what we shall do when we get there! As I stood before him, I only said what I had said before on a similar occasion, these simple words, that yet mean so much, so much,—

"Allen, I have come!"

He, too, was overcome by his feelin's: I see he wuz. His face looked fairly solemn; but, as he is a perfect gen-

tleman, he controlled himself, and said quietly these words, that, too, have a deep import,—

“I see you have.”

He then shook hands with me, and I with him. I, too, am a perfect lady. And then he drawed up a chair for me with his own hands (hands that grip holt of the same hellum that G. W. had gripped holt of. O soul! be calm when I think on’t), and asked me to set down; and consequently I sot.

I leaned my umberell in a easy, careless position against a adjacent chair, adjusted my long green veil in long, graceful folds,—I hain’t vain, but I like to look well,—and then I at once told him of my errents. I told him—

“I had brought three errents to him from Jonesville;—one for myself, and two for Dorlesky Burpy.”

He bowed, but didn’t say nothin’: he looked tired. Josiah always looks tired in the mornin’ when he has got his milkin’ and barn-chores done, so it didn’t surprise me. And havin’ calculated to tackle him on my own errent first, consequently I tackled him.

I told him how deep my love and devotion to my pardner wuz.

And he said “he had heard of it.”

And I says, “I s’pose so. I s’pose such things will spread, bein’ a sort of a rarity. I’d heard that it had got out, ’way beyend Loontown, and all round.”

“Yes,” he said, “it was spoke of a good deal.”

“Wall,” says I, “the cast-iron love and devotion I feel for that man don’t show off the brightest in hours of joy and peace. It towers up strongest in dangers and troubles.” And then I went on to tell him how Josiah wanted to come there as senator, and what a dangerous place I had always heard Washington wuz, and how I had felt it was impossible for me to lay down on my goose-

feather pillow at home, in peace and safety, while my pardner was a-grapplin' with dangers of which I did not know the exact size and heft. And so I had made up my mind to come ahead of him, as a forerunner on a tower, to see jest what the dangers wuz, and see if I dast trust my companion there. "And now," says I, "I want you to tell me candid," says I. "Your settin' in George Washington's high chair makes me look up to you. It is a sightly place; you can see fur; your name bein' Allen makes me feel sort o' confidential and good towards you, and I want you to talk real honest and candid with me." Says I, solemnly, "I ask you, Allen, not as a politician, but as a human bein', would you dast to let Josiah come?"

Says he, "The danger to the man and the nation depends a good deal on what sort of a man it is that comes."

Then was a tryin' time for me. I would not lie, neither would I brook one word against my companion, even from myself. So I says,—

"He is a man that has traits and qualities, and sights of 'em."

But, thinkin' that I must do so, if I got true information of dangers, I went on, and told of Josiah's political aims, which I considered dangerous to himself and the nation. And I told him of The Plan, and my dark forebodin's about it.

The President didn't act surprised a mite. And finally he told me, what I had always mistrusted, but never knew, that Josiah had wrote to him all his political views and aspirations, and offered his help to the government. And says he, "I think I know all about the man."

"Then," says I, "you see he is a good deal like other men."

And he said, sort o' dreamily, "that he was."

And then again silence rained. He was a-thinkin', I knew, on all the deep dangers that hedged in Josiah Allen and America if he come. And a-musin' on all the probable dangers of the Plan. And a-thinkin' it over how to do jest right in the matter,—right by Josiah, right by the nation, right by me.

Finally the suspense of the moment wore onto me too deep to bear, and I says, in almost harrowin' tones of anxiety and suspense,—

“Would it be safe for my pardner to come to Washington? Would it be safe for Josiah, safe for the nation?” Says I, in deeper, mournfuller tones,—

“Would you—would you dast to let him come?”

He said, sort o' dreamily, “that those views and aspirations of Josiah's wasn't really needed at Washington, they had plenty of them there; and——”

But I says, “I *must* have a plainer answer to ease my mind and heart. Do tell me plain,—would you dast?”

He looked full at me. He has got good, honest-looking eyes, and a sensible, candid look onto him. He liked me,—I knew he did from his looks,—a calm, Methodist-Episcopal likin',—nothin' light.

And I see in them eyes that he didn't like Josiah's political idees. I see that he was afraid, as afraid as death, of that plan; and I see that he considered Washington as a dangerous, dangerous place for grangers and Josiah Allens to be a-roamin' round in. I could see that he dreaded the sufferin's for me and for the nation if the Hon. Josiah Allen was elected.

But still he seemed to hate to speak; and wise, cautious conservatism, and gentlemanly dignity, was wrote down on his linement. Even the red rose-bud in his button-hole looked dretful good-natured, but close-mouthed.

I don't know as he would have spoke at all agin, if I

hadn't uttered once more them soul-harrowin' words, "*Would you dast?*"

Pity and good feelin' then seemed to overpower for a moment the statesman and courteous diplomat.

And he said, in gentle, gracious tones, "If I tell you just what I think, I would not like to say it officially, but would say it in confidence, as from an Allen to an Allen."

Says I, "It sha'n't go no further."

And so I would warn everybody that it must *not* be told.

Then says he, "I will tell you. I wouldn't dast."

Says I, "That settles it. If human efforts can avail, Josiah Allen will not be United States Senator." And says I, "You have only confirmed my fears. I knew, feelin' as he felt, that it wuzn't safe for Josiah or the nation to have him come."

Agin he reminded me that it was told to me in confidence, and agin I want to say that it *must* be kep'.

DEACON QUIRK'S OPINIONS.

E. S. PHELPS.

[Among the many original and highly-interesting stories of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, "The Gates Ajar," from which our selection is taken, has attained the highest popularity, from its original method of dealing with a question of absorbing importance. The long-entertained idea of the conditions of life in heaven has grown to appear sadly lacking in the elements of probability, and for years has failed to appeal to the judgment of thinkers. Yet Miss Phelps was the first to attack it strongly in a work adapted to popular reading, and to put upon record a more probable view of the heavenly conditions and occupations. The avidity with which the work has been read—it

having reached a sale of nearly fifty thousand—shows that it appealed to a wide-spread secret sentiment and struck the key-note of a new range of views concerning celestial happiness. Her other works, "The Story of Avis," "Men, Women, and Ghosts," etc., are equally original and attractive in style. Miss Phelps was born in Boston in 1844. Her mother, of the same name, was the author of "Sunnyside," "A Peep at Number Five," and other works, once widely popular.]

AUNT WINIFRED has been hunting up a Sunday-school class for herself and one for me; which is a venture that I never was persuaded into undertaking before. She herself is fast becoming acquainted with the poorer people of the town.

I find that she is a thoroughly busy Christian, with a certain "week-day holiness" that is strong and refreshing, like a west wind. Church-going, and conversations on heaven, by no means exhaust her vitality.

She told me a pretty thing about her class: it happened the first Sabbath that she took it. Her scholars are young girls of from fourteen to eighteen years of age, children of church-members, most of them. She seemed to have taken their hearts by storm. *She* says, "They treated me very prettily, and made me love them at once."

Clo Bentley is in the class; Clo is a pretty, soft-eyed little creature, with a shrinking mouth, and an absorbing passion for music, which she has always been too poor to gratify. I suspect that her teacher will make a pet of her. She says that in the course of her lesson, or, in her words,—

"While we were all talking together, somebody pulled my sleeve, and there was Clo in the corner, with her great brown eyes fixed on me. 'See here!' she said, in a whisper, 'I can't be good! I would be good if I could *only* just have a piano.'

" 'Well, Clo,' I said, 'if you will be a good girl, and go

to heaven, I think you will have a piano there, and play just as much as you care to.'

"You ought to have seen the look the child gave me! Delight and fear and incredulous bewilderment tumbled over each other, as if I had proposed taking her into a forbidden fairy-land.

"'Why, Mrs. Forceythe! Why, they won't let anybody have a piano up there! not in *heaven*?'"

"I laid down the question-book, and asked what kind of place she supposed that heaven was going to be.

"'Oh,' she said, with a dreary sigh, 'I never think about it when I can help it. I suppose we *shall all just stand there*!'

"'And you?' I asked of the next, a bright girl with snapping eyes.

"'Do you want me to talk good, or tell the truth?' she answered me. Having been given to understand that she was not expected to 'talk good' in my class, she said, with an approving, decided nod, 'Well, then! I don't think it's going to be *anything nice* anyway. No, I don't! I told my last teacher so, and she looked just as shocked, and said I never should go there as long as I felt so. That made me mad, and I told her I didn't see but I should be as well off in one place as another, except for the fire.'

"A silent girl in the corner began at this point to look interested. 'I always supposed,' said she, 'that you just floated round in heaven—you know—all together—something like jujube paste!'

"Whereupon I shut the question-book entirely, and took the talking to myself for a while.

"'But I *never* thought it was anything like that,' interrupted little Clo, presently, her cheeks flushed with excitement. 'Why, I should like to go, if it is like that!'

I never supposed people talked, unless it was about converting people, and saying your prayers, and all that.'

"Now, weren't those ideas alluring and comforting for young girls in the blossom of warm human life? They were trying with all their little hearts to 'be good,' too, some of them, and had all of them been to church and Sunday-school all their lives. Never, never, if Jesus Christ had been Teacher and Preacher to them, would He have pictured their blessed endless years with Him in such bleak colors. They are not the hues of his Bible."

We took a trip to-day to East Homer for butter. Neither angels nor principalities could convince Phœbe that any butter but "Stephen David's" might, could, would, or should be used in this family. So to Mr. Stephen David's, a journey of four miles, I meekly betake myself at stated periods in the domestic year, burdened with directions about firkins and half-firkins, pounds and half-pounds, salt and no salt, churning and "working over;" some of which I remember and some of which I forget, and to all of which Phœbe considers me sublimely incapable of attending.

The afternoon was perfect, and we took things leisurely, letting the reins swing from the hook,—an arrangement to which Mr. Tripp's old gray was entirely agreeable,—and, leaning back against the buggy-cushions, wound along among the strong, sweet pine-smells, lazily talking, or lazily silent, as the spirit moved, and as only two people who thoroughly understand and like each other can talk or be silent.

We rode home by Deacon Quirk's, and, as we jogged by, there broke upon our view a blooming vision of the Deacon himself, at work in his potato-field with his son and heir, who, by the way, has the reputation of being the most awkward fellow in the township.

The amiable church-officer, having caught sight of us, left his work, and, coming up to the fence "in rustic modesty unscared," guiltless of coat or vest, his calico shirt-sleeves rolled up to his huge brown elbows, and his dusty straw hat flapping in the wind, rapped on the rails with his hoe-handle as a sign for us to stop.

"Are we in a hurry?" I asked, under my breath.

"Oh, no," said Aunt Winifred. "He has somewhat to say unto me, I see by his eyes. I have been expecting it. Let us hear him out.—Good-afternoon, Deacon Quirk."

"Good-afternoon, ma'am. Pleasant day?"

She assented to the statement, novel as it was.

"A very pleasant day," repeated the Deacon, looking for the first time in his life, to my knowledge, a little undecided as to what he should say next. "Remarkable fine day for riding. In a hurry?"

"Well, not especially. Did you want anything of me?"

"You're a church-member, aren't you, ma'am?" asked the Deacon, abruptly.

"I am."

"Orthodox?"

"Oh, yes," with a smile. "You had a reason for asking?"

"Yes, ma'am; I had, as you might say, a reason for asking."

The Deacon laid his hoe on the top of the fence, and his arms across it, and pushed his hat on the back of his head in a becoming and argumentative manner.

"I hope you don't consider that I'm taking liberties if I have a little religious conversation with you, Mrs. Forceythe."

"It is no offence to me if you are," replied Mrs. Forceythe, with a twinkle in her eye; but both twinkle and words glanced off from the Deacon.

"My wife was telling me last night," he began, with an

ominous cough, "that her niece, Clotildy Bentley,—Moses Bentley's daughter, you know, and one of your sentimental girls, that reads poetry, and is easy enough led away by vain delusions and false doctrine,—was under your charge at Sunday-school. Now, Clotildy is intimate with my wife,—who is her aunt on her mother's side, and always tries to do her duty by her,—and she told Mrs. Quirk what you'd been a-saying to those young minds on the Sabbath."

He stopped, and observed her impressively, as if he expected to see the guilty blushes of arraigned heresy covering her amused, attentive face.

"I hope you will pardon me, ma'am, for repeating it, but Clotildy said that you told her she should have a pianna in heaven. A *pianna*, ma'am!"

"I certainly did," she said, quietly.

"You did? Well, now, I didn't believe it, nor I wouldn't believe it, till I'd asked you! I thought it warn't more than fair that I should ask you, before repeating it, you know. It's none of my business, Mrs. Forceythe, any more than that I take a general interest in the spiritooal welfare of the youth of our Sabbath-school; but I am very much surprised! I am *very* much surprised!"

"I am surprised that you should be, Deacon Quirk. Do you believe that God would take a poor little disappointed girl like Clo, who has been all her life here forbidden the enjoyment of a perfectly innocent taste, and keep her in His happy heaven eternal years without finding means to gratify it? I don't."

"I tell Clotildy I don't see what she wants of a pianna-forte," observed "Clotildy's" uncle, sententiously. "She can go to singin'-school, and she's been in the choir ever since I have, which is six years come Christmas. Besides, I don't think it's our place to speckylate on the mysteries

of the heavenly spere. My wife told her that she mustn't believe any such things as that, which were very irreverent, and contrary to the Scriptures, and Clo went home crying. She said, 'It was so pretty to think about.' It is very easy to impress these delusions of fancy on the young."

"Pray, Deacon Quirk," said Aunt Winifred, leaning earnestly forward in the carriage, "will you tell me what there is 'irreverent' or 'unscriptural' in the idea that there will be instrumental music in heaven?"

"Well," replied the Deacon, after some consideration, "come to think of it, there will be harps, I suppose. Harpers harping with their harps on the sea of glass. But I don't believe there will be any piannas. It's a dreadfully material way to talk about that glorious world, to my thinking."

"If you could show me wherein a harp is less 'material' than a piano, perhaps I should agree with you."

Deacon Quirk looked rather nonplussed for a minute.

"What *do* you suppose people will do in heaven?" she asked again.

"Glorify God," said the Deacon, promptly recovering himself,—*"glorify God, and sing Worthy the Lamb! We shall be clothed in white robes with palms in our hands, and bow before the Great White Throne. We shall be engaged in such employments as befit sinless creatures in a spiritooal state of existence."*

"Now, Deacon Quirk," replied Aunt Winifred, looking him over from head to foot,—old straw hat, calico shirt, blue overalls, and cowhide boots, coarse, work-worn hands, and "narrow forehead braided tight,"—"just imagine yourself, will you? taken out of this life this minute, as you stand here in your potato-field" (the Deacon changed his position with evident uneasiness), "and put into an-

other life,—not anybody else, but yourself, just as you left this spot,—and do you honestly think that you should be happy to go and put on a white dress and stand still in a choir with a green branch in one hand and a singing-book in the other, and sing and pray and never do anything but sing and pray, this year, next year, and every year forever?"

"We-ell," he replied, surprised into a momentary flash of carnal candor, "I can't say that I shouldn't wonder for a minute, maybe, *how Abinadab would ever get those potatoes hoed without me.*—Abinadab! go back to your work!"

The graceful Abinadab had sauntered up during the conversation, and was listening, hoe in hand and mouth open. He slunk away when his father spoke, but came up again presently on tiptoe when Aunt Winifred was talking. There was an interested, intelligent look about his square and pitifully-embarrassed face, which attracted my notice.

"But then," proceeded the Deacon, re-enforced by the sudden recollection of his duties as a father and a church-member, "that couldn't be a permanent state of feeling, you know. I expect to be transformed by the renewing of my mind to appreciate the glories of the New Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God. That's what I expect, marm. Now, I heerd that you told Mrs. Bland, or that Mary told her, or that she heerd it someway, that you said you supposed there were trees and flowers and houses and such in heaven. I told my wife I thought your deceased husband was a Congregational minister, and I didn't believe you ever said it; but that's the rumor."

Without deeming it necessary to refer to her "deceased husband," Aunt Winifred replied that "rumor" was quite right.

"Well," said the Deacon, with severe significance, "I believe in a spiritooal heaven."

I looked him over again,—hat, hoe, shirt, and all; scanned his obstinate old face with its stupid, good eyes and animal mouth. Then I glanced at Aunt Winifred as she leaned forward in the afternoon light; the white, finely-cut woman, with her serene smile and rapt, saintly eyes,—every inch of her, body and soul, refined not only by birth and training, but by the long nearness of her heart to Christ.

"Of the earth, earthy. Of the heavens, heavenly." The two faces sharpened themselves into two types. Which, indeed, was the better able to comprehend a "spiritooal heaven"?

"It is distinctly stated in the Bible, by which I suppose we shall both agree," said Aunt Winifred, gently, "that there shall be a *new earth*, as well as new heavens. It is noticeable, also, that the descriptions of heaven, although a series of metaphors, are yet singularly earth-like and tangible ones. Are flowers and skies and trees less 'spiritual' than white dresses and little palm-branches? In fact, where are you going to get your little branches without trees? What could well be more suggestive of material modes of living, and material industry, than a city marked into streets and alleys, paved solidly with gold, walled in and barred with gates whose jewels are named and counted, and whose very length and breadth are measured with a celestial surveyor's chain?"

"But I think we'd ought to stick to what the Bible says," answered the Deacon, stolidly. "If it says golden cities and doesn't say flowers, it means cities and doesn't mean flowers. I dare say you're a good woman, Mrs. Forceythe, if you do hold such oncommon doctrine, and I don't doubt you mean well enough, but I don't think that

we ought to trouble ourselves about these mysteries of a future state. *I'm willing to trust them to God!*"

The evasion of a fair argument by this self-sufficient spasm of piety was more than I could calmly stand, and I indulged in a subdued explosion,—Auntie says it sounded like Fourth-of-July crackers touched off under a wet barrel.

"Deacon Quirk! do you mean to imply that Mrs. Forceythe does not trust it to God? The truth is, that the existence of such a world as heaven is a fact from which you shrink. You know you do! She has twenty thoughts about it where you have one; yet you set up a claim to superior spirituality!"

"Mary, Mary, you are a little excited, I fear. God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth!"

The relevancy of this last I confess myself incapable of perceiving, but the good man seemed to be convinced that he had made a point, and we rode off leaving him under that blissful delusion.

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